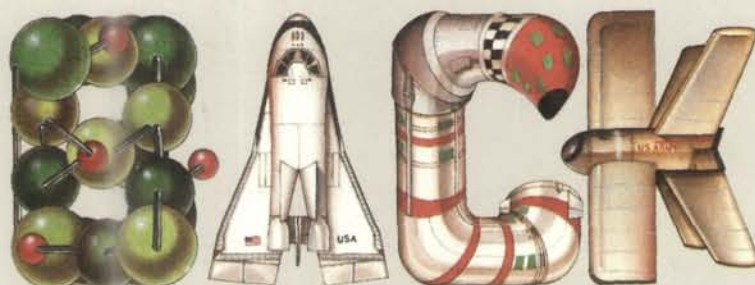


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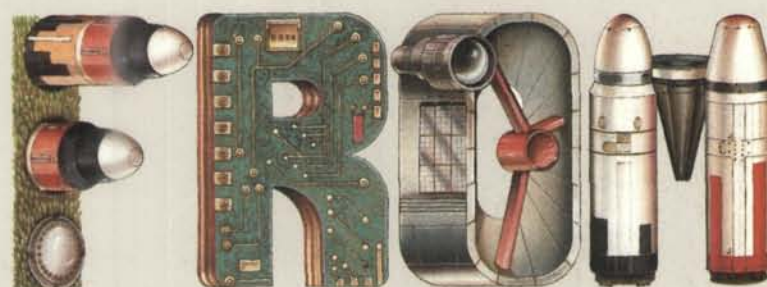
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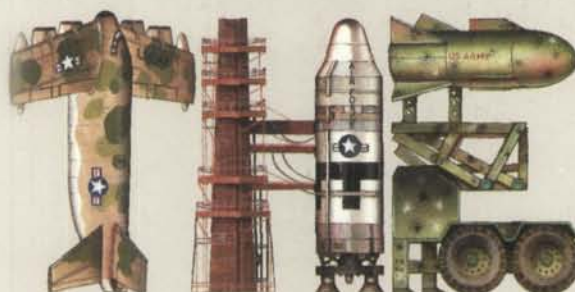
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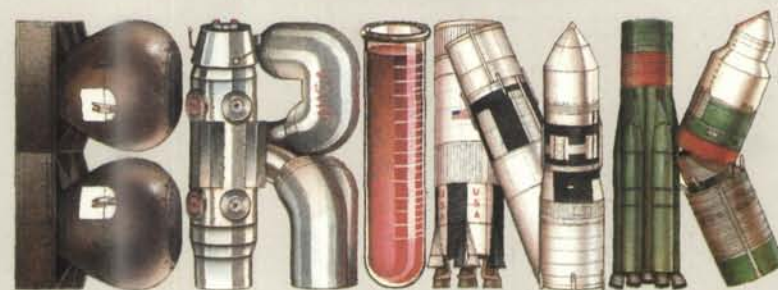


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The case for a new U.S. nuclear strategy

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Science and Security

National security issues have grown more complex as weapons and defense systems have become more sophisticated, expensive, and controversial. But today's fundamental defense question is the same one that has always challenged the nation: How much of society's resources should be devoted to military preparedness?

The nation's first commander-in-chief, George Washington, answered it in 1790, when he said, "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." Two centuries later, that's still a good answer.

What's different today is that military preparedness now depends so vitally on high technology. To prevent war, America must have a commanding technological lead. If deterrence fails and we get into a war, then our technological edge will be necessary to overcome the other side's quantitative advantage.

This raises some hard questions: Will the U.S. generate the technology that military strength requires? Will America expend the educational, industrial, and military resources necessary to lead the world in technology in the next decade and into the next century?

America can maintain its technological momentum if we focus our national resources on this goal. Advancing technology requires a sustained, long-term effort. Quick financial fixes won't work.

Defense systems being built today have been made possible by a cumulative buildup of technologies evolved over the past decades.

Technical excellence requires long-term commitments throughout society—in industry, in government, in education. Industry must invest its own funds in research and development without expecting an immediate return, but rather with a view to long-term performance and profit. Government should encourage this kind of investment. One way it can do so is to extend the R&D tax credit scheduled to expire at year end.

Progress in R&D requires more than the latest equipment and facilities. Above all, it depends on talented, dedicated people. Industry can help ensure American technological leadership by investing in people.

This begins with support for our schools and colleges. It continues in efforts to attract and motivate top-notch people. It requires giving them a stimulating and rewarding work environment. It involves encouraging them to keep on learning and growing throughout their careers.

A cooperative effort by government, industry, and education can create a national environment that stimulates the flourishing of technology. Our national security depends on it. So does our economic well-being.



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By deciding never to initiate the use of nuclear weapons—a departure from current policy—the United States would enhance its security and reduce the risk of war. So conclude ten leading specialists: McGeorge Bundy, Morton H. Halperin, William W. Kaufmann, George F. Kennan, Robert S. McNamara, Madalene O'Donnell, Leon V. Sigal, Gerard C. Smith, Richard H. Ullman, and Paul C. Warnke.

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A report from the land of Sandinismo, where the fusion of a new Catholicism and a new nationalism—of *el Dios de los Pobres* and *el decoro nacional*—has created a potent political faith. It is the source of much of Sandinismo's power.

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Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322
(800) 525-0643
In Colorado 1-447-9330

Printed in the U.S.A.
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The Atlantic Monthly Company
(ISSN 0276-9077)
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The Atlantic August 1986
Vol. 258 No. 2
Published monthly by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Second-class postage paid at
Boston, Toronto, and additional
mailing offices

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Mon.

Thurs.

The week we looked terrorism
in the eye and proposed a way
to make it blink.

Its face has grown familiar. In the endless images of twisted wreckage and shattered bodies left scattered in its wake.

It claims to work for many causes, but wields only one tool—violence. And its target is you. Your family, your children,

The face of terrorism. It's become a major force in our world, and Newsweek has detailed its violent development. But we didn't stop there. Because when Newsweek looks at a story, we see beyond the face of it.

Beyond the problems, the

Fri.

situations, or even the motivations—we see and search for solutions. Recently, we proposed 10 concrete steps designed to combat terrorism. Among them: improved intelligence gathering, cracking down on unsafe airports and greater pressure on terrorist allies.



Wed.

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Sat.

That's our prescriptive approach to the news—reporting not only what's happening, but what can be done about what's happening.

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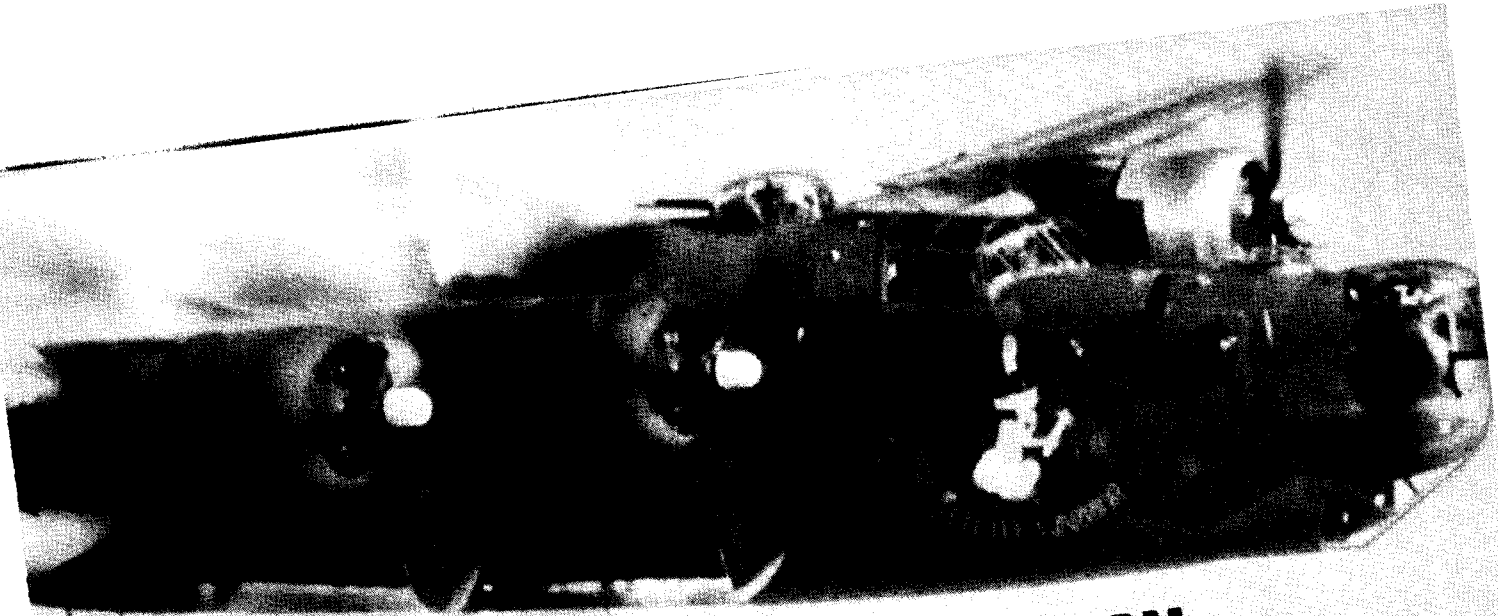
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TURN TO THE RIGHT

The review of public-opinion polls by Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers ("The Myth of America's Turn to the Right," May *Atlantic*) is a masterly documentation of something that professional pollsters have long known: most Americans were opposed to much of Ronald Reagan's legislative program when he was first elected, and since then the "Great Communicator" has failed to persuade the public to approve of many aspects of that program.

However, the inferences about how to develop an effective Democratic strategy are flawed in that they are not based on a satisfactory explanation of why Reagan was so successful in getting re-elected and has, since then, maintained public approval. To ascribe his success to prosperity is to imply that the Democrats could have done nothing to prevent or minimize Reagan's landslide victory in 1984 and that, looking to the future, they can do little but wait to pick up the pieces after a presumably inevitable "Reagan depression" takes place. This implication is something that Ferguson and Rogers do not state, but it follows nonetheless from their analysis.

Ferguson and Rogers do not ask why so many people who disagree with so many particulars of Reagan's domestic and foreign policies still voted for him and continue to voice general approval of him, or why Reagan has been immune to criticism directed at his Administration.

I suggest that basic changes in public opinion often occur because of shifts in concerns and priorities. Identifying new issues should be a top priority for Democratic strategists.

IRVING CRESPI
Princeton, N.J.

The Democrats must expand on Great Society ideas and strongly make the case that these policies are good for all Americans. The article by Ferguson and Rogers shows that most Americans are willing to be persuaded.

MIKE KELLY
Chicago, Ill.

Re "The Myth of America's Turn to the Right": Unchecked growth of

our federal government at the expense of noble and typical American values is not something we the people encourage or ignore. On the contrary, we now know in our hearts that Senator Goldwater was not wholly wrong.

JOEL JOHNSON
Round Rock, Texas

Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers reply:

We are delighted to learn that Irving Crespi, a distinguished student of polling and public opinion, agrees with our central thesis about the lack of public support for Reaganism. Because so many readers of *The Atlantic* (including George Will, in a column published shortly after our article appeared) find this argument surprising, we are also grateful to Mr. Crespi for underscoring a belief we share—that this is common knowledge among professional analysts of public opinion. Readers interested in further documentation on this point might look at our forthcoming book, *Right Turn: The Decline of the Democrats and the Future of American Politics*, from which the *Atlantic* article was excerpted.

But we are skeptical of Mr. Crespi's suggestion that the secret of Reagan's success in 1984 was that the public no longer cared about issues for which we find continuing support. We think an incumbent President running in the midst of the greatest political business cycle since 1936 began with enormous advantages. These became overwhelming when he gained an opponent associated with an earlier, failed Administration, who largely abandoned the traditional concerns on which the Democrats still figured to have an advantage, and whose only economic appeal to voters was a promise to raise their taxes.

We are grateful to Mike Kelly for his kind words. As for Joel Johnson—well, perhaps the heart does know things the mind can never understand.

HOW MANY ARE HUNGRY?

Nicholas Eberstadt and Clifford M. Lewis make a rather surprising error in their attempt to eliminate misconceptions about world hunger ("How Many Are Hungry?" May *Atlantic*). They note that a number of recent stud-

ies argue that instability in the food system caused by fluctuations in world cereal production "has threatened the health of populations in many developing regions." Eberstadt and Lewis assert, "Stability in the food system, however, is measured not by changes in harvests but by changes in access to food. Purchasing power is the decisive factor."

Using India as an example, they note that from the early 1950s to the early 1980s real per capita income increased by 50 percent while the price of wheat on the international market fell by 40 percent, rice by 30 percent, and corn by 50 percent. Thus the Indian population had 50 percent more money to buy food that was 30 to 50 percent cheaper.

There are two major flaws in this argument. First, the price of grain on the international market has no impact on the purchasing power of a subsistence farmer. Second, the first lecture in any university course on politics or economics in the Third World covers the danger of using per capita income as a measure of individual or group prosperity. Per capita income, of course, does not take income distribution into account.

The data Eberstadt and Lewis present are not inconsistent with the possibility of drastically increased hunger in India. Declining prices for grains on the world market imply declining incomes for farmers. Increases in per capita income often accompany increasingly skewed distribution of income. Rural populations have paid the cost of industrialization before.

AUSTIN G. LINSLEY
Murrieta, Calif

Eberstadt and Lewis write: "U.S. Department of Agriculture statistics state, for example, that food output during the 1970s grew by 84 percent in the Ivory Coast, by 42 percent in Kenya, and by 31 percent in Malawi. In contrast, food output was virtually static in Uganda and actually fell by seven percent in Ghana and nine percent in Mozambique. While these figures should be understood to be merely illustrative, owing to the limits of the data on African agriculture, they do serve to underscore a number of points about recent developments in sub-Saharan Africa." My experience has been that many of the figures from the U.S. Department of Agriculture concerning foreign agriculture relate to agriculture in toto and do not separate food crops from principally non-food crops, such as tobacco, cotton,

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other fibers, and sugar cane—which have limited nutritional value. Further, many of these countries appear to be increasing their production of exportable commodities at the potential expense of domestic needs.

A second point: People of different ages require different quantities of food. Reductions in the death rate will not occur uniformly across all age groups. Consequently, such reductions, which result in increases of population, can have a non-linear effect on individuals within the country and on the ability of the country to meet their basic nutrient needs.

JAMES E. HALPIN
*Southern Agricultural Experiment Stations
Clemson, S.C.*

SHOE CRAZY

I believe that Holly Brubach ("Shoe Crazy," May *Atlantic*) might discover, upon further investigation, that the larger the shoe size the fewer the statistics supporting shoe fetish.

As a size 8½, I look for shoes that will make my feet appear to be graceful, elegant, and small. As this is rarely achieved, I do not often buy shoes. It is much easier to find shoes that perform this feat of magic if your feet already are graceful, elegant, and small. If so, the new shoes remedy is more likely to work.

KAREN MCKEOWN
San Francisco, Calif.

"Shoe Crazy" reminded me of the Saphorism by the brilliant editor of the Viennese journal *Die Fackel* (*The Torch*), Karl Kraus, who wrote: "There is no more unfortunate creature under the sun than a fetishist who yearns for a woman's shoe and has to settle for the whole woman."

MARTIN SLOBODKIN
Cambridge, Mass.

PEN PALS

I am moved to write in defense of the common ball-point pen, so casually dismissed by Barbara Wallraff in your May issue ("A Pen for Your Thoughts"). Over the past twenty years I have used many different writing instruments. I have owned Sheaffer, Parker, and Pelikan fountain pens, various porous-point pens, and innumerable roller-balls from

various manufacturers worldwide. Each failed in one or more areas of convenience, durability, cleanliness, and (the ultimate nightmare) going dry without warning.

My search for the perfect pen recently led me back to the standard Bic ball-point, and now I wonder why I ever left it. It is clean, writes smoothly, does not skip or clog or leak or break, and the ink level is clearly visible. The value for the price is exceptional, reminding one of those old TV ads for the thrifty VW Beetle.

F. WEBER
Monterey, Calif.

I thoroughly enjoyed Barbara Wallraff's article. I love fountain pens and have acquired quite a collection over the years—much to the amusement of my family and friends, who all think fountain pens are hopelessly old-fashioned.

I want to add another pen manufacturer to Wallraff's list. On vacation last summer in Japan, I bought a Sailor fountain pen in one of the department stores. (Japanese department stores are fascinating.) It writes beautifully and was moderately priced (about \$25 at last year's exchange rate). The address on the pamphlet inserted in the box is Sailor Pen Co., Ltd., 1-15-3, Ueno, Taito-ku, Tokyo, Zip 110 Japan.

Unfortunately, since I bought a Macintosh personal computer, in 1984, I do not use any of my fountain pens very much anymore.

MARILYN TANAKA
Crestwood, Mo.

I can't resist writing. Today I read the May issue of *The Atlantic*. A week ago I bought a fountain pen—the first I have owned since I can't remember when! Yesterday I bought three pairs of shoes at three different stores in the space of an hour. Don't tell me this is mere coincidence. I feel wonderful!

JEAN SCOTT
Vancouver, B.C.

VIETNAM REDUX

Thank you for the touching and sensitive "Oral History" provided by Ian Frazier in the May *Atlantic*. I plead guilty to ignorance of the trauma being experienced by those who did not serve. It will not happen again!

The next time around I promise it will be my son who stays home, gets a degree,

and embarks on a career. Frazier's son can be the one subjected to literal life or death consequences of his every action, every minute for thirteen months.

The next time around Mr. Frazier can wonder if he will ever see his child again, or if it will be a closed, flag-draped box that comes home.

For my part, I promise to stay home and get rich from the war effort and not concern myself with who had to pay or what price.

Obviously these actions won't correct the wrongs of the past, but, hey, they'll go a little way toward evening things up.

MICHAEL JOHNSON
Plymouth, Minn.

Ian Frazier's article in the May *Atlantic* was not funny. It was a sad, very sad insult to Vietnam vets who have little, if anything, to laugh about.

PETER FRENCH
Buffalo, N.Y.

Ian Frazier replies:

My piece was not about the men who went to Vietnam but about those who avoided going and who pretend they would have done differently, now that war has become fashionable again. I apologize to any veterans who thought I was making light of them or of what happened to them in Vietnam and after. That is the opposite of what I intended.

GERSHWIN RECORDINGS

William H. Youngren's article on Gershwin recordings ("How Gershwin Played It," May *Atlantic*) is typically intelligent but omits one important source for Gershwin's own performances. The Smithsonian has issued original-cast recordings for *Lady, Be Good*, *Oh, Kay!*, and *Funny Face* that are superior to the Monmouth/Evergreen versions for three reasons: they omit no numbers, they are in mono rather than crude 1920s "stereo," and they are readily available, from Smithsonian Recordings (Suite 2100, Amtrak Building, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560).

RICHARD E. SEBOLT
Springfield, Mass.

William H. Youngren replies:

Richard Sebolt has often, in private correspondence, generously put his knowledge of matters Gershwin at my disposal. It is therefore, despite my em-

barrassment, a pleasure to thank him publicly for informing me (and *Atlantic* readers) of the existence of the Smithsonian recordings, which I ought to have known about.

ALUMINUM FOIL

William Rathje's "A Clash of Good Intentions" (June *Atlantic*) erroneously states that aluminum is the most abundant element on earth. Aluminum is the most abundant metal, at about eight percent of the earth's crust. However, oxygen and silicon, at 47 percent and 28 percent respectively, predominate in the earth's crust.

SUSAN DICKOUT
Nepean, Ont.

William Rathje replies:

I'm grateful to Susan Dickout for setting the record straight.

ADVICE & CONSENT

In his attempt to portray me as an advocate of "endless, grueling struggle in the workplace" and even "renewed class war" ("The New Face of Toil," May *Atlantic*), James Fallows conveniently ignores one of the central arguments of my book *Brave New Workplace*.

Certainly there is (and has always been) room for cooperation in any workplace, whether "capitalist" or otherwise. After all, nothing would be produced without it. And yet one need not be a Marxist to understand that work inevitably involves considerable conflicts of interest as well. The real issue is, how are such conflicts to be addressed and their resolutions negotiated? No durable system of industrial relations in a democratic society can avoid that fundamental question.

My criticism of recent managerial styles celebrating participation and cooperation—particularly as practiced in the growing non-union sector of the American economy—is that they are founded on a denial of such conflicts. In their quest for consensus, they tend to ignore those legitimate social interests—in occupational safety and health, in an equitable distribution of the costs and the benefits of technological change, and so forth—that do not easily fit in with calculations of corporate competitiveness and market success. As such, these managerial styles are not only po-

tentially dangerous for workers but fundamentally unstable for American society as a whole.

The naiveté is not on the side of those like myself, who draw attention to the new forms of industrial conflict in even the most high-tech of American corporations. It is on the side of those like Mr. Fallows, who, in their disdain for the messy clashes of interest and power at work, paint utopian visions of perfect harmony that have little to do with the realities of working life.

ROBERT HOWARD
Cambridge, Mass.

I would like to point out just one inaccuracy in Cullen Murphy's "Defining Rembrandt" (May *Atlantic*): dendrochronology determines the age of a wooden panel, not of the painting on it. Painters concerned with the quality of their materials preferred aged panels, which were less likely to warp or split in time, and of course any forger would use aged materials whenever possible in order to make the forgery more convincing. Therefore, dendrochronology tells the scholar no more than the maximum possible age of a painting.

WALTER NEWMAN
Northeast Document Conservation Center
Andover, Mass.

Re "My Mother's Clothes: The School of Beauty and Shame," by Richard McCann (April *Atlantic*), I am not a homosexual, and, in fact, though I aspire to a liberal ideal, I am vulnerable, as are most of my enlightened peers, to a few residual degrees of homophobia. Even so, I wish to commend you for publishing this brilliant and affecting short story. I was deeply engaged by the author and am thankful for his poignant honesty.

Like certain works of art that have educated me and transported me into understanding and empathy with many things that once were foreign, Richard McCann's story accomplished much with this reader. It may well have finally erased the last vestiges of my prejudice. I thank you and the author for this.

DAVID PÁEZ
Concord, Calif.

I have been reading *The Atlantic* for all of two years. Not only have I never solved a puzzle, I don't even understand the answers.

MARK MIETKIEWICZ
Downsview, Ont.

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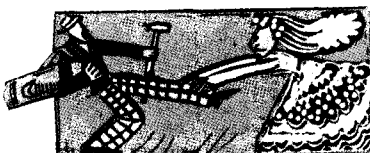


THE SKIES

August 5, New Moon. 11–13, in the hours after midnight, the yearly Perseid meteor shower appears from the north. At mid-month Jupiter (on the southeastern horizon), Mars, and Saturn (both high in the southern sky) are the brightest planets. August 19, Full Moon, also known this month as the Green Corn Moon. 23, Earth was first photographed from the Moon, by Lunar Orbiter, twenty years ago. Japan is scheduled to orbit an experimental geodetic payload this month, aboard the new H-1 launching vehicle, from the island of Tanegashima, off the southern tip of Kyūshū. The Atlas-Centaur rocket is the only major NASA launch vehicle that has not failed in 1986; two Atlas-Centaur missions are tentatively set for August. The launch by the Indian Space Research Organization of the first SROSS satellite appears to be imminent.

DEMOGRAPHICS

More marriages should occur in August, 1986, than in any other month this year, including June, the traditional peak month. The reason: more than half of all marriages occur on Saturday, and this year August has five Saturdays, while June has four. Thanks in part to its five weekends, this August marks the peak of the fair-weather golf season in the Northeast and the Midwest, where 187 rounds of golf are played for every 100 residents per year. Southerners and westerners, many of whom can golf all year round, play only 166 rounds per 100 people.



HEALTH & SAFETY

This month a high incidence of salmonellosis—a type of food poisoning associated with raw meat, eggs, and poultry. The number of salmonellosis cases reported annually has doubled in the past two decades, to 40,000; as many as 7,000 of these cases occur in August. (Reported salmonellosis cases typically represent only one to 3 percent of people infected with the bacteria.) An extremely low incidence of mumps this month. Since a live-virus vaccine was introduced, two decades ago, the number of cases of mumps reported annually has dwindled, from 130,000 or more to fewer than 3,000. Only 111 of the cases reported last year occurred in August.

FOOD

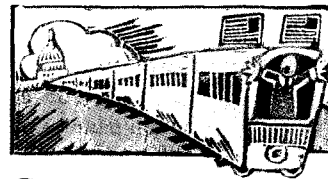
The 66 million households that own the nation's 98 million barbecue grills will have 260 million barbecues in August; at the majority of them men will cook. August 30, the 13th annual World Championship Barbecue Goat Cook Off, in Brady, Texas, expected to draw as many as 10,000 spectators. Whole cuts of meat (such as goats) at some point in the 1980s entered the ranks of the ten foods most frequently used in barbecuing. So did fish and turkey, though steaks, hamburgers, and chicken parts have continued to occupy the top three spots.



EXPIRING PATENTS

No. 3,463,425. Parachute for aircraft. "A parachute mounted on an aircraft airframe can be operated in an emergency during flight from a point within the aircraft or from a remote point by radio to eject a parachute and its suspension gear . . . and thereby to cause the aircraft to descend stably to earth."

No. 3,459,428. Practice golf tee. "A golf tee carries an adjustable planar mirror. The mirror may be adjusted to reflect a portion of the golfer's head, permitting the golfer visually to check the stability of his head throughout the golf swing by noting any movement of that portion of his head reflected in the mirror."



GOVERNMENT

August 1, all domestic airliners must now carry emergency medical kits in addition to first-aid kits; Minnesota becomes the 24th state with a mandatory seatbelt law in force. August 5–26, primaries in Alaska, Colorado, Georgia, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Utah, and Wyoming, with a total of five governors, two senators, and one congressman retiring and four congressmen seeking other offices. 11–12, U.S. and Australia to hold annual ANZUS meeting, without New Zealand. 15, House and Senate begin Labor Day recess. 17–21, White House Conference on Small Business. 25, National Park Service turns seventy.

WORDS RECEIVED

Recent citations, collected and defined by the editors of *The American Heritage Dictionary* (Houghton Mifflin), for possible inclusion in a revised edition:

Jingo-jangle *noun*, Jingoistic rhetoric and theatrics. "The jingo-jangle Stallone admits is at the heart of [*Rocky IV*] is, in his eyes, not a bad thing—not after the shoving around America took in the world of the '70s" (*Newsweek*).

Plutography *noun*, the practice of writing books and articles about the very rich, their life-styles, and their private lives. "Tom Wolfe has recently coined a useful term to describe



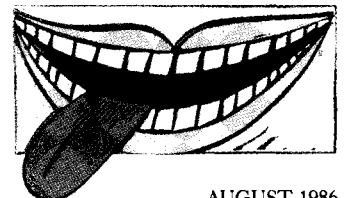
a new phenomenon—'plutography'—as in 'plutocracy'. . . . Curiosity has grown more shameless and more feverish—more plutographic, in fact" (*The New York Times*).

Quant jock *noun*, a student in a graduate school of business administration who displays expertise in quantitative coursework. "'Quant jocks' (quantitative kids) who 'nail' (master) the numbers courses are the epitome of B-school success" (*Business Week*).

Sippy *noun*, a financially secure consumer, aged 55–80, having been married at least once and in good health, who is a member of a large segment of the senior population commanding 30 percent of the discretionary funds in the marketplace. "'Sippies,' an acronym for 'senior independent pioneers,' is a term coined by Dr. Lynette Milner of U.S. International University" (*The Boston Globe*).

75 YEARS AGO

William Austin Smith, writing in the August, 1911, issue of *The Atlantic*: "If laughter be among the lesser spiritual graces as compared with faith, it is none the less of honorable lineage as an instrument of reform. Not till a ripple of 'thoughtful laughter' has been evoked, can any reform get far along its healing way. New epochs have always been ushered in in the tingling atmosphere of wit. Cervantes, Erasmus, Rabelais, each has laughed at his generation to its lasting benefit. The age of sluggish wit is likely to be an age of shallow religion, sentimentalism, and sham."



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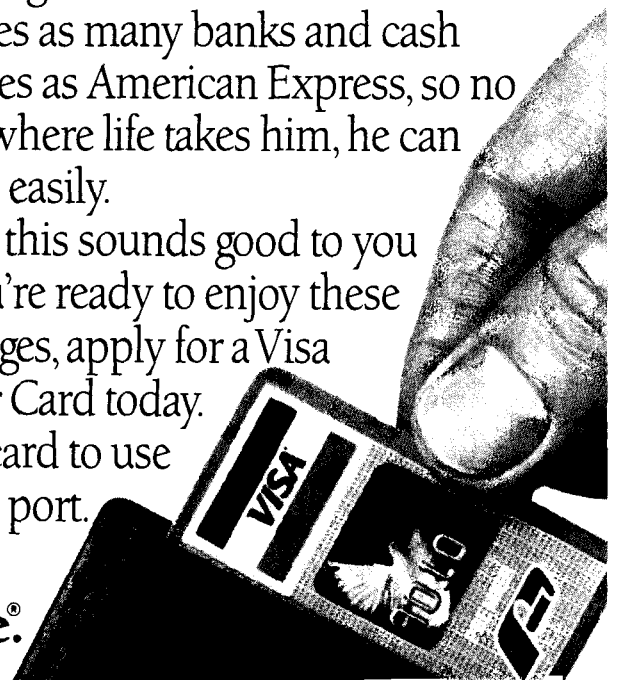
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REPORTS & COMMENT

EAST ASIA

LETTER FROM TOKYO

THE COMPETITION between Japan and the United States has been obsessively on my mind since I got here a month ago, partly because it's such a central theme in Japanese political and cultural life. The Japanese are big on ranking things and deciding which is Number One—practically every day I hear that a certain department store or professor or manufacturing firm is Number One, while a competitor is Number Six or Number Two. Americans have the Fortune 500 and the college-football Top Ten, but the Japanese insistence on picking *one* leader in every field seems more sincere and intense. As I've often been told, this is a society accustomed to viewing others as superiors or inferiors but rarely as equals.

For a long time after the Second World War the United States was obviously Number One. The standard imagery was America as Big Brother, Japan as Little Brother, learning and scrambling to catch up. The people I have spoken with, mainly businessmen and bureaucrats (a term of great respect in Japan), disagree about whether Japan should actually be considered Number One in economic power yet. Smugly and with ill-concealed arrogance, some tell me that Japan has nothing to worry about, all its economic problems are solved, and America will keep sliding down the charts because of its moral breakdown, laziness, and inability to make things that work. Other Japanese seem more apprehensive about the various impediments still in their country's path—an

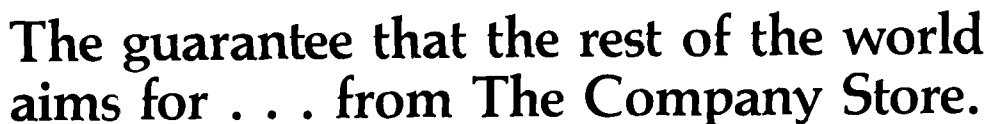
aging population, total reliance on imported resources, mounting irritation from the rest of the world, and so forth. One young banker told me poignantly that he thought the past five years had been the best Japan would enjoy in his lifetime, since it was about to face much greater resistance from America and cut-throat competition from Korea. I believe he was sincere, but perhaps he and the other cautious-sounding Japanese I have met are merely shrewder than the braggarts, in not revealing their confidence to an outsider. In any case, the question itself—Who is Number One?—is on more people's minds in Japan than in the United States.

I spend half my time in awe of Japan's production system, and despairing that Westerners can ever keep up, and the other half chuckling about the parochialism and self-induced limitations of the place. The fundamental problem we've had in competing against the Japanese is obvious after only a few days here: the

Japanese all work much harder than we do.

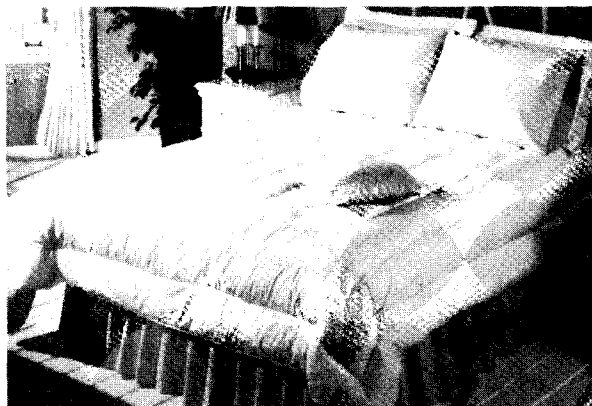
In saying that, I don't really mean attention to detail or pride in one's work—although those traits are very strong in Japan and probably account for much of its success. I also don't mean that Japanese workers are unusually efficient, in the common-sense meaning of the term. (I haven't yet toured any Japanese factories, where the true miracles of productivity have been achieved.) After seeing offices and department stores and other aspects of the service sector—which accounts for the majority of jobs, even in Japan—it's hard for me to believe that the Japanese do things better than anyone else. Large stores are super-stocked with attendants, usually young women in uniform, who stand in place for hours and sometimes do nothing more efficient than wave customers onto the escalators. (In general, the waste of women's skills may be the hidden weakness of the Japanese economy.) Railroad and





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subway cars have conductors hanging out every door. Automation has barely made a dent in the office world—in part because the Japanese writing system, based on Chinese characters called *kanji*, has long encouraged people to write things out by hand, rather than struggling with Rube Goldberg-ish Japanese-language typewriters. (A *kanji*-based word processor has recently begun to have an impact.) Veterans of Japanese office politics say that corporate life features endless meetings, long, ponderous discussions, and redundant doses of the famous morale-building group activities. Obviously, this approach has worked for many Japanese firms, but it is hardly efficient in terms of output per man-hour.

Rather, what has impressed me most about Japan is that the entire culture seems to discourage consumption and leisure and to enforce a dour, self-sacrificing, *hard* life. This is the second biggest market economy in the world, as measured by GNP (Japan has half as many people as the United States does), and I'm sure Japan will sometime soon surpass us in per capita manufacturing output, if it has not already done so. But the conditions of daily life here often make it seem more like the twentieth-richest country.

THERE ARE TWO central, almost overwhelming (and of course connected) living problems: housing and crowding.

The small size and high price of housing exceeds even my apprehensive expectations. I'm not an expert on Manhattan, but judging by friends' apartments in New York, things are more expensive here—perhaps twice as much across the board—and the typical home is *much* smaller and more cramped. With enough money, some people can live in spacious surroundings even in Manhattan, but Tokyo is so crowded that no amount of money can buy you much elbow room. And there is no Long Island or Vermont or Chesapeake Bay nearby for weekend getaways. The only exceptions to the cramped-housing rule seem to be the staff quarters provided by a few embassies and foreign banks—and, of course, the Emperor's palace, which with its gardens takes up a part of downtown Tokyo roughly equivalent to Central Park's share of Manhattan. (By the way, it isn't 1986 in Japan, it's Showa 61, because it's the sixty-first year of the reign of the current Emperor, Hirohito.

Hirohito was enthroned on December 25, 1926, and the last week of that year became Showa 1. On January 1, 1927, Showa 2 began.)

My family considers itself lucky to have found a cheery new two-bedroom apartment for 400,000 yen a month, or about \$2,400 at current rates. One Japanese friend saw our apartment and said it was four or five times bigger than the one where he lives with his wife and infant son. I'm sure he was exaggerating, but not by much. The government, I've been told, has set 100 square meters of floor space—the size of our apartment—as its goal for housing a four-person family, like ours. Right now the average dwelling is only two thirds that size. (A recent TV special on housing pointed out that the French don't consider an area a "room" unless it is at least nine square meters; the Japanese start counting at three.) As best I've been able to judge by visiting friends and shopping for an apartment, the standard dwelling in Tokyo is smaller and darker than practically any housing I have seen in the United States, including some of the places where Haitian immigrants live when they first come to Miami.

We also count ourselves lucky because my commute to central Tokyo, from the suburb of Mejiro, is just under an hour each way. We looked at one place that was an hour and forty-five minutes out of town, still well within the metropolis. By the time the train reached that stop it was already full of commuters coming from points farther out along the line.

In addition to the sheer time such commuting demands, at rush hour it means a kind of crowding that is, well, bestial. Before coming to Japan, I'd heard of the "pushers" who pack people into subway cars at the more crowded stations. I've been subject to their ministrations a few times, and I now go far out of my way—taking alternate routes, or traveling very early or very late—to avoid repetitions. Only once or twice in my pre-Tokyo life had I felt the claustrophobic panic that comes from having strange bodies pressed tightly against yours on all sides and being moved along by crowd momentum rather than your own feet. At rush hour in the subways that degree of crowding is unavoidable, normal. On the subway line I usually take into town, a filled-to-capacity car means that most of the passengers can't hold onto a strap, because they can't even raise their arms. When the train

slows down suddenly or takes a curve hard, a mass of people jolts through the center aisle. The only reason they don't fall is that there are too many bodies in the way. (I had also thought that, at six-two, I'd be able to use size as a weapon in the subway. Against Japanese aged forty-five years or older I can, but the average Japanese height has increased sharply, stepwise by generation, and I am usually not the tallest person in the subway car.)

I don't mean to whine; my point is that the Japanese accept all this as normal life, even as they tirelessly turn out high-quality, cheap goods for consumers everywhere else in the world. Many Americans have sourly joked that the Japanese, without an army, have accomplished exactly what they set out to do during the Second World War—develop a Co-Prosperity Sphere. But there is another way of looking at it. By working so hard and enjoying the results so little, they have voluntarily done to themselves what colonial powers have long tried to force or trick other countries into doing. They work hard so that others may live well. Even considered strictly as consumers, the Japanese are not enjoying the full fruits of their labors. Radios, computers, VCRs, cameras, and other made-in-Japan products that I've priced all cost more in Tokyo than at discount outlets in New York. My Japanese friends assure me that this is the result of heavy excise taxes and perhaps exchange-rate fluctuations, not anything so vulgar as dumping.

Many Japanese think they've got nothing to complain about. Compared with wartime and the ten years that followed, when families didn't have enough food and children walked around wearing paper shoes, everything is luxurious now. "Twenty-five years ago our per capita income was one tenth of America's," I was told by one of Japan's economic-planning czars. "When you've got ten times as much money as you used to, you feel rich." And some of those who do feel they've accepted a hard bargain say that there is no choice. The country is so small and crowded that it's never going to feature ranch houses on two acres of land. Fitting 120 million people into an area the size of Montana would be difficult in any circumstances, but it is even worse because most big cities are crammed into the narrow coastal plain. In addition, a quirk of post-Occupation life makes the housing problem even more formidable

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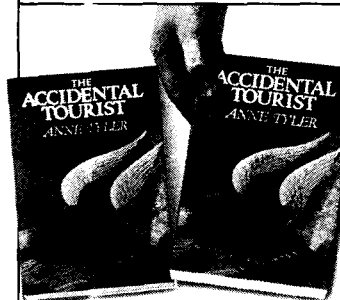
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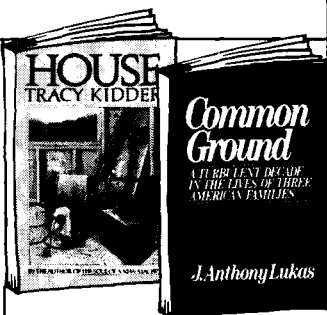
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than it might otherwise be. Believing land ownership to be a bedrock of democracy, Douglas MacArthur enacted sweeping land-reform plans that accentuated the already chaotic pattern of landholding. (This one of the MacArthur innovations stuck, like the anti-war plank of the constitution. Several others did not, including his edicts that Tokyo's streets be given names and that Japan go on Daylight Saving Time. As a point of principle and national pride, Japan went back on year-round standard time. In Tokyo in the early summer the sun sets at about 7 P.M. and sunrise is at 4 A.M.) Now something like 53 percent of those in greater Tokyo own some parcel of land. Of course, the amount each of them owns is minuscule, and because land prices keep going up astronomically—they have doubled in downtown Tokyo in the past two years—the conventional wisdom is that you should never sell. In the priciest parts of Tokyo, a *tsubo* of land now goes for about \$1 million. A *tsubo* is the size of two straw tatami mats, for a total of 3.3 square meters. This spring the government released its annual list of people who paid the most in income taxes the previous year, a weird exception to the usual secretiveness of Japanese life. Number One was a man who had traded several lots in Tokyo, and most of the other leaders had also made their money in land.

Because the land itself is prohibitively expensive, Japanese residential construction is typically flimsy and cheap, like the made-in-Japan products of yesterday. When dwellings get to be more than ten years old, they rapidly lose value, and the Japanese knock them down and build again. This practice, I am told, discourages serious investment in better housing. The city's land remains in literally millions of hands, and about one eighth of the land in this vast city is still farmed. Property taxes are generally quite low, and land used for crops is barely taxed at all. Therefore speculators prefer to sit on their land this way. I recently asked an American professor whether he'd found *anything* in Tokyo that cost less than its counterpart in the United States. He said that there was one thing—onions—and that the explanation was that quirks in the tax code encourage people not to develop their land (but instead, for example, to set up tax-avoidance farms) until the price of land increases dramatically. For all these reasons it's hard to put together big

blocks of land to build new housing. The only apparent solution is for people to live farther and farther out, and to spend more time on those trains—which are extremely clean, efficient, and fast, but inflict that brutal crowding at rush hour.

THE SHORTAGE OF land affects consumption in an indirect way, too. Food and rent are very expensive, but once you've taken care of them there's not much else to spend your money on.

A second house is out of the question unless you're really rich; the same holds for lawn care, extensive remodeling, lavish redecorating projects, and the other space-intensive activities that chew up much of the American household budget. The Japanese are crazy about golf, but there are very few real fairways, so they line up for practice time in large netted enclosures, where eighty to a hundred people can drive balls all at once. Their hobbies are necessarily small, self-contained, and—compared, say, with boating—cheap. Many Japanese households are fitted out with stereos, kitchen appliances, and other electric and electronic gear, but there simply isn't room for the large-scale leisure activities on which Americans spend so much time and money. Not far from our apartment is Gakushuin University, essentially Japan's version of Princeton (children from the imperial family go there), which sits on a compact but beautiful and wooded campus. One Saturday afternoon we walked there with our children and thought we had stumbled onto the opening ceremonies for the Olympic Games. Within a space equal perhaps to three football fields, fully uniformed and feverishly enthusiastic students were playing baseball, soccer, volleyball, American football, rugby, tennis, and *kendo* (dueling with wooden stakes), while orchestra practice, weight lifting, a judo meet, archery, and track and field were under way and the mountain-climbing team scaled a dormitory wall. On a hill overlooking a carp pond, in the most "secluded" part of the campus, a girl practiced arias in full voice.

The Japanese have also "accepted" a hard life because the employers and the government have maneuvered them into it. The employers' association, which serves as coach and policy coordinator for big firms during wage negotiations, has arranged for wages to go up much more slowly than corporate prof-

its. Contrary to the general American impression, the Japanese economy as a whole is not a powerhouse of productivity. Local rice growers cannot hope to compete with large operations in California, Arkansas, or Thailand. Tiny Japanese farms survive at all only because of heavy protective tariffs. The retail sector is antiquated and far less productive than America's. (After the first oil shock, in the early 1970s, the government essentially outlawed the construction of new shopping centers, as an indirect way to save gasoline. The measures have never been repealed, and they shelter millions of mom-and-pop stores.) Manufacturing productivity, of course, keeps booming ahead, but the overall productivity rate rises much more slowly, and so does the agreed-upon "target" for annual wage increases. Therefore, workers at Mitsubishi or Matsushita or Toyota, where sales and productivity have been soaring, receive only modest annual raises. This leaves the companies with more money to invest in the next round of R&D or automation, and the Japanese public with less money to spend.

Last April, a few weeks before the six other big industrial powers came to Tokyo for the economic summit, the Japanese government released the latest reports in a long series of them suggesting that the Japanese people change their ways. If the Japanese spent more on things for themselves—especially houses, but also roads, parks, sewers, and the other items that make up a "social infrastructure"—then their companies wouldn't depend so heavily on exports for survival, and the "trade frictions" that dominate the headlines here might go away.

Taken at face value, some of the new reports amounted to a call for another major social turnaround, like those the Japanese executed after the arrival of Commodore Matthew Perry, in 1853, and in rebuilding after the war. They accomplished those earlier reversals because they were so attentive to top-down orders (after the atomic bombs were dropped, the Emperor said that it was time to cooperate with the Americans, and so nearly all Japanese did), and some government bureaucrats have told me that the same thing will happen now: the great Japanese monolith, which can be quick to act once it reaches its cherished state of consensus, will begin moving toward shorter work weeks, longer vacations, and a generally easier

life. "This is Japan," a prominent banker told me. "Until the last moment we hold onto the old idea, and then all at once we change."

However, the politically convenient timing of the reports, plus the long record of similar recommendations that led nowhere, has made most foreigners skeptical. For instance, the Maekawa Commission, a group of advisers to Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone, produced the most far-reaching of the reports, which called for radical social and economic changes leading toward less saving, more leisure, and a greater willingness to let the rest of the world do the work. (From the American point of view such recommendations sound bizarre—the government asking people to slack off? This is one small indication of the gulf between East and West.) At the press conference at which the recommendations were unveiled, foreign reporters pressed for specifics: which industries would Japan allow to die, so as to let more imports into its market? The only examples that the commission's chairman, a former Bank of Japan director named Haruo Maekawa, would give were shipbuilding and coal-mining—both of which are near death already. Apart from Nakasone himself, who has to fend off unhappy foreign leaders, almost no one in the Liberal Democratic Party (the conservative-inclined permanent ruling force in Japan, like the Democratic Party in Lyndon Johnson's Texas or Richard Daley's Chicago) has any self-interested reason to open up the Japanese economy, since change of any sort would disrupt a market some Japanese firms now control. To his credit, Maekawa has waged a personal publicity campaign in support of more imports and less self-sacrifice. The strongest argument for change is that all of Japan's "friends" around the world are getting tired of losing their jobs and markets to Japan. This may be a testament to its industrial diligence but not to its prudence and foresight. In a big trade war everyone would suffer, but Japan would suffer most (because it needs some export earnings to pay for imported food and fuel).

Thus economic logic, as well as Western concepts of self-interest, make it seem obvious that the Japanese should slow down. But it will be no easy trick since the workhouse—I almost said sweatshop—atmosphere seems to reflect fundamental aspects of the culture. You can always start a fight among

Japanese by asking whether their work habits actually do arise from intrinsic cultural characteristics, and not from government policies, corporate coercion, or other traceable causes. One literary critic lectured me on the Japanese classics of the pre-Meiji era (early nineteenth century and before), which typically featured wastrels and pleasure-seeking gadabouts, he said—almost like Elizabethan comedies. With that background, how could Japan be culturally a nation of drones? According to this man, the dutiful Japanese workaholic was deliberately invented during the Meiji era, when Japan was desperate to catch up with the higher-tech West. Since then the country has never stopped. But other people have told me that the Japanese work ethic is more deeply rooted in the pre-Meiji past. They say that from its calligraphy to its love of tidy packaging, the culture has always taken pleasure in a job well done.

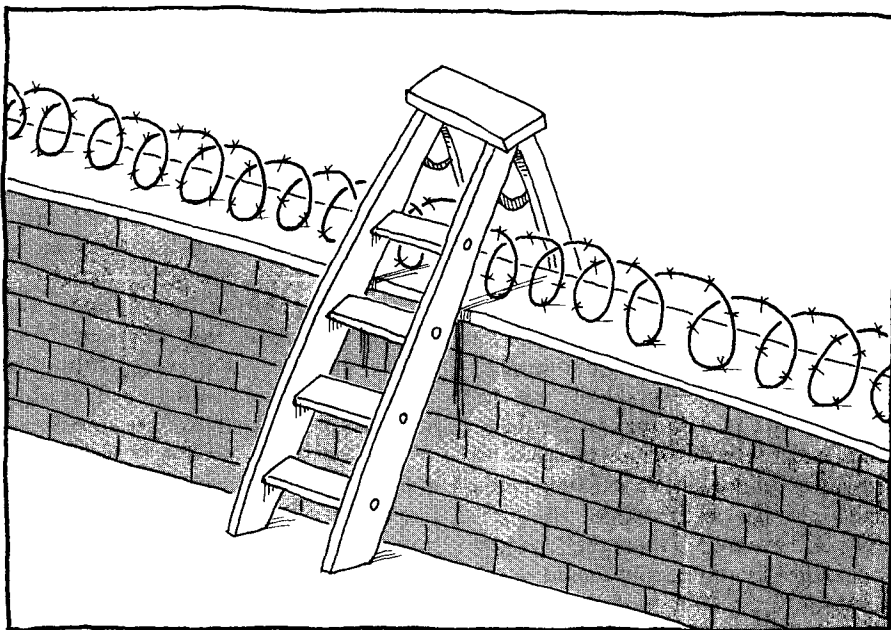
WHETHER THE work ethic is of a thousand years' standing or only a hundred, it seems obvious that the Japanese will have trouble changing, regardless of how many reports they read. With Moonie-like consistency of phrasing, nearly everyone I've met has reminded me, "We are a small island nation with no natural resources." The Japanese live in constant fear of being starved out or left to freeze—even as they believe that their economic successes confirm their basic superiority over the rest of the world. The "Nixon shocks," long forgotten in America, live on in the Japanese memory about as vividly as Pearl Harbor does on our side, as a reminder of how vulnerable they will always be. (When food prices were soaring wildly in the early 1970s, Richard Nixon suddenly embargoed all exports of soybeans, to take pressure off the domestic market. Soybeans are a staple food in Japan, and the psychological effect was nearly as dramatic as when OPEC jacked up the price of oil. A few days later Nixon relented, but the Japanese have never forgotten.)

From school age on, long hours and drudge work are drummed into everyone as the basic stuff of life. On Sundays, as my wife and I take our sons to see the sights, we run into throngs of Japanese schoolchildren, all in their black or dark blue uniforms, coming home from sessions at "cram schools" or other organized activities. Six days a week they go to regular school; on the

seventh (and many afternoons of the other days) they go to cram school, to prepare for the "exam hell" that is required to pass from each school level to the next. Such regimented schooling, I am told, is a post-Meiji innovation, which attained its full fury only in the past fifteen years; still, it's now accepted as a fact of life. About ten years ago a Common Market official infuriated the Japanese by writing, in a supposedly confidential report, that they were "economic animals," who were willing to "work like fiends and live in rabbit hutches." The Japanese are unbelievably sensitive about this reputation—about once a day I hear a bitter comment like "Well, it's time to go back to my hutch"—but also, I think, proud of it. Americans work to make money and to win respect, but to some extent our culture says that you work hard so eventually you won't have to work. You struggle for a degree so that you can get out of the factory, you scrimp and save so that you can retire early. I'm sure the Japanese don't love to sweat any more than the rest of us, but the basic calculation seems different here. They work because that is their duty to a tight-knit, homogeneous society. They work . . . so as to keep on working.

I don't want to get carried away. Nearly everything about the culture is intriguing. For example, why do grown men spend their hour on the subway each day reading porno comic books? Why is it considered vulgar and/or Western to eat in public—except at baseball games or on long-distance trains, where people gobble boxed lunches, called *bentos*, nonstop? Why is physical contact, such as shaking hands, thought so indelicate and unsanitary—except on subways, where someone else's hair may be stuffed in your mouth? What's more, much of the culture is unalloyedly charming. We've become addicted to the public baths, for instance, where you go at the end of the day, get parboiled in big deep tubs, and leave feeling marvelous. Many people have been kind and generous. There is a delicacy and precision evident in all the details of daily life. Things work, because people care about doing their jobs. The food is great. Still, there's no escaping the fact that the cultural premises here are not just "different" from ours, as they might be in Brazil or Finland, but, as I will argue in a future article, repellent to some of our most basic values.

—James Fallows



BERLIN WHY THE WALL STILL STANDS

*Even the West has good reasons for
not wanting it dismantled*

LAST JANUARY Berlin began celebrating its 750th anniversary. For Representative Guy Vander Jagt, of Michigan, a member of the House Foreign Relations Committee, that seemed an appropriate occasion for dismantling the Berlin Wall. Thus, when Vander Jagt met with the East German leader Erich Honecker at the glass and steel Palace of the Republic, in East Berlin, on a bleak January morning, he asked, "Why not, for a birthday present, take the Berlin Wall down?"

Honecker told Vander Jagt and the nine other U.S. congressmen present that the barrier in Berlin and the fortified border separating the two Germanys would remain in place until "the conditions for the Wall's construction no longer [exist]." Had he been permitted to respond, Vander Jagt could have challenged Honecker's premise that such conditions remained. The "Euroconscious" Europe of 1986 hardly resembles the Cold War Europe of 1961. In the 1980s the politics of confrontation have given way to détente, the German states have developed distinct national identities, and, in any case, Soviet SS missiles

in the East—and American cruise and Pershing missiles in the West—have placed severe limits on the option of conventional military aggression. One must question the utility of a concrete wall running between the two halves of Berlin.

The Berlin Wall no longer serves as a means of stabilizing the East German economy or as a defense against an invasion by the West German sector. However, the Wall and the fortified border between the two Germanys have, on a number of occasions over the past quarter century, served not just the East Germans but in effect the entire world. The Wall may have spared mankind a superpower confrontation in 1961, when it was constructed; it helped guide Europe into the age of détente in the early 1970s; today it serves the interests not only of East Germany and the Soviet Union but also of the United States and West Germany. The Berlin Wall provides a simple solution to complex social, political, and economic problems—and so it will remain in place for the foreseeable future.

Ironically, the division of Berlin by military force—a division that the Wall has institutionalized—was first proposed by the West Germans. In early December, 1956, following the bloody Hungarian revolution, NATO leaders met in Paris. West Germany's Foreign Minister, Heinrich von Brentano, considering the possibility of similar unrest in East Germany, sketched the following scenario: Were Germans living in the Soviet sector of Germany to rise against the government, as they had already done in June, 1953, and were the Sovi-

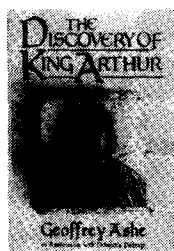
ets to respond with violence, West Germans would certainly cross the border into the Soviet sector to assist the East German insurrection. The invasion of Soviet-occupied territory by West Germans could easily provoke a major war in Europe. Brentano also suggested that unrest then occurring in Poland could lead to an exodus from Eastern Europe. Slavs fleeing Soviet violence would sweep across East Germany and pour into West Germany, possibly destabilizing the government—even the Continent. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, America's architect of "rollback," was very much disquieted by the dramatic scenario. He fully supported Brentano's suggestion to seal off the border between East and West Germany, as well as the one between the Soviet and Allied sectors of Berlin. During those ominous days of December, 1956, the NATO members decided that in the event of serious unrest in the Soviet zone, NATO troops were to advance to the sector border in order to prevent West Germans from crossing into the Soviet zone. In West Berlin the three Allied commandants were to declare martial law and assume all police powers. The border would be sealed first by military force and then by a physical barrier.

Five years later, on August 13, 1961, the East German government executed a virtually identical plan. Heinz Hoffman, then the head of the East German National People's Army, says: "Erich Honecker called me that evening, gave me the zero hour, and said, 'You know the assignment! March!' I still recall how we used certain troop movements in order to cover the advance of the army's commands and units." At one minute after midnight, alarms began to sound in military barracks throughout East Germany, and within two hours 20,000 East German soldiers were descending upon Berlin. Four Soviet divisions, under the command of General Ivan S. Koniev, who was known as the Conqueror of Dresden and Prague, also closed in around the 164-kilometer Berlin perimeter.

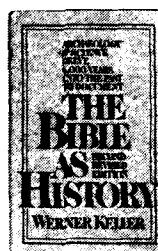
THE SEALING OFF of West Berlin from East Germany was the climax to six months of steadily rising international tension. East Germany's President, Walter Ulbricht, distraught over the continuing exodus from his country, had first proposed closing off the Berlin border at a Warsaw Pact meeting in Moscow

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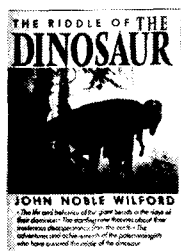
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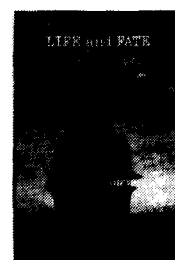
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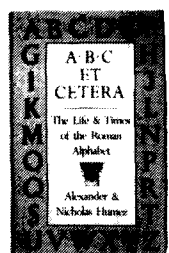
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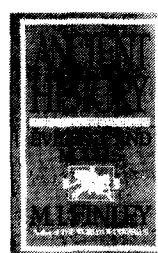
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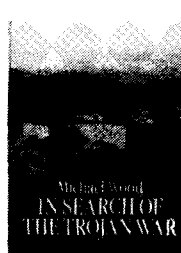
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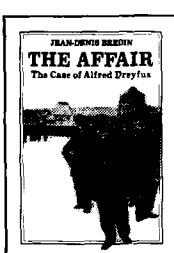
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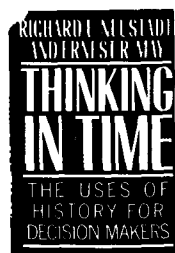
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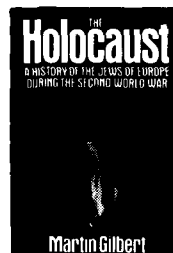
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in March of 1961. János Kádár, of Hungary; Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, of Rumania; and Wladyslaw Gomulka, of Poland, all interested in improving relations with the West, rejected the proposal. Premier Nikita Khrushchev proposed a more tactful solution: Moscow would sign a peace treaty with East Germany, and East Germany, no longer occupied, would assume authority over its own territory. Khrushchev insisted that West Berlin's autonomy would continue, but he made one qualification: "Naturally, use of the routes connecting West Berlin with the rest of the world would require the permission of the country on whose territory the routes are located." Access to West Berlin would thus become contingent upon East German approval.

Two and a half months later Khrushchev and President John F. Kennedy met for a summit conference in Vienna. Kennedy rejected the "peace proposal" and threatened that the Allies would, if necessary, resort to military force to maintain access to West Berlin. "I want peace," Khrushchev responded, "but if you want war, then that is your problem." On June 15 the Soviet Premier underscored his warning to Kennedy in a televised speech: "We are for a peaceful settlement to this controversial question. However, we are also capable of responding equally harshly to any acts of violence, and we possess the means to protect our interests." Khrushchev gave the Allies until December, 1961, to clear out of Berlin.

International tensions heightened in that hot summer of 1961. East Germans, seized by *Torschlusspanik* (fear that the border to the West would be closed for good), fled in unprecedented numbers. In June almost 20,000 East Germans sought asylum in West Berlin, in July 30,000, and in the first two weeks of August 47,000. In the words of Secretary of State Dean Rusk, East Germany was "hemorrhaging to death." On August 11, 1961, the East German State Council decreed "measures for stabilizing the sector borders in Berlin." Two days later East German police and military units closed the border to West Berlin.

West German newspapers expressed shock and horror at the events: the front page of the August 14 edition of Axel Springer's popular tabloid *Bild-Zeitung* was bordered with an illustration of barbed wire; it proclaimed, "On August 13, 1961, the Soviet zone was officially transformed into one immense concen-

tration camp." At the same time, the East German media lauded Walter Ulbricht's measures as a major contribution to world peace.

Neues Deutschland, East Germany's official newspaper, carried banner headlines announcing that the measures had been taken "for the Maintenance of Peace and the Protection of the German Democratic Republic." The East German press acknowledged that the action would entail "some minor inconveniences" for the general population, but declared that these were a small price to pay for domestic stability.

Among Western leaders the new situation evoked more relief than sur-

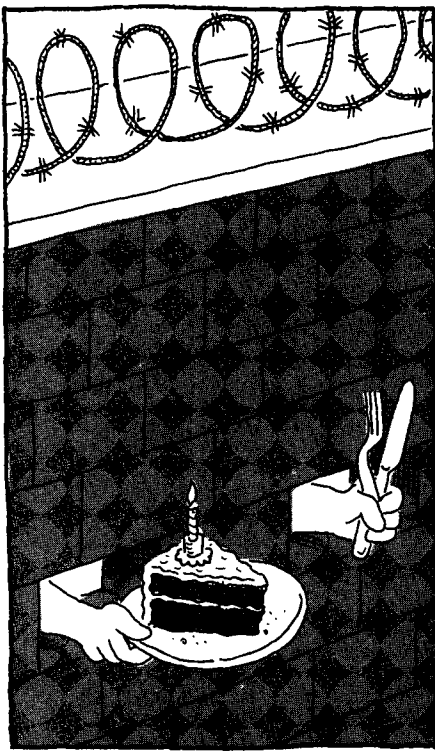
turn a profit together in the Third World. Socialist Hungary provides capitalist Austria with visa-free travel.

In this improved political climate the Berlin Wall and the fortified border between the two Germanys may seem anachronistic. By the early 1980s East Germany's "anti-fascist rampart" stretched over a jagged 1,393-kilometer course from the Baltic Sea to the Czechoslovakian border. This "defensive" wall now consists of a ten-foot wire fence reinforced by 800 kilometers of trenches, 800 bunkers, 750 observation towers, 190 kilometers of mine fields, and 50,000 SM 70s, specially designed self-activating weapons that claim a half dozen victims annually.

The 164-kilometer border around Berlin is equally formidable. What was once a six-foot brick wall hedged with tangles of barbed wire has been supplanted by the "modern border"—an East German euphemism for what West Germans call the "death strip." The centerpiece is a four-inch-thick, twelve-foot-high white cement wall crowned by a concrete tube on which one cannot find a handhold. Machine-gun towers, tank stops, fences, and floodlights complete the picture.

As the Wall winds its way through the center of Berlin, it is variously ironic, absurd, and tragic. In the very center of Berlin the Brandenburg Gate, a symbol of German unity since the time of Frederick the Great, now stands orphaned between the two halves of the city. In Bernauer Strasse, a street on the border of East and West Berlin, the Wall runs down the center of the pavement; its stark concrete is what the West Berliners who still reside on Bernauer Strasse see out their living-room windows. The graffiti scrawled on the Western side of the Wall express the futile rage of a city divided. More telling still are the crosses, grim monuments to the scores of East Germans who have perished trying to scale the Wall. They represent a mixed legion of felled victims, known and unknown: Bernd Lünser, October 4, 1961; Axel Hannemann, May 5, 1962; Unknown, April 24, 1973.

For the people of Berlin the death of Peter Fechter, an eighteen-year-old East German youth, remains a momentarily tragic incident. On August 17, 1962, one year after Ulbricht closed the border, Peter Fechter attempted to scale the Wall just a few blocks from Checkpoint Charlie, in central Berlin. Fechter had climbed through the barbed wire and



prise. Ulbricht's decision to close the border spared the United States and the Soviet Union a potentially disastrous confrontation. Khrushchev withdrew his ultimatum that the Allies vacate West Berlin by December or risk armed conflict. The United States abstained from its traditional rhetoric on freedom and human rights. Instead, Kennedy spoke of "the historic and legitimate interests of others in assuring European security."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS later European security is no longer a volatile issue, and economic cooperation has replaced military confrontation. Soviet gas now fuels West European industry. Volkswagen motors propel East German cars. Polish labor and Western venture capital

was scrambling for the Wall before East German guards caught sight of him. Escaping a hail of machine-gun fire, Fechter reached the Wall and pulled himself to the top. Just as he was about to leap across, two bullets ripped into his back and a third into his stomach. He balanced for an instant atop the Wall before collapsing back into the Eastern sector. For the next fifty minutes Fechter lay at the base of the Wall, less than a yard from West Berlin, begging for assistance. Berliners from both East and West listened, and East Berliners watched, as the young man slowly bled to death. When he was finally silent, two East German border guards emerged and dragged his corpse back into East Berlin. Egon Bahr, a leading Social Democrat, has called Fechter's death the nadir of West Berlin morale: "As the West Berliners saw that no one, not a single citizen, not a single policeman, not a single Allied soldier, crossed the border to help him, then they knew that Allied guarantees ended at the Wall."

Over the past twenty-five years each new victim who has been gunned down by East German guards, who has bled to death in the barbed wire, or who, wounded by gunfire, has drowned in the Spree River, further confirms both West German impotence and East German resolve regarding the Wall. The effect has been traumatic for Germans of both East and West. The word *Mauer*, "Wall," haunts the German language as does the word *Nazi*. Like the savagery of the Third Reich, the construction of the Berlin Wall not only represents a tragic moment in the history of the German people but also suggests a grievous flaw in the German character. The Germans must wonder at their capacity for such iron violence: Germans killing Germans trying to flee from Germany to Germany.

To the government in Bonn, the deaths along the Wall also represent a bizarre diplomatic problem. Since the West German government does not officially recognize the existence of East Germany, any violence committed by East German border guards against an German is illegal. A special bureau established in the border town of Salzgitter has monitored and recorded all incidents along the border since 1961. Initially, the records in Salzgitter were to serve as evidence in prosecuting East German border guards after the long anticipated German reunification. However, twenty-five years later, with little sign of German unity in sight but with

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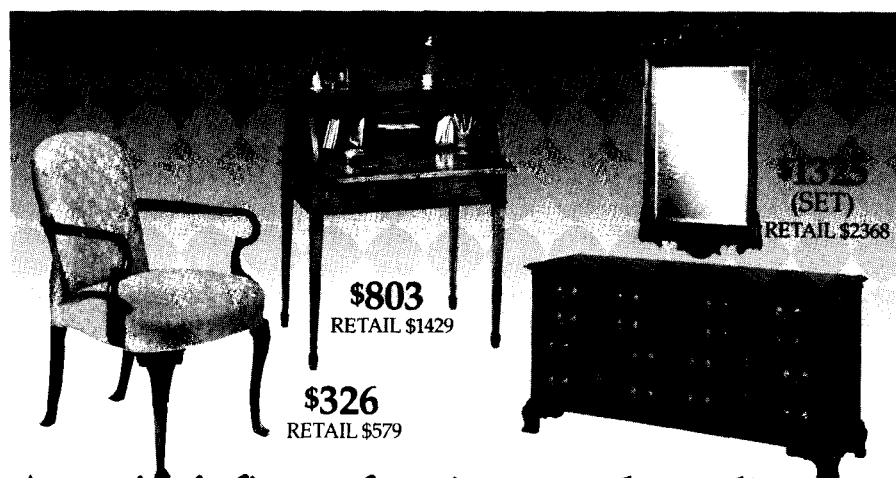
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relations between the two Germanys more cordial than ever before, the office in Salzgitter seems little more than an embarrassing relic of the Cold War era.

Unlike the politicians in Bonn, East German leaders have had no trouble coming to terms with the fortified border. For the past quarter century the East German media have annually reminded the citizenry that the "measures" of August 13, 1961, not only saved their country from ruin but also assured peace in Europe. Five-year anniversaries of the Wall's construction are celebrated in grand socialist style: mass demonstrations, parades of police and military units, and speeches by leading political functionaries. At the twentieth anniversary 120,000 East Berliners assembled along the Karl Marx Allee to watch a military parade and to hear Erich Honecker relate the "lessons" of August 13, 1961, to present-day domestic and international questions. In his address he asserted that the Wall was as necessary in 1981 as it had been when it was built.

Nevertheless, the East German man in the street does not believe that this "anti-fascist rampart" is there to protect him from the incursions of NATO armies. Nor does he believe that the Wall is still necessary. He acknowledges that the measures of August 13 saved his country and have helped guarantee him the highest standard of living in the Soviet bloc. But the price for this stability is his captivity in a country similar in size and climate to Ohio. His travel elsewhere is restricted: martial law keeps him out of Poland, high prices discourage visits to Hungary, and politics keeps him out of Western Europe. If an East German escapes or emigrates to West Germany, he may well never see his friends or family again.

Most East Germans are not as interested in fleeing their country as they are in traveling west simply to look around a bit. High unemployment in West Germany and an improved standard of living in East Germany have made the West less attractive than it was in the 1950s and 1960s. Professor Günther Nötzold, of Karl Marx University, in Leipzig, says that the Wall's continued presence is a "generational rather than a political or military issue." The Wall is not necessary to prevent another exodus. But the present East German leadership has still not shaken off the trauma of the Cold War era, when East Germany was truly on the verge of collapse. The Wall con-

tinues to assuage this chronic insecurity; in the meantime the East German man in the street has come to accept his captivity with listless resignation.

In fact East Germany is much more open than it once was. Since the early 1970s millions of West Germans have visited friends and relatives in the "other Germany." East and West German political leaders meet in Bonn and East Berlin to discuss such issues as pollution, missiles, and financial cooperation. In the early 1980s, when tension between Moscow and Washington increased the likelihood of a second Cold War, the two Germanys worked, in the words of Erich Honecker, "to minimize the damage" by maintaining close political contact. The efforts have been rewarded, especially in economic terms. In June, 1983, Chancellor Helmut Kohl and Franz Josef Strauss, a Bavarian Christian Democrat, arranged a loan of one billion marks (\$389 million at that time) for East Berlin. A year later they lent an additional 509 million marks. In February, 1984, Volkswagen Corporation entered into a major joint-production agreement with the East Germans. Joint German-German ventures in Third World countries are now being discussed.

East Berlin has responded to these opportunities in a number of ways. It has begun to remove the 50,000 self-activating guns along the border. Also, rumor has it that Honecker has lifted the "shoot-to-kill" order. Recent escapees report East German border guards' shooting around them but not at them. Honecker has further liberalized visa restrictions for West Germans wishing to visit friends and relatives. And, most significant, in 1984 he allowed more than 30,000 East German citizens to emigrate to the West.

With an increased chance for emigration, growing disillusionment among East Germans arriving in the West, and West Germany no longer looking to destabilize its socialist neighbor, the next logical step would seem to be the dismantling of the Wall.

WHAT WOULD BRING down the Berlin Wall and the fortified border between East and West Germany? Official recognition of the East Berlin leadership by the Bonn government seems the most likely possibility. East Germans would no longer have a claim to West German citizenship, and could be extradited back across the border. West

German recognition of East Germany, however, is virtually impossible. It would require a redrafting of the German Basic Law that established West Germany as the only legitimate representative of the German people, and it would also mean abandoning any hope of German reunification, a compromise that Hans Apel, a Social Democrat, has recently called "inconceivable."

Aside from these problems, one wonders how enthusiastically the East German government would greet West German recognition. East Germany annually receives approximately \$1 billion in economic support from Bonn. West German non-recognition also provides another important benefit: tariff-free trade with much of Western Europe. As the unofficial eleventh member of the Common Market, East Germany has become much more competitive in the West than other Soviet-bloc nations. For all its rhetoric about recognition, East Germany profits handsomely from the present circumstances. And East Germany is not the only country with an interest in maintaining the status quo.

For the Soviet Union, the fortified border in Berlin and between the two German states serves a twofold purpose. First, it clearly demarcates Soviet claims in Central Europe. Second, and vitally important to the Soviets, it guarantees the continued division of the German people. According to the United States' cultural attaché in Bonn, William Griffith, who is on leave from a professorship at MIT and is a leading authority on Soviet-bloc relations, Moscow's insistence on a divided Germany has deep historical roots. A centuries-old record of Teutonic incursion to the east has created an intractable Germanophobia among the Russian people. In the Second World War alone, German aggression exacted horrifying losses from the people of the Soviet Union: some estimates exceed 20 million dead. The trauma of that war continues to haunt the Soviet consciousness and expresses itself in official policy regarding the German question.

Soviet sensitivity to inter-German rapprochement was dramatically illustrated in the summer of 1984, during planning for a visit to Bonn by Erich Honecker—the first time that an East German head of state was to set foot on West German soil. Honecker's overtures in anticipation of the trip, including a call for a "coalition of reason" between the two German countries, and references to a

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German *Kultur* that transcended national borders, unsettled the Soviet leaders. The Kremlin launched a media blitzkrieg against German "revanchism." Soviet television conjured up images of the German juggernaut by broadcasting stories of resurgent fascism in West Germany. *Pravda* assaulted Germans of both East and West. On August 2 an editorial in *Pravda* warned against "a chauvinistic basis" for West German relations with East Germany. On September 4, just weeks before Honecker's scheduled arrival in the West, Ewald Moldt, the East German diplomatic envoy, announced that Honecker's visit had been "indefinitely postponed." While the West responded with a mixture of disappointment and smugness, Honecker enjoyed unusual rapport with his countrymen. In the weeks following the sudden cancellation East Germans were apt to note with tongue in cheek, "Look, they won't even let Erich out."

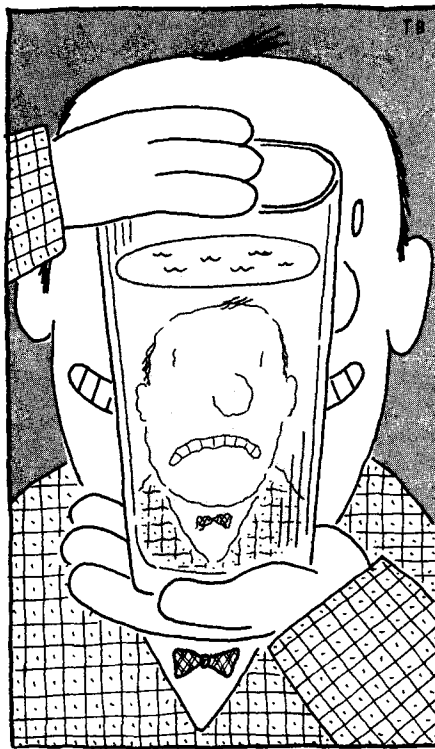
The Wall also serves Western interests. In 1961 the Allies greeted the Berlin Wall as a guarantee of the continued autonomy of West Berlin. Today the Wall serves another, equally important purpose. With the bankrupting of "rollback" and the passing of the Cold War era, the West has sought to normalize relations with East Germany; it now hopes to transform socialism through rapprochement rather than confrontation. The policy requires a political system stable enough that increased contact cannot threaten the domestic order. The Berlin Wall and the border between the two Germanys continue to support such a policy.

In the past two years the West Germans in particular have developed a special interest in maintaining the fortified border. The recent emigration of East Germans to the West has had unpleasant side effects. The 30,000 East Germans who were allowed to emigrate in 1984 have aggravated West Germany's already serious unemployment problem. The East German refugee, once an object of sympathy and curiosity, is now viewed as an undesired competitor in the West German job market.

The flight of East Germans to the West has come to pose an even more serious threat. In August of 1985 West Germany was shaken by the defection to East Berlin of Hans Joachim Tiedge, a senior counter-intelligence operative. The affair deeply unsettled the West German government, and a subsequent shakedown revealed a number of other

spies working for East Berlin—including Helmut Kohl's personal secretary. The immigration of 30,000 potential East German spies has created a security nightmare for the Bonn government. One hears echoes of the sentiments expressed by Brentano thirty years ago—keep the East Germans on their side of the Wall. A cynical East German joke recommends that Erich Honecker open the East German border completely and then offer to sell the fortified border to the government in Bonn. At present, West Germany would seem to have as much of a stake in the Wall's presence as East Germany does.

—Timothy W. Ryback



HEALTH AN ENDLESS DEBATE

Worrying about fluoride is not so crazy after all. Many Americans may be exposed to more of it than is healthful

FLUORINE IS a pale yellow, highly reactive, very poisonous gas that is used in the manufacture of rocket fuel and in the processing of uranium in the nuclear-power industry. It is also the active constituent in the compounds sodium fluoride and hydrofluosilicic acid, one or the other of which is systematical-

ly added to the water supply of 57 percent of the American population. (Fluoride occurs naturally in the water supplies of four percent of the population.) Every major medical organization in the country endorses this practice. Dozens of citizens' groups and some environmentalist groups oppose it.

The American Medical Association, the American Dental Association, the World Health Organization, the United States Public Health Service, and every Surgeon General since the mid-1950s have agreed that water fluoridation at levels of about one part per million is a cheap, effective, and perfectly safe way to reduce cavities by as much as 60 percent. They have stated this point of view in countless speeches, on television, in newspaper and magazine articles, and in dozens of booklets. Yet 39 percent of the American population is without fluoridated water, and in local referenda fluoridation is voted down more often than it is approved. Los Angeles, San Diego, San Antonio, Honolulu, and dozens of smaller cities and communities have rejected it. This fact has frustrated and sometimes infuriated pro-fluoridationists in the dental and medical establishments, who associate anti-fluoridation activity with quackery, radical conservatism, and fraud.

Debates on the fluoridation issue are passionate and polemical. For this reason disinterested scientific opinion on fluorides in the water supply, which is itself hard to come by, is not always the basis for public policy.

As an example, consider the history of the Environmental Protection Agency's proposal last year to nearly double the maximum allowable and recommended levels of fluoride in drinking water, a proposal that was put into effect by the administrator of the EPA, Lee Thomas, in April. In proposing this increase the EPA seems to have paid more attention to fiscal than to scientific concerns.

SOUTH CAROLINA is one of a number of states that have high levels of fluoride occurring naturally in some of their drinking-water systems. In 1975 the EPA included fluoride in a list of primary contaminants—substances whose regulation is enforceable by federal law. The EPA set a maximum allowable fluoride standard for drinking water of 1.4 to 2.4 parts per million (or milligrams per liter), and a recommended level of 0.7 to 1.2 ppm. (The ranges were designed to take account of differences in climate. The

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EPA assumed that in warm weather people drink more water, and thus it set the levels of fluoride low for states with warm climates.) The EPA set the allowable level for South Carolina, a relatively warm state, at 1.6 ppm—much too low as far as state officials were concerned, given that some water sources within the state contain more than 6 ppm of fluoride. In 1981 the state petitioned the EPA in the hope of having fluoride removed from the list of primary contaminants. The regulation of fluoride should be left to the discretion of the states, South Carolina argued.

At the request of the EPA, the United States Surgeon General, C. Everett Koop, appointed a committee of fourteen experts to review the health effects of fluoride. The committee met in the spring of 1983 and then drafted a report concluding that although adults could safely be exposed to twice as much fluoride as the existing EPA standard allowed, children should not be, because not enough was known about the effects of high levels on growing bones and because of what it described as the “adverse health effect” of severe dental fluorosis. The committee pointed out that evidence exists to link fluoride intake in excess of 5 ppm to osteosclerosis (thickening of the bone) in adults. The committee also pointed out that consuming too much fluoride can cause dental fluorosis, which the EPA itself had already recognized as an adverse health effect. Fluorosis begins as white flecks on the teeth and can develop into brown discoloration and pitting. In extreme cases the teeth can become brittle

and start to crumble. A child under the age of nine can develop a mild case of fluorosis by consuming as little as one milligram of fluoride a day, and the risk that the disorder will be more severe increases with the amount consumed. The committee recommended that the EPA keep fluoride on its list of primary contaminants, to minimize the incidence of fluorosis and, possibly, osteosclerosis and other disorders of the bone.

In the version of the report that the committee presented to the Surgeon General in September of 1983, the finding that fluoride in water should not exceed 2.4 ppm for children and 4.8 ppm for adults had not been changed. However, other conclusions had been, including the characterization of fluorosis as an adverse health effect. The new report described fluorosis as “uncosmetic.” This seemingly minor alteration had significant ramifications. Fluorosis is the only undisputed negative effect of chronic exposure to low levels of fluoride. By saying that fluorosis is uncosmetic rather than an adverse health effect, the committee seemed to imply that the EPA did not have to protect against fluorosis. This, some members say, was not their intention. One, Dr. Michael Kleerekoper, the head of the Bone and Mineral Division of the Henry Ford Hospital, in Detroit, says, “There is absolutely no doubt that excess fluoride changes the properties of bone. And I don’t think we could really say that fluorosis is not a health effect. We don’t really know enough about the psychological ramifications of going through life with brown teeth.”

By the spring of 1985 the Office of Management and Budget had become concerned that the cost of filtering excess fluoride from naturally fluoridated water supplies might be passed from the states to the federal government. Thus it sent a memo advising the EPA to remove fluoride from the list of primary contaminants. Three weeks later the EPA announced its proposal. Although the agency would not abandon its authority to regulate fluoride, as the OMB had requested, it would seek to raise the maximum amount of fluoride allowable in water to 4 ppm—near the limit of the amount that the committee had said is safe for adults and well above the limit safe for children. This is the standard that took effect in April.

The new ceiling is still too low for South Carolina, and the state has sued. South Carolina’s director of the Division of Water Supply, Max Batavia, says that taking fluoride out of water supplies to meet the EPA standard will raise water bills by 75 to 100 percent. According to Batavia, water bills in the state now average \$10 a month.

THE SAME YEAR the EPA proposed to change the fluoride standard to 4 ppm, it cited in a report a study showing that of a group of children drinking water with fluoride levels of 4 ppm, about 40 percent developed moderate to severe dental fluorosis, with symptoms ranging from stains to pitting and finally to a condition resembling rust. Also that year the EPA acknowledged, in a notice published in the *Federal Register*, that consumption of more than 20 milligrams of fluoride a day for twenty years or more can lead to a much more severe disorder—crippling skeletal fluorosis, which involves stiffening of the spine and other arthritis-like symptoms.

The number of cases of skeletal fluorosis that have been diagnosed in this country is small (the estimates range from two to twenty), but the disease is fairly common in India and has been reported in North Africa, in the Persian Gulf region, and in southern Italy, where extraordinarily high concentrations of fluoride occur naturally in the environment. Lack of calcium, vitamin D, or protein in the diet exacerbates the risk of skeletal fluorosis. Anti-fluoridationists say that the disorder is more widespread in this country than medical authorities will admit, and that it is probably being misdiagnosed as arthritis by unwitting physicians. The point is at

least worth considering. The EPA estimates that about one percent of the population drinks more than five liters of water a day. Furthermore, about 184,000 people in this country drink from water supplies with fluoride levels at or above 4 milligrams per liter. It should follow, then, that the exposure of about one percent of this group reaches the EPA's threshold for skeletal fluorosis, of 20 milligrams of fluoride a day. Those whose exposure persists for twenty years or more thus risk developing the disorder, and the number affected is conceivably a good deal larger than twenty.

"The EPA administration is making outrageous statements, and completely contradicting itself," says Robert Carton, the president of the Washington, D.C., local of the National Federation of Federal Employees and a scientist in the toxic-substances division of the EPA. "In 1976 the EPA said that mottled teeth were an adverse health effect. Now it is saying they aren't. It was a distinction of convenience, a change made on purely political grounds." Last year Carton wrote to Lee Thomas, the EPA administrator, asking that the agency reassess the scientific evidence before putting any changes in the standard into effect. Thomas refused.

The EPA ultimately did not remove fluoride from the primary-contaminant list, but critics of the change in the fluoride standard say that some dental and medical organizations pressured the agency to do so, because fluoride's presence on the list interfered with their efforts to promote the substance as a desirable additive. As evidence of this motive the critics cite a resolution by the Association of State and Territorial Health Officials, which stated: "The continued labeling of fluoride as a contaminant and health hazard will undoubtedly undermine the efforts of the dental profession to promote fluoridation of community water supplies." This was among the reasons the association gave for requesting "that fluoride be changed from the Primary to the Secondary Drinking Water Regulations." Secondary regulations are not enforceable by the EPA.

Scientists, public-health officials, and others were relieved by the EPA's decision to leave fluoride on the list of primary contaminants. They had feared that removing fluoride from the list would set a dangerous precedent. William Lappenbusch, who was the chief of the health-effects branch of the federal Office of Drinking Water from 1978 to

1984, supports water fluoridation—but only if fluoride levels are carefully controlled. "The window of acceptability is very small with fluoride, and you've got to focus in very closely on one part per million or risk health effects," he says. "If people are willing to spend fifteen hundred dollars just to get their kids' teeth a little straighter, then my guess is that they'd be willing to spend a fraction of that to make sure their kids' teeth don't become stained and brittle. But I think it's very difficult for the dental establishment to consider fluoride a health problem when it has promoted it for so many years as protective against dental caries. It's very hard for them to realize that fluoride is both good and bad."

The Natural Resources Defense Council, an environmentalist organization based in New York City, has sued the EPA on the grounds that the new standard does not protect the public health. The NRDC's attorney, Jacqueline M. Warren, points out that the Public Health Service, the National Academy of Sciences, and previous EPA administrations have all recommended against allowing more than 2.4 ppm of fluoride in water. The new regulation requires a supplier of water with a concentration of fluoride higher than this to warn customers that children under the age of nine should not drink it. Water supplies containing more than 2 ppm of fluoride are scattered across the country and are the chief source of drinking water for about 830,000 Americans. "This is the first time in the history of the EPA that permanent regulations are in place to tell people not to drink the water," Warren says. "The EPA has an independent charge from Congress to protect the water supply against any contaminant that can affect the public health, and this decision is in clear violation of that mandate. By calling fluorosis a cosmetic effect, they are simply attempting to define the problem out of existence."

FLUOROSIS HAS traditionally been the biggest obstacle to the effort to promote fluoride in water, an objective that the Public Health Service and the American Dental Association have actively pursued since 1950. In fact, it was fluorosis, not tooth decay, that brought fluoride to the attention of the medical community. In the early 1900s Frederick S. McKay, a dentist in Colorado Springs, noticed a connection between mottled teeth (called "Colorado stain" in his part of the country) and the water supply. In

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1931 two independent research teams identified the culprit as fluoride. The dental community's initial reaction to this finding, logically enough, was to assume that fluoride is bad for teeth. The Public Health Service immediately assigned a dentist from its staff, H. Trendley Dean, to look into the problem.

Dean conducted a series of epidemiological studies over a period of years. In a report submitted in the late thirties he concluded that fluoride concentrations of 0.6 ppm or higher cause mild but detectable fluorosis in some people and that the extent and severity of the problem rise sharply until, at concentrations of 2 ppm or more, fluorosis becomes "an acute and urgent public health problem." But Dean also found, as had McKay, that the level of decay in mottled teeth was well below average, and in 1942 he reported that although a fluoride concentration of one ppm causes mild fluorosis in about 10 percent of the population, it reduces the incidence of dental decay by about 60 percent. Dean added that fluoride levels of more than one ppm increase the incidence of fluorosis without decreasing the incidence of decay. A year later the Public Health Service established one ppm as the maximum amount of fluoride allowable in drinking water.

Whereas in the 1930s public-health officials had sought ways to remove natural fluoride from water systems, the 1940s saw the beginning of a campaign to fluoridate water systems considered fluoride-deficient. At first the Public Health Service was a bit nervous about this idea, and it decided to test the effects of artificial fluoridation in a pilot study before proceeding with a national fluoridation program. The plan was to add fluoride to the water supply of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and to monitor the health of the children's teeth for at least ten years. But in neighboring Wisconsin two impatient dentists, Francis Bull (who was also the state dental officer) and John Frisch, upset the plan by demanding that fluoride be made available to all immediately. Bull and Frisch toured the country, touting the benefits of fluoride and denouncing and even threatening those who disagreed. The Public Health Service resisted the pressure for several years. But when preliminary data showing a lower incidence of decay in four- and five-year-old children leaked from the Grand Rapids study, the fluoride crusaders had all the evidence they needed to push the issue over the

top. In 1950 the Public Health Service announced that "communities desiring to fluoridate their communal water supplies should be strongly encouraged to do so." Within a year the American Dental Association and the American Medical Association added their endorsements.

Organized opposition to fluoridation was immediate. The first fluoridation referendum, held in Stevens Point, Wisconsin, in 1950, was rejected by a wide margin, as was one held in Seattle, Washington, in 1951.

Fluoridation decisions are not always made by referendum. In many parts of the country local health officials or city councils have the power to decide the question on their own. But of the 2,000-some referenda on fluoridating water that have been held in the United States since 1950, about 60 percent have been voted down.

PRO-FLUORIDATIONISTS describe anti-fluoridationists as the lunatic fringe: members of radical societies, rabid anti-Communists, and so forth. This is certainly true of some. Members of the John Birch Society and the Ku Klux Klan, for example, have traditionally been enthusiastic supporters of the anti-fluoridation movement. But today, it seems, an anti-fluoridationist is far more likely to be an ordinary citizen worried about public health or the environment than a political extremist.

Numerous sociological studies have been sponsored by proponents of fluoridation to determine why the addition of a decay preventive to the water supply should meet with so much grass-roots opposition. By and large these have concluded that anti-scientific attitudes, fear of technology, and anti-government sentiment are responsible.

There is more to the issue than that. Beyond the political fray of competing interest groups are scientific questions in need of resolution. Although hundreds of studies have demonstrated the effectiveness of fluoride in warding off tooth decay, relatively few data exist on the long-term effects of chronic exposure to fluoride on human biological systems other than teeth. Many scientists say that not enough is known to describe with certainty the effects of fluoride on bone or on unborn children, people with impaired kidneys, or other particularly vulnerable people. Moreover, there is a growing belief among scientists that enough fluoride is reaching the public

through fluoridated toothpastes and mouth rinses and in food and beverages processed with fluoridated water to limit the need for further fluoridation of water supplies.

Members of the scientific community are reluctant to express reservations like these publicly for fear that they might be misinterpreted. It seems that whenever a report discussing possible negative effects of fluoride is published, proponents of fluoridation rush to discredit the author, to play down the finding, or to explain why the finding does not apply to human beings, though it might apply to animals in a laboratory. By the same token, anti-fluoridationists wait eagerly for anyone in the scientific mainstream to add credence to their cause. Their support may be just as unwelcome to scientists as the hostility of the pro-fluoridationists.

For example, in 1982 the journal *Science* published a paper by Dennis Leverett, the chairman of the Department of Community Dentistry at the Eastman Dental Center, in Rochester, New York, arguing that the levels of fluoridation in water should be reassessed in view of the influx into the food chain of fluoride from sources other than tap water. Leverett concluded (as have many dental researchers) that even communities without fluoridation were enjoying a reduced level of tooth decay and that the incidence of very mild fluorosis was on the rise. Much to Leverett's dismay, the anti-fluoridationists immediately reproduced and distributed the paper. The pro-fluoridationists, meanwhile, criticized him for voicing his concerns in public.

It is not surprising that mainstream scientists are loath to involve themselves even indirectly in the anti-fluoridationist cause. Anti-fluoridationists frequently distort, misinterpret, or exaggerate scientific reports. Several of the "experts" whose opinions are often cited are professional anti-fluoridationists on the fringes of established science or medicine. Many of the documents purporting to prove the hazards of fluoridation are filled with anecdotes, and some read like the memoirs of a recently converted evangelist. Nothing other than fluoride which might affect health is considered, medical history is scant, and hard data are nowhere to be found. The claims of anti-fluoridationists that low levels of fluoride cause cancer, AIDS, and birth defects, hasten aging, and produce gastrointestinal and cardiovascular prob-

lems have never been substantiated by controlled scientific studies.

But the pro-fluoridationists, many of whom are respected members of the medical establishment, are also prone to overstate their case. When asked in an interview about the consequences—other than fluorosis—of ingesting fluoride, Dr. John Brown, the chairman of the Department of Community Dentistry at the University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio, insisted that none exist in this country. He conceded that excess fluoride can cause staining, but contended that this is not a serious problem. "It's obvious to people who live in some areas that some children will grow up with brown teeth," he said. "But these can be bleached, coated with plastic, or crowned."

San Antonio defeated a fluoride referendum by a slim margin this year, and Brown, who campaigned mightily to get the referendum passed, blames the result on the opposition's scare tactics.

IT SOMETIMES SEEMS that, in its eagerness to promote fluoridation, the dental community has lost sight of its original goal—the promotion of dental health. Consuming more than one milligram of fluoride a day can result in permanent discoloration of the teeth, but many dentists do not warn their patients of this consequence. It is known that children under the age of six who drink fluoridated water and brush their own teeth with fluoridated toothpaste are at risk. This is because a child tends to ingest as much as a third of the toothpaste on the brush, which contains fluoride at levels of 1,000 ppm. The typical user puts about one gram of toothpaste on the brush, and thus is exposed to one milligram of fluoride per brushing.

From 1955 to 1958 the boxes for fluoride toothpaste bore labels advising that children under the age of six were not to use the product, but today no such labeling is required. Dentists understand the fluorosis risk but are sometimes unwilling to warn their patients for fear that such warnings will compromise their profession's efforts to fluoridate. They worry that people told of the hazards of consuming excessive amounts of fluoride will conclude that any amount of fluoride is bad.

Pro-fluoridationists tend to gloss over the fact that most Western European countries do not fluoridate their water supplies; only two percent of the population of Western Europe consumes wa-

ter treated with fluoride. The reasons these countries give vary but generally come down to two. One is that the safety of drinking fluoridated water over a lifetime has not been established. The other is that the long-term effects of fluoride on the environment—notably, the buildup of possibly harmful concentrations in plants and animals—are unclear.

The more extreme anti-fluoridationists say that European countries consider fluoride a poison. This is not the case. Switzerland, for example, adds fluoride to table salt. Denmark and Norway make wide use of the substance in school-based or other subsidized dental-hygiene and public-health programs. These countries distribute fluoride in pill and vitamin-supplement form or apply it directly to the teeth of those who can benefit from it most—school-age children. Dental officers in the United States argue that such programs simply don't work because children forget or refuse to take the supplements, and because topical treatments are not as effective as adding fluoride to water. However, the experience of several Western European countries contradicts these assumptions. The Danish Dental Association, for example, has reported that the use of topical fluorides in connection with Denmark's compulsory dental-health programs for children "has caused such a progress in dental health that only a few areas will benefit particularly from water fluoridation today."

Opinion on the issue of fluoridation is so thoroughly polarized that, as one social scientist has put it, "only people with iron wills and blinders are willing to get involved." Debates almost always end in deadlock. Proponents argue that fluoridation is a safe, effective way to protect Americans from costly and painful tooth decay. Opponents counter that fluoride has never been proved safe and that tests showing its effectiveness are inconclusive and biased. Proponents say that fluoridation is the only way to protect the teeth of people too poor to seek dental care. Opponents say that fluoridation interferes with their right to choose their own and their children's medications. No new epidemiologic or laboratory study seems to change the position of either side. This is because the fluoride debate was ushered out of the scientific and into the political arena more than thirty years ago, and it shows no signs of retracing its steps.

—Ellen Ruppel Shell

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DANGERS OF HONKY-TONK DANCING

BY WILLIAM C. GRUBEN

ONE CAN FIND many ways to have fun in west Texas. Some people sit on their front porches and count the number of cars with only one headlight that go by. Others see how far they can throw bottle caps. It is considered a lot of fun to go to a church bake sale to discover who bought a pie from the grocery store instead of baking one. Despite continual warnings from the area's religious and moral leaders, a small minority of west Texans embrace darker pursuits. Of such pursuits, none is darker or more dangerous than dancing in honky-tonks.

Leon Dycus went to a honky-tonk in Plainview and danced with a woman who gave him the flu. She had not even told him she was sick.

David Wilkes visited a honky-tonk in Electra and polkaed with a woman who was unaccustomed to dancing. This woman, who was wearing very large shoes, broke his kneecap with one of them during a fast tune, even though he was wearing heavy chaps.

Delray Schmiedeskamp was in a honky-tonk in Impact, dancing with his wife, when the lights went out. When the lights came back on, he was dancing with a man.

Uncertainty about with whom one will finish a dance in a honky-tonk is only a small part of the wrong kind of fun in west Texas. The following discussion will show that for a wide variety of reasons dancing in honky-tonks is really not how anyone ought to have fun. The writer intends not to pass moral judgment on the behavior of persons who believe such things are fun but only to ask them if their behavior is worth the cost that might thereby be incurred.

Honky-tonks first developed in west Texas during the late 1800s. The shortage of women, however, kept people from dancing with anyone other than themselves. Cowboys had no women to teach them proper dance steps and would simply whirl around to guitar music until they fell down from exhaustion.

Musicians soon learned to play shorter tunes, so that cowboys would have time to rest between dances. Although one may object to the drinking that occurred at such places, at least it was not combined with dancing in a way that reflected poorly upon the fair sex.

When women finally arrived in west Texas, they were so badly needed that many of them rushed to the honky-tonks without unpacking their suitcases and began straightaway to offer dance lessons. Despite the cowboys' demand for it, such instruction was not all to the good. Women, knowing that they were

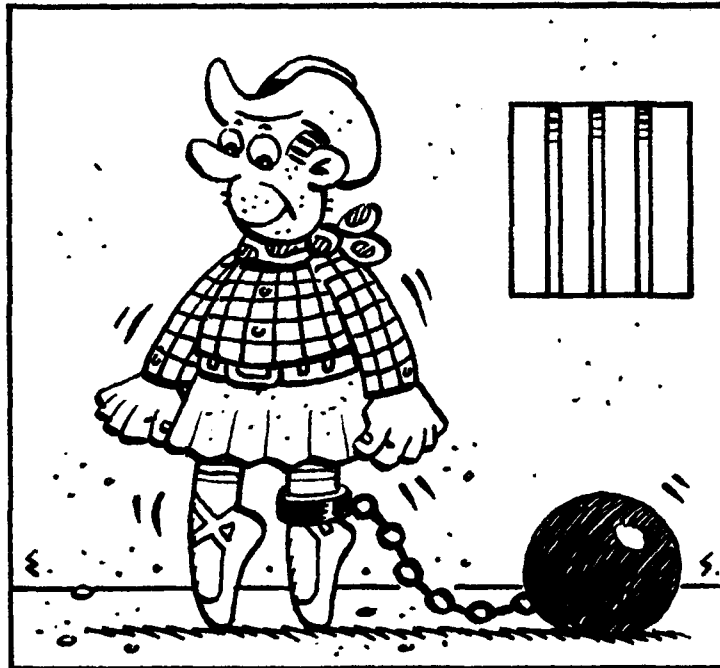
to cowboys. Cowboys would walk into a honky-tonk, fall to the floor, and spread out long sheets of paper on which had been printed outlines of human footprints, marked "L" for left and "R" for right. When the music started, the cowboys would walk around the footprints in time to the music. Profiteering dance instructresses soon became wallflowers in the face of this competitive onslaught. Many lost everything and moved to Oklahoma, where books on dance instruction were as yet unheard of.

In the 1930s, with the onset of the Great Depression, honky-tonks became

breeding grounds for gangs of so-called "dance criminals," who would use their honky-tonk-dancing skills to disguise the most dangerous sorts of lawbreaking. Some would dance into convenience stores and rob them. Others would dance while misadjusting electric meters in order to make the power company undercharge them for electricity. In the cities whole groups of pickpockets would dance into rodeos, stock shows, and other places where large numbers of people congregated, pick everyone's pocket, and then dance out again.

In response, a large number of anti-dancing laws were passed and vigorously enforced. In 1937 the notorious criminal Thurlow Weed was brought to heel when, in a single day, he was charged with dancing across state lines for immoral purposes, dancing to avoid prosecution, dancing in excess of sixty miles per hour, and reckless dancing. He is still in prison.

The rise of dance gangs forced many west Texas communities not simply to control dancing, through the types of laws that finished Thurlow Weed, but to outlaw it altogether. Clandestine dancing became common. Desperate men would dance in the locked back rooms of honky-tonks, or even in broom closets. Women would step into a restroom, on the pretext of answering a call of nature,



in short supply, would force lonely cowboys to sign long-term contracts for instruction in the simplest of dances. Indeed, not realizing how quickly one normally learns the dance, one man signed up for forty-seven years of weekly polka lessons. Even short-term contracts left much to be desired. One cowboy, obviously drunk, was duped into paying \$65,000 for a year of twice-a-week schottische lessons. Once the "instructress" got this man into the class, she soaked him further by inducing him to buy "whiskies" for her; they were really only caramel-colored water.

This unethical trade abated when west Texas general stores began to import books on dancing and to sell them

and do the Cotton-Eyed Joe. Clubs were raided and sometimes a town's leading citizens would find themselves looking through jail bars, still wearing the ballet or tap shoes that had aroused the initial suspicions of the police. In many communities to this day one may face prosecution for "possession of dancing equipment" or for "unlawful rhythmic movement."

When law-abiding citizens realized that these laws were insufficient to stop dancing in west Texas outright, some people began to take the law into their own hands. "Dance vigilance" associations appeared in various parts of the region. Known dancers, after a night on the town, would often return home to find a pair of burning patent-leather pumps or a flaming top hat glowing in the front yard. Night riders burned honky-tonks and ran their owners out of the state. In some towns even moving your legs became dangerous. Whirling around more than once would guarantee a suit of tar and feathers.

Rising unemployment and attendant social confusion linked to farm and oil-field problems have led to a recent increase in honky-tonk dancing by west Texans, but people are still ashamed to do it. Now that good roads exist throughout the area, some hide their behavior by stealing away to distant honky-tonks in Oklahoma or New Mexico, or by dancing in huge mobile units that move secretly from place to place, guided by CB radios that tell them when the police are near. Others try to disguise the honky-tonks themselves. One honky-tonk, outside of Lubbock, has been built as a perfect replica of Mount Rushmore, while another, near Abilene, looks exactly like the Statue of Liberty. Only their flashing neon beer signs give them away.

Religious and moral leaders in west Texas deplore honky-tonk dancing on grounds of simple decency. While I understand these objections, I note that they appeal only to persons who share the values of such leaders. The preceding discussion, however, shows the dangers of honky-tonk dancing on objective grounds. Honky-tonk dancing leads to high prices, armed robbery, pickpocketing, broken limbs, the flu, spouse-swapping, and general sneakiness of a high order. If these facts do not serve as indictments of honky-tonk dancing, then facts do not serve as indictments of anything. One can find better ways to have fun in west Texas. □

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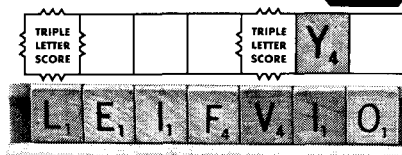
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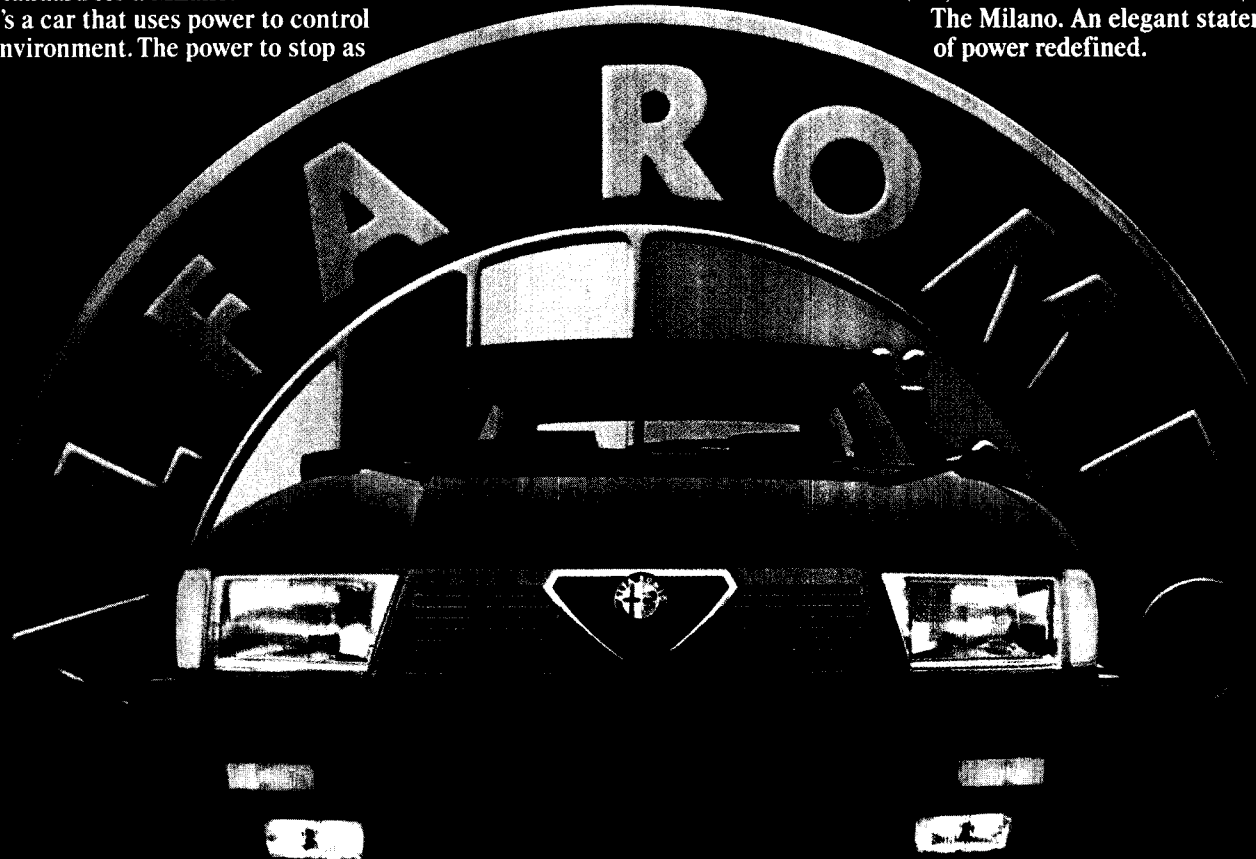
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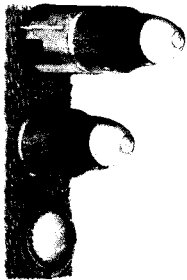
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BACK FROM THE BRINK

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GEORGE F. KENNAN, ROBERT S. MCNAMARA, MADALENE O'DONNELL, LEON V. SIGAL,
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Here is an arms-control plan, based on a new nuclear strategy, that requires no negotiations, no treaties, and no verification—a plan that the United States and its allies, taking arms control into their own hands, can implement unilaterally, thereby immediately reducing the risk of a nuclear confrontation.



FOR THE PAST FORTY YEARS THE UNITED States and its allies have wielded the threat of initiating the use of nuclear weapons as a substitute for the deployment of conventional forces sufficient to deter and, if necessary, to defeat potential enemies. This policy has proved costly to U.S. security: it has increased the risk of nuclear war, damaged relations

with our allies, and undermined the fighting ability of our conventional forces. Moreover, despite four decades of effort, no one has been able to develop plans for using nuclear weapons that would either increase the prospect of military victory or produce any outcome short of the destruction of the United States and its allies. It is time for U.S. policy on "first use" of nuclear weapons to be re-examined.

We propose an alternative that we believe merits serious public debate. Briefly, it is this: *The United States should base its military plans, training programs, defense budgets, weapons deployments, and arms negotiations on the assumption that it will not initiate the use of nuclear weapons.* We believe that adoption of this principle would reduce the risk of nuclear war, improve the prospects for arms control, strengthen public support for policies pursued by NATO, and ultimately lead to improvements in conventional capability that would enhance the security of the United States and its allies.

In 1982 four of us wrote an article calling for debate on a similar but not identical proposition (McGeorge Bundy, George F. Kennan, Robert S. McNamara, and Gerard C. Smith, "Nuclear Weapons and the Atlantic Alliance," *Foreign Affairs*, Spring 1982). The proposals we put forward were not new, but we hoped they would spark a public debate on the proper role of nuclear weapons in our security policy. Our aim, we stated, was not to end a discussion but

to begin one. We have come together in a larger group in the hope of advancing that discussion.

Much has occurred since 1982. Pershing II and cruise missiles are being deployed in Europe, over strenuous public objections. The deployment has been billed as a victory for the cohesion of the alliance. President Ronald Reagan, meanwhile, has proposed the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), calling on the scientific community to render ballistic missiles impotent and move toward eliminating all nuclear weapons. The SDI has potentially serious implications for extended nuclear deterrence.

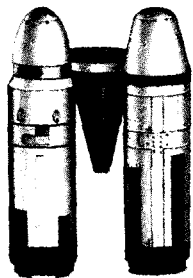
The most noteworthy development since 1982, with respect to the issues raised here, has been a new emphasis on the importance of conventional forces as an alternative to nuclear first use. In our view, a broad consensus has emerged in support of significantly reducing reliance on nuclear weapons. President Reagan himself has said, "For too long, we and our allies have permitted nuclear weapons to be a crutch, a way of not having to face up to real defense needs. We must free ourselves from that crutch. Our goal should be to deter, and if necessary to repel, any aggression without a resort to nuclear arms."

Prominent religious groups have called for alternatives to the first use of nuclear weapons—alternatives that would not increase the threat of war. Two congressional authorities on defense, Senator Sam Nunn and Representative Les Aspin, have urged the West to reduce its reliance on nuclear weapons. Experienced military officials, including the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, General Bernard W. Rogers, have concurred. The United States has taken a modest but significant step toward a diminished reliance on nuclear weapons by reducing their number in Europe. Even after the planned reductions are completed, however, there will be some 4,500 U.S. warheads based in Great Britain and on the Continent.

The yearning of the American public for a change is reflected in its positive response to the SDI, which promises a "shield" against nuclear attack, as well as to proposals that would eliminate nuclear weapons altogether. While both of these approaches are based on unrealistic political and technological assumptions, we believe, the reaction to them does demonstrate the receptiveness of the public to new ideas. It also highlights the importance of developing an alternative to the current policy before the desire for change produces an irresistible pressure either to retreat from U.S. commitments abroad or to maintain them dangerously.

In the short run the United States can and should move toward a diminished reliance on nuclear weapons by reducing and relocating vulnerable nuclear forces currently deployed near the NATO-Warsaw Pact border. We believe that eventually the United States, in concert with its NATO allies, should formalize its commitment not to initiate the use of nuclear weapons and should alter its deployments, war plans, and attitudes accordingly.

Current U.S. Policy: The Threat of "First Use"



ANY AMERICANS ARE NOT WELL INFORMED about the nature of U.S. policy on the use of nuclear weapons. According to one survey conducted in 1984, for example, 81 percent of Americans polled believe that current policy is to use nuclear weapons "if, and only if, the Soviets attack the United States first with nuclear weapons." This is a fundamental misunderstanding.

In fact the possibility of first use permeates all aspects of American defense policy. In the European theater and elsewhere, the United States contemplates and plans for a first use of nuclear weapons in response to conventional attack. U.S. military and civilian officials draw up war plans and buy and deploy weapons on the assumption that the President will initiate the use of nuclear weapons "if necessary." U.S. foreign commitments, as well as calculations about the forces needed to meet those commitments, are based on the assumption that the United States would in some circumstances be the first to use nuclear weapons. Successive Administrations have rejected arms-control proposals that might limit the nation's capabilities with respect to first use.

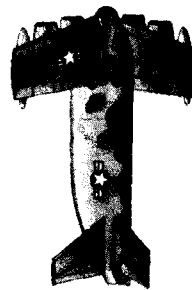
Current American policy relies heavily on the threat of first use despite the conspicuous lack of a plausible set of circumstances in which nuclear exchanges would not gravely risk catastrophic damage to the United States and its allies. Most experts agree that even the most limited use of nuclear weapons could lead quickly to vast destruction in the United States and Europe. Decision-makers would be under great pressure during a crisis. There would be a strong incentive to fire off nuclear weapons before

they could be destroyed on their launchers. Command, control, and communications would deteriorate once a nuclear war had begun, leaving decision-makers with incomplete information on rapidly changing battlefield conditions. These factors make it likely that authority to use nuclear weapons would have to be delegated to field commanders soon after the onset of a nuclear conflict, or perhaps even before it began. Such a policy offers little room for error and leaves little time for rational response.

The only effective and durably credible role of nuclear weapons is to deter others from using them. Yet the threat of nuclear first use has remained a part of U.S. policy ever since the United States acquired nuclear weapons, persisting through its loss of a nuclear monopoly in the late 1940s and its loss of nuclear superiority over the Soviet Union some two decades later. A continuing commitment to such a policy might ultimately present the United States with the choice of initiating the use of nuclear weapons or seeing a bluff called. Either way, the consequences could be disastrous.

A clear U.S. decision that nuclear weapons will not be used first in any conflict, or will not be used early in a nuclear conflict, would contribute to U.S. and allied security in a number of reciprocally reinforcing ways. When integrated into all aspects of military planning, such policies would reduce the risk that nuclear weapons would be used in the heat of crisis, would reduce political tensions that give rise to such crises, and would improve the operational effectiveness of existing conventional forces.

How a First-Use Doctrine Harms Allied Security



THE RELIANCE BY NATO ON NUCLEAR first use directly and adversely affects its capacity to fight a conventional war. Owing to statutory limits that the United States imposes on the number (326,414) of its soldiers in Europe, some American conventional forces are being sent back to the United States in order to make room for those given nuclear missions. As General Rogers testified in May of 1985, "What is happening is as I eat the spaces for the ground-launched cruise missiles, nuclear weapons, I am bringing in nuclear weapons . . . and sending conventional forces home."

Plans for first use of nuclear weapons further limit the artillery and aircraft available for conventional operations. Tactical (short-range) nuclear forces in Europe rely primarily on launchers, such as howitzers and tactical aircraft, that are "dual-capable"—capable, that is, of launching either conventional or nuclear weapons. In the event of a conventional conflict, and even if full conventional strength were required, a number of these launchers would be held in reserve for nuclear missions. In fact, the incentive to withhold "dual-capable" artillery and aircraft

would increase as the fighting intensified—the very point at which they would be most urgently needed.

The destructiveness of nuclear weapons also places a number of restrictions on NATO units to which such weapons are assigned. In peacetime, nuclear-certified units must be trained in extensive safety-and-control procedures. Nuclear munitions, for example, require command, control, and communications arrangements separate from those for conventional munitions. They require extensive security precautions against accidents and terrorism. All of these requirements place heavy demands on limited resources. In forward units the elaborate management procedures that necessarily accompany nuclear systems not only consume scarce manpower but also increase the risk that nuclear weapons would be used, if at all, in the heat of the moment, rather than as the result of careful deliberation.

Much of NATO's nuclear arsenal, despite security precautions, remains vulnerable to purely conventional attack by Warsaw Pact tactical air units. To conserve personnel and resources, all U.S. tactical nuclear munitions are concentrated in a relatively small number of storage facilities. Because of their concentration and visibility, these sites would be attractive targets and are highly vulnerable to attack. The Western alliance is thus posed with a dilemma. If NATO, during a political crisis in Europe, felt that a conflict was imminent, it might move to scatter its vulnerable nuclear assets in order to protect them. Soviet leaders, however, might very well interpret such an action as preparation for a NATO nuclear attack. NATO's alternative would be to allow those weapons to remain concentrated and vulnerable to a pre-emptive Warsaw Pact strike—nuclear or conventional. In either case Soviet leaders would be under pressure to destroy the weapons quickly—and NATO field commanders would be under pressure to use them quickly.

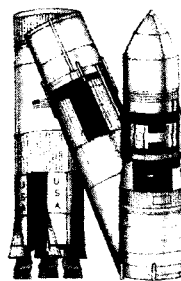
Perhaps the greatest cost to and most important prejudice against conventional capabilities is one that Robert S. McNamara has identified: "The reliance on NATO's nuclear threats for deterrence makes it more difficult to muster the political and financial support necessary to sustain an adequate conventional military force. Both publics and governments point to the nuclear force as the 'real deterrent,' thus explaining their reluctance to allocate even modest sums for greater conventional capabilities." In a world of finite resources and political constraints, the investment in nuclear forces serves not as a military backup to conventional forces but as a political replacement for them. The problem is compounded by the integration, in front-line combat units, of nuclear and conventional weapons, undermining the effectiveness of a conventional defense. This imposition of a nuclear capability on conventional forces means that the threat of first use of nuclear arms, intended to create a possibility that deters, may in the end drive decision-makers in a crisis to authorize the firing of nuclear weapons.

NATO has become, in effect, a captive of its war plans,

its training programs, and its authorization and management procedures. Despite the current doctrine of flexible response in Europe, NATO military planners have warned that in reality the response during a crisis would hardly be flexible. The deployment of battlefield nuclear weapons in forward areas could, in fact, negate the doctrine, because it could require that a decision to "use or lose" nuclear weapons be made very early—even before a purely conventional defense had been attempted. General Rogers has stated that whatever his actual authority, he would be forced to "escalate fairly quickly to the first use of nuclear weapons" if war broke out. For this reason he has supported a no-early-use policy in Europe coupled with an improved conventional capability.

One of the fundamental assumptions underlying a first-use policy is that the explosive power of nuclear weapons can substitute for NATO manpower. First-use proponents suggest, for example, that nuclear weapons will be available as a last resort to avoid a defeat by conventional arms if NATO forces are outnumbered and in danger of being overrun. But since avoiding conventional defeat is the goal, substituting nuclear weapons for fighting men is not the answer. Nuclear weapons cannot make up for manpower deficiencies. They cannot hold ground. Many studies have suggested that a NATO escalation to nuclear war would favor the side with greater manpower, because of the tremendous number of casualties that would occur on both sides.

It is NATO's contention that first use could be used as a *political* signal of the alliance's strength and resolve in the midst of a conventional battle, a means of restoring deterrence and convincing the adversary that further aggression is useless. But the vulnerability of NATO's nuclear weapons to pre-emptive attack, and the fact that they could not reverse the tide of a losing battle, belie these arguments. NATO's leaders must realize that nuclear weapons used against a conventional threat offer no net military gain.



NATO'S STRATEGY OF RELYING ON THE FIRST use of nuclear weapons has, in our view, not only diminished its ability to respond with conventional forces but also increased the likelihood that at the height of a crisis NATO would resort to nuclear weapons. In the opinion of many first-use proponents, this dependence on nuclear weapons is precisely what is required to deter a conventional attack by Warsaw Pact forces and thus to avert war in Europe, either nuclear or conventional. The best way to avoid a nuclear war, first-use proponents argue, is to avoid the conventional war from which it might evolve.

In order to reduce the risk of conventional war, the argument continues, NATO must increase the risk of nuclear war; it must integrate nuclear and conventional forces, deploy vulnerable nuclear systems in forward areas, and cre-

ate a situation that is likely to get out of hand soon after the beginning of any conflict. We recognize that these circumstances may prompt a measure of hesitation among Soviet decision-makers. But NATO cannot afford to continue to base its forces and its strategy on this prospect alone.

First, even if the specter of "nuclear accidents waiting to happen" instills a greater measure of caution in Soviet leaders, it cannot guarantee that the East and the West will never stumble into war. It *must* guarantee this, however, because a single failure of NATO's first-use policy could all too easily escalate to global nuclear war. There are many examples throughout history of wars beginning not through a rational calculation of potential benefit and cost but through a miscalculation at the height of a political crisis. If, as a result of ambiguous NATO activities or an intelligence failure, the Soviet Union became convinced that the West was about to commit an act of conventional aggression, then it might well take some military action regardless of a possible nuclear response. In addition, NATO's first-use posture would increase the danger that any unauthorized use of nuclear weapons, or their use by a third party against the Warsaw Pact or NATO countries, could be misinterpreted and spiral out of control.

There is a second reason why NATO should not rely on nuclear first use. What is most important in keeping the peace in Europe is the political self-confidence of the West. The decisive consideration in the Soviet calculus is whether pressure against NATO will be met by a united alliance with the ability and resolve to respond firmly. Certainly, doubts about the loyalty of East European forces enter into NATO calculations. While first-use proponents warn that a fundamental shift away from current policy would threaten the unity of the alliance, it is in fact current policy that presents the greater long-term threat to that unity. NATO's first-use policy, rather than providing a foundation for a united and self-confident defense, has become a growing source of distrust and dissension.

The divisive impact of the first-use policy is apparent in the major conflicts that have dogged the alliance since its formation. NATO has never been able to agree, for example, on the shape that "follow-on" use of nuclear weapons should take if "demonstration" use is not successful in persuading the adversary to halt and withdraw. After the deployment of U.S. tactical and intermediate-range nuclear weapons in the 1950s and 1960s, NATO was likewise unable to reach agreement on military plans for their use. Plans to deploy the neutron bomb in the late 1970s met with strong resistance in Europe. More recently, bitter and divisive debates have taken place between the United States and its European allies, and between European governments and much of the European public, over the deployment of Pershing II and ground-launched cruise missiles in Europe, scheduled for completion in 1988.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union have now put forward proposals to eliminate medium-range nuclear

weapons in Europe. The European reaction to improved prospects for an agreement, despite earlier calls for progress in arms control, has been cautious at best. Reportedly, one German official has commented, "The whole idea of bringing the missiles over here was to reinforce the nuclear link between Europe and the United States. After all the agony and protests over deployment, we will probably go through a new debate now over how credible is the American nuclear umbrella." This is just the most recent example of the ways in which NATO's first-use policy forces an unfortunate choice between maintaining the cohesion of the alliance and reducing the risk of war through arms control.

Needless to say, peacetime tensions within the alliance do not bode well for NATO's performance during an East-West military confrontation. As a 1983 report by the North Atlantic Assembly stated: "Few experts believe that the NATO political consultation process could possibly function effectively in time of crisis. In this sense the close proximity of battlefield nuclear weapons to the potential combat zone increases the urgency of the decision-making process and places an unnecessary and undesirable pressure on the Alliance political leadership."

Uncertainty about NATO's ability to respond effectively in a crisis undermines conventional deterrence. According to most experts, there is little risk that NATO would fail to receive early warning of Warsaw Pact preparations for an attack. There is a significant risk, however, that the alliance, out of fear of alarming the Soviet Union and provoking an attack, would fail to authorize prudent actions in response. The commingling of nuclear and conventional forces would reinforce this tendency toward inaction among Western leaders. Proposals to give field commanders, in advance, the authority to respond incrementally by increasing readiness are politically unacceptable and unwise. However, delays in NATO mobilization and reinforcement would significantly shift the conventional balance in favor of the Warsaw Pact and would present the worst possible conventional scenario.

Such a situation, in the context of a serious political crisis in which the Soviets felt strong incentives to take military action, would undermine conventional deterrence and could increase the risk of a "smash-and-grab" maneuver. The best deterrent to such an action is to have a conventional defense in place and ready, not an "immobilized" nuclear NATO. As Field Marshal Lord Carver, the former Chief of the British Defence Staff, has warned: "It is folly for the Organization to base its defense on a policy which, in time of real tension, would divide it. It must find a policy on which it could remain united—and that can only be one which does not rely on being the first to use nuclear weapons." To discourage limited Soviet military actions NATO can continue to rely on a nuclear deterrent of low credibility or it can emphasize a conventional response of high credibility. The second alternative provides a more reliable deterrent and promises a lower risk of nuclear war.

Toward an Alternative NATO Nuclear Policy

RAISING DIFFICULT QUESTIONS ABOUT the long-run effectiveness of NATO's nuclear deterrent is essential. Such questions will continue to bedevil the alliance as long as its strategy is based on false assumptions about the nature of nuclear weapons and implausible scenarios for their limited use. The most promising means of strengthening the alliance's cohesion and confidence lies in reducing, and then removing, its reliance on first use.

One essential component of a new consensus is that NATO allies be reassured as to the firmness of the U.S. security commitment. Yet one lesson of the Euromissile controversy is that in the minds of many Europeans, greater reliance on nuclear weapons no longer provides this reassurance—quite the opposite. The proliferation of nuclear-weapons systems has aroused strong and growing concern about the risks of nuclear war. As long as the United States relies on nuclear weapons to “reassure” its allies, it will be caught in conflicting European currents: on the one hand, concern that the United States would not employ nuclear weapons soon enough, and, on the other hand, concern that the United States would use them too readily. As the British defense analyst J. Michael Legge has written, “It was never entirely clear whether the Europeans wanted a finger on the nuclear trigger or on the safety catch.” Europeans want to feel confident that the United States would not actually start a nuclear war in Europe but would like the Soviet Union to believe the opposite. It is a difficult task to show such resolve to the Soviet Union and hide it from the people of Western Europe.

The only way to reconcile these conflicting demands is to seek alternative means of demonstrating the commitment that this country has consistently felt. Relying on conventional forces to meet conventional threats means a redefinition, not an abandonment, of shared commitment and shared risk. It would still be necessary for the United States to be ready to reply with American nuclear weapons to any nuclear attack on its European allies.

The most tangible and non-provocative evidence of U.S. commitment is the presence of U.S. forces in Europe. As Michael Howard, the military historian, has argued, “The United States is ‘coupled’ to Europe, not by one delivery system rather than another, but by a vast web of military installations and personnel, to say nothing of the innumerable economic, social, and financial links that tie us together into a single coherent system.” These links ensure that any war in Europe—nuclear or conventional—would immediately be an American war. If our allies require additional reassurance, then a formal permanent commitment of U.S. forces to the defense of Europe may offer the best evidence that a desire to reduce reliance on nuclear weapons does not indicate a reduction of the U.S.

commitment to the security of its European allies. It is precisely because this commitment is felt so strongly that we are concerned about the form it takes.

It is time that the responsibility for avoiding war returned to where it belongs—with political leaders. Avoiding war is a matter of managing conflicting interests and ensuring that alternatives to military force exist. There is no technological “fix” to substitute for the complex process of managing political relations. The best way to avoid war in Europe is to ensure that Soviet political interests would not be served by it.

What would Europe be like without its nuclear “crutch”? Would Western Europe be made “safe for conventional aggression,” as Alexander Haig has warned? Whether considering a “smash-and-grab” maneuver or a full-scale attack, Warsaw Pact forces would be likely to confront a united NATO that had formidable conventional strength. The greater economic resources of the West suggest that Warsaw Pact forces would face a long conventional war even if they decisively won the first campaign. British and French nuclear forces would remain under independent control and capable of initiating the use of their nuclear weapons in a crisis—but they would not be compelled to do so, given their survivability and their distance from the East-West border.

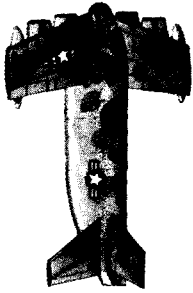
NATO leaders would have to consider what diminished reliance on nuclear weapons would mean for Soviet behavior in a crisis. A NATO shift in policy, after being reflected in NATO force planning, might encourage Soviet leaders to adhere to their own declaration of no first use and might reduce their incentive to launch pre-emptive attacks on NATO nuclear assets at a time of crisis. At the very minimum, such a shift would improve East-West relations and increase the opportunity for progress in arms control.

But would Soviet leaders have such confidence in the NATO no-first-use policy that they would be encouraged to launch a conventional attack? We believe that the answer is no. First, there are grave political considerations—such as fear of convulsion in Eastern Europe and respect for the internal political strength of the NATO nations—that make a Soviet decision to attack Western Europe exceedingly unlikely under any present or foreseeable conditions. But quite aside from this fundamental reality, which is in fact better understood today in Western Europe than in Washington, we believe that no change in Western doctrine could or should give the Soviets reliable assurance that NATO's nuclear weapons would not be used if the fighting got out of control.

The Soviets have repeatedly stated their determination not to be the first to use nuclear weapons, but no NATO planner would take such public statements at face value. NATO continues to anticipate the possibility that the Warsaw Pact will initiate the use of nuclear weapons, and the Warsaw Pact would do the same if there were a no-first-use declaration by the West. With or without such a declaration, any Soviet leader would be hesitant to mass Warsaw

Pact divisions for an offensive and thereby create valuable targets for NATO nuclear weapons. So long as nuclear weapons remain available to the alliance, the possibility of their use exists and cannot be discounted by the East or the West. A new NATO policy could not remove this risk altogether, but it could reduce it.

Concrete Steps That the West Can Take



THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM OF THE current first-use policy is that it misconstrues the nature of nuclear weapons. It assumes that nuclear weapons can fulfill conventional war-fighting roles. But even their most limited use carries an unacceptable risk of escalation to general war. How have nuclear planners responded to this problem? They have re-

doubled their efforts to make a first-use policy credible. They have sought to buttress first-use threats by integrating nuclear and conventional forces, by deploying vulnerable nuclear weapons that would have to be used early or not at all in a conventional conflict, by developing systems—for example, the neutron bomb—that attempt to blur the line between conventional and nuclear weaponry, and by expressing a determination to defend U.S. allies with nuclear weapons. None of these efforts changes the basic nature of nuclear weapons. All of them, however, increase the risk of nuclear war and strain relations within the alliance.

The immediate step to take, therefore, is to re-examine the proper role of nuclear weapons and redirect efforts away from buttressing first-use policies and toward making a safe, stabilizing transition to a nuclear posture designed to deter nuclear use. Such a transition would have to be carefully planned but would certainly be less dangerous than attempting a transition from “threat deterrence” to “defense dominance,” as epitomized by the President’s Strategic Defense Initiative. There is evidence that a shift away from an over-reliance on nuclear weaponry is already under way. In Europe attention is focusing on efforts to improve the effectiveness of conventional forces and to “raise the nuclear threshold.” A growing awareness of the limitations of nuclear deterrence is also apparent within the Reagan Administration. In 1984 General John W. Vessey, Jr., then the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, observed, “If we are sincere about avoiding an early nuclear decision or surrender, we should emphasize more reinforcement capability rather than less. Even if one views NATO’s current conventional posture as little more than an extended trip wire—and I do not—a major retrenchment in U.S. ground reinforcements for NATO would leave little recourse other than the nuclear alternative. That is a cure that is worse than the disease.”

While there is consensus on the need to reduce reliance on nuclear weapons, there appears to be little consensus

on how best to proceed. The approach suggested here is that when formulating its military plans and setting nuclear and conventional force requirements the United States should assume that it will never be in its interests or in the interests of its allies to initiate the use of nuclear weapons. More specifically, the United States and its allies might move toward a more durably credible defense posture in Europe, and elsewhere, by taking the following steps.

As an initial measure the Western alliance could adopt a policy of no early use. A no-early-use policy, when reflected in NATO force planning, would improve the effectiveness of existing conventional forces by increasing their flexibility and lightening the burden of nuclear-weapons safety and control procedures. Because such a policy would require NATO to pull back its vulnerable, forward-based nuclear systems, it would both expedite the withdrawal of nuclear weapons agreed to by NATO in October of 1983 and facilitate further reduction in the number of nuclear weapons deployed among NATO forces in Europe. Those weapons that raise the most serious problems relating to release authority and early use—some short-range nuclear artillery, atomic demolition munitions, and nuclear air-defense systems—could all be rapidly withdrawn and their storage facilities secured against conventional and other forms of non-nuclear attack. The repositioning of battlefield and theater nuclear weapons well away from the NATO–Warsaw Pact border would ultimately allow the West to propose negotiations on a verifiable agreement establishing a carefully defined zone on both sides of the border in Europe, beginning in the central region, within which no nuclear munitions would be deployed.

As another interim measure NATO could halt any weapons-modernization programs, such as those to produce and deploy new generations of nuclear artillery shells, that are predicated on a strategy of early use of its nuclear arsenal. This would, among other things, avoid the damage to relations within the alliance which would certainly come from attempts to deploy such weapons in Europe. Elimination of dual-capable launchers is also desirable. Such launchers, particularly tactical aircraft, should be uncoupled from a nuclear role, and nuclear weapons should be sharply differentiated from conventional systems. Nuclear forces could be placed under a separate command and provided with separate alert procedures, as William W. Kaufmann has suggested.

A logical next step would be a policy of no early second use. This would enhance stability by requiring that the United States and its allies identify the location, source, and extent of any nuclear explosion before responding.

When it is ready, the alliance should declare its intention not to be the first to use nuclear weapons—that is, tactical or theater nuclear weapons—in Europe. The United States should make a similar declaration, or at the very least a declaration of no early use, with respect to American nuclear weapons deployed in other theaters. Although the fact is not widely understood, American policy in Asia, the Middle East, and elsewhere contemplates the

first use of nuclear weapons. The United States threatened or considered the use of nuclear weapons outside Europe on a number of occasions in the 1950s, when it was official U.S. policy to initiate the use of nuclear weapons in any large-scale conflict. More recently, in 1975, the Ford Administration made public the fact that the United States had stored nuclear weapons in Korea and had explicitly threatened to initiate the use of nuclear weapons, if necessary, to defend South Korea. Presidents Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan have both implied that the United States would use nuclear weapons, if necessary, to counter Soviet aggression in the Persian Gulf. Under a no-first-use policy the United States could scale down the number of nuclear weapons stockpiled outside the United States and Europe, or eliminate them altogether. Either measure would give the United States added leverage in pursuing nuclear arms control and nuclear nonproliferation.

We would argue, finally, that the United States should adopt a policy of no *strategic* first use—a commitment not to initiate the use of American strategic weapons based on the U.S. mainland or at sea. Declared American policy, with regard particularly to Soviet aggression in Europe, retains the option of launching a strategic strike against Soviet forces before the United States itself has been attacked and even before the Soviets have used nuclear weapons locally. The approach suggested here would move policy away from the initiation of any such attacks, whether on the battlefield or upon the Soviet homeland.

Adoption of a no-strategic-first-use policy would have profound consequences. It would mean, first, that there would be no rationale for deploying highly vulnerable systems—for example, the MX missile—that could not survive a first strike. Second, it would significantly alter targeting criteria and the forces needed to destroy those targets. Under an assumption of no strategic first use the United States would not require the capability to destroy large numbers of Soviet “hard” targets. Only a small number of hard targets could be usefully hit in a U.S. second strike. Because Soviet missiles in silos would be sitting ducks for such an attack, the Soviet Union, on warning of a U.S. retaliatory strike, would in all likelihood fire those missiles rather than allow them to be destroyed on the ground. Only a disarming first strike could possibly catch Soviet missiles in their silos. Thus, if the United States rules out the first use of nuclear weapons, there would be little purpose in targeting the majority of these silos.

Changes in targeting would reduce the requirements for systems designed to destroy hard targets. It would also make certain additional systems, such as the Trident D-5, unnecessary, since their main function is to supplement this capability. Finally, a no-strategic-first-use policy would permit an alteration of the criteria by which strategic-arms-control proposals are evaluated. It would reduce U.S. reluctance to trade away destabilizing systems for equivalent Soviet weapons. Current opposition to a total

test ban, for example, is based on the need to retain and develop reliable weapons for a pre-emptive strike, as well as on the need to develop and refine tactical nuclear weapons.

Needless to say, a policy of no first use presupposes the abandonment of the Strategic Defense Initiative. Although we share the President's hope for a diminished reliance on nuclear arms, we do not believe that his proposals will safely take us in that direction. The danger of the SDI is that it attempts to provide a technological, or “hardware,” solution to a fundamentally political problem; in the nuclear age there can be no security in the East or the West unless it is mutual security. The Strategic Defense Initiative threatens to erode allied unity, and confidence in American guarantees, by raising the prospect of a “decoupling” of Western Europe from the United States. At the same time, the SDI will consume billions of dollars that might be used to upgrade conventional capabilities. Moreover, if the Soviet reaction to the Strategic Defense Initiative is to build more nuclear weapons to overcome U.S. defenses, as the Department of Defense suggests that it may be, then the SDI will have been a step not toward a world without nuclear weapons but toward a world with more of them. These considerations aside, it is highly unlikely that the United States will be able to develop strategic defenses of any reliable effectiveness.



IT HAS LONG BEEN THE POLICY OF the United States to retain the option of initiating use of nuclear weapons to defend its security and that of its allies. Yet even today military planners are hard pressed to describe precisely how the first use of nuclear weapons would contribute to that security. That military planners have persisted in seeking sensible uses for nuclear weapons is, to some extent, understandable. Policy-makers have sought to harness the tremendous destructive power of nuclear weapons to strengthen U.S. security. With the first-use policy, they have failed.

While nuclear weapons do not cost more money than conventional weapons, they are in many other ways more costly. A reliance on nuclear weapons to deter conventional aggression has diverted money and manpower from other areas, hampered the effectiveness of conventional forces, contributed to East-West antagonism, and weakened the unity of the alliance. First use has remained U.S. policy largely because its costs are intangible and indirect. That is so only as long as no war or crisis is in prospect. But once either is, the results could well be catastrophic for the United States and its allies. The alternative approach recommended here would increase U.S. and allied security by reducing the risk of nuclear war, increasing the U.S. capability to fight conventionally, and improving the prospects for arms control. □

A Short Story

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COMFORT

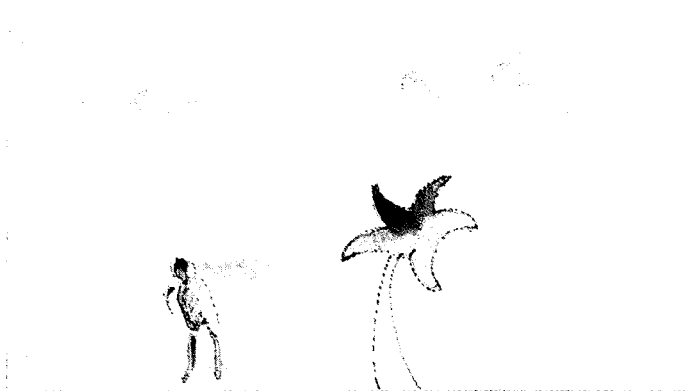
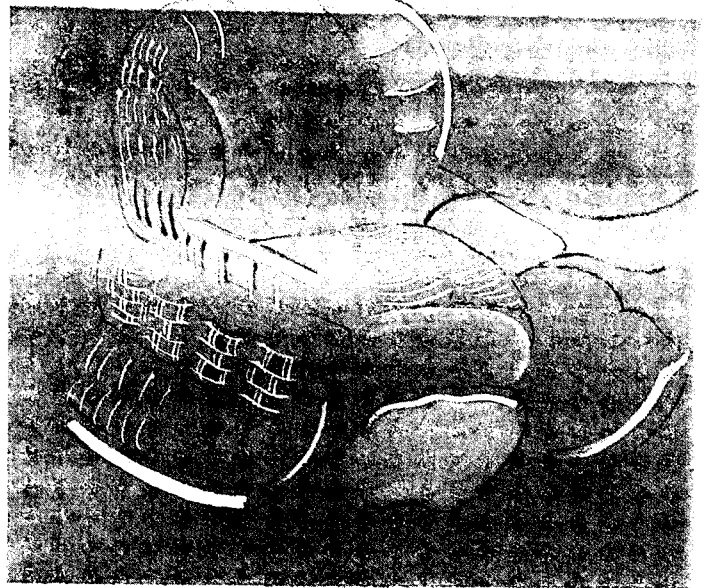
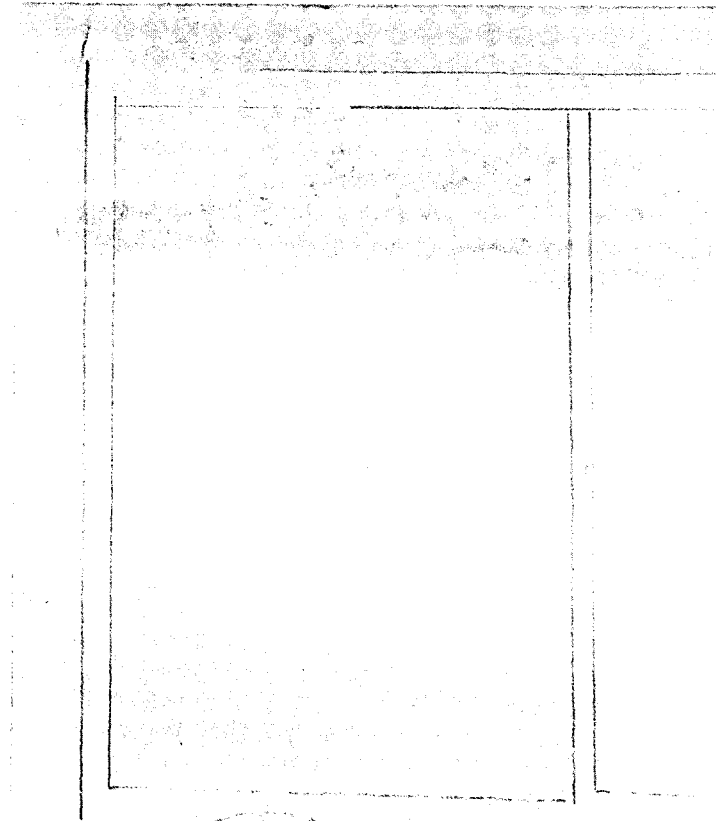
BY DAVID MICHAEL KAPLAN

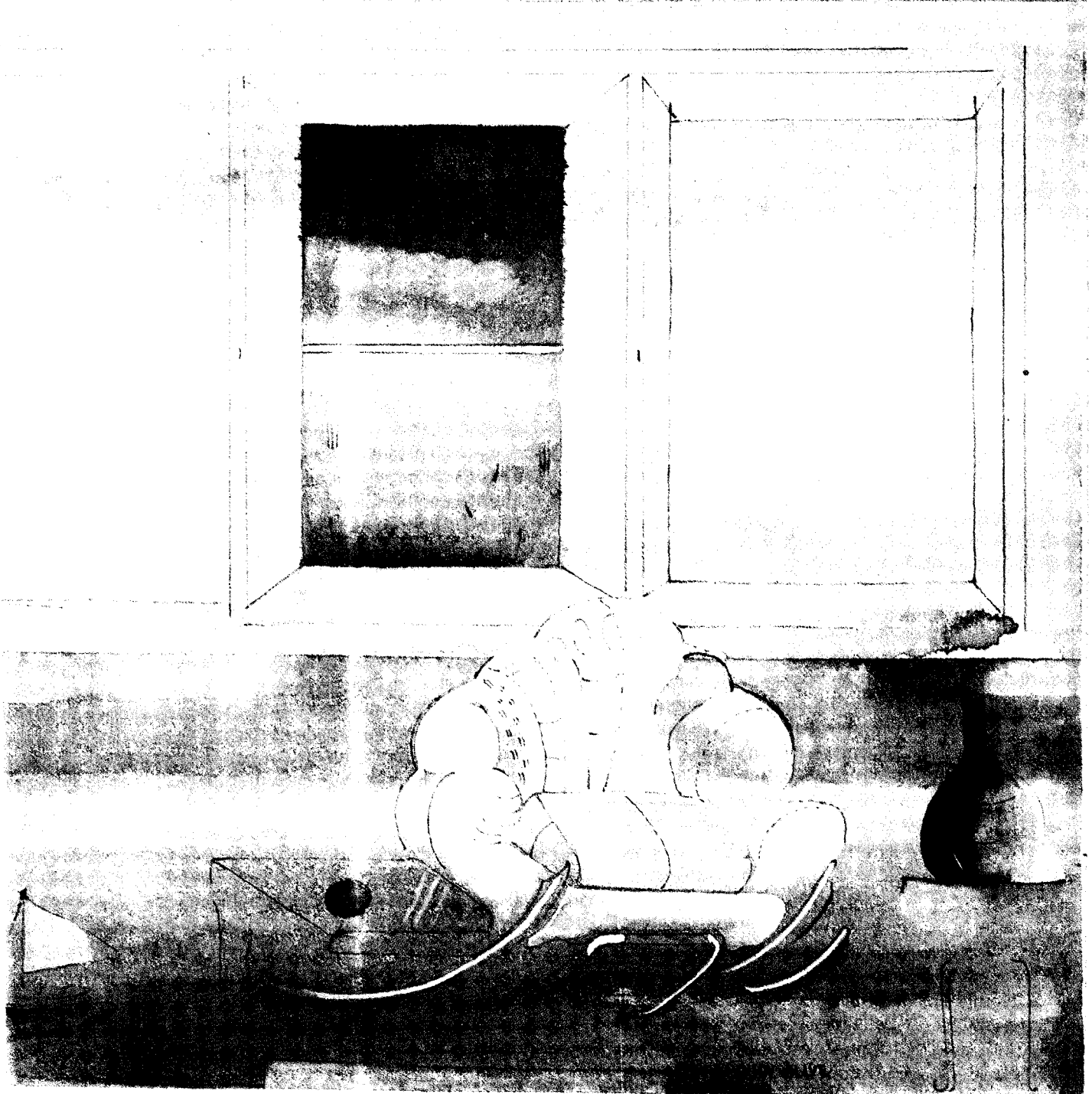


THE TWO YOUNG WOMEN FACED EACH OTHER IN their almost identical chairs and rocked. The early spring evening was warm, and they had opened the tall bay windows—the very reason they'd rented this apartment—to a small breeze and the scent of grass, which the landlord had just finished mowing. The chairs were white, wicker, and cheap. The young women had found them at a yard sale the previous summer, when they were furnishing the apartment. They'd joked then about drinking tea and rocking and growing old together by the bay windows, and so they had bought the chairs, in part to commemorate their friendship.

Their names were Laurie and Michaela. "Two good Irish lasses," an old boyfriend of Michaela's had called them. They'd liked that. Every now and then Michaela would break theatrically into "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?" or "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," and they would laugh. Neither had any Irish blood at all. Laurie, however, considered herself at least mystically Irish. Listening to a Celtic folk lament, the concertina or fiddle stately and low, often brought tears to her eyes. She was the smaller of the two, with strawberry-blonde hair that curled in ways that she despised: she envied Michaela's straight, almost Spanish-looking black hair, which still hung well below her shoulders. Laurie kept hers short in an effort to manage the hated curls. She thought of herself as small and clumsy—"graceless" was a word that occurred to her—whereas the one word she thought of for Michaela was "long": long not only in body but in movement, "long" meaning languorous, sinewy, effortless.

They had met their senior year at Skidmore, and they





quickly became friends, which surprised Laurie, since she was certain she had already found all the friends she would ever have. Neither knowing exactly what she wanted to do after graduation, they decided to linger in Saratoga another year. Michaela worked as an assistant to the director of the Visiting Artists Series, while Laurie clerked in a used-book store. Michaela talked vaguely about going to New York in the fall to work for a theatrical producer or a talent agency; she also talked about traveling for a year in Europe. "You should make some plans," Laurie would tell her, and then feel foolish, because she herself had no plans. Besides, Michaela's waiting seemed more like a resting, a gathering of strength: it was all she wanted and needed for now.

"Maybe we should just take in men," Michaela said once, to which Laurie replied that they would probably still be living together, spinsters, when they were eighty.

But this spring evening they weren't thinking about any of this. To celebrate the heat they put on long dresses that clung loosely to their skin, drank Tom Collinses, and rocked and waited for Laurie's mother's boyfriend to arrive for dinner.

Her mother had called three nights ago from New York. Ted was coming to Saratoga to direct a television spot for the Saratoga Performing Arts Center: could Laurie possibly have him over one night, since he'd be all alone at the motel and would love to see her and have a home-cooked meal? Laurie was sure he didn't care one way or another about seeing her—they hardly knew each other, after all—and as for home-cooked meals, she and Michaela never had any, being content to heat up frozen diet dinners or make quick salads with whatever vegetables were wilting in the refrigerator. But she agreed, and dutifully called Ted at the Plum Tree Inn. He sounded pleased to hear from her and accepted the invitation.

"IS THIS ONE GOING TO LAST?" MICHAELA ASKED, AS they rocked. She had always followed Laurie's mother's affairs with interest.

Laurie shrugged. "Who knows? It's been going on for almost a year now. For Mom, that's a long time." She bit a fingernail. "Anyway, I hope so. She'd gotten real cynical before she met Ted. She didn't see anybody for months."

"Who was before him? The Argentine?"

"No, the Conrail lawyer. Same difference. Both jerks."

"She's had an interesting love life, your mother," Michaela said. She yawned, and draped her legs over the arm of the rocker. "I admire her for that."

"To tell you the truth," Laurie said, "I think she could've done without a lot of it."

"But this guy's good, huh?"

Laurie sighed. "He treats her well enough, I guess. She says she can talk with Ted in a way she's never been able to before. She says it's just comfortable with him."

"Comfortable," Michaela repeated thoughtfully.

"I don't trust him, though," Laurie said.

Michaela looked at her. "Why not?"

"I think he'd cheat on her. Maybe he does. He seems like the kind of guy who likes to play around."

"Now what makes you say that?"

Laurie shrugged. "It's just the way he looks at you."

"Oh? At you?"

Laurie was uncomfortable. "I went to the shore with them for a day last summer. And I could feel him—looking at me. He kept it cool, you know. But I could see him sneaking glances."

"Well, what's so strange about that? He didn't come on to you, did he?"

"Oh, no."

"Did you want him to?"

"Michaela! He's my mother's boyfriend."

"Listen—" Michaela sat up in the chair and crossed her legs in her lap. She was grinning mischievously. "Why don't you try and seduce him? Just to find out?"

"Not a good idea, Michaela," Laurie said.

"You're such a prude."

They both broke into laughter.

"On second thought," Michaela said brightly, "it's probably better that I do it. It's less complicated that way."

"That makes sense," Laurie agreed.

"I'm always thinking about you." And they laughed again.

"Wait!" Michaela held up her hand. "Friendship only goes so far!" She narrowed her eyes, a mock sleuth. "Is he good-looking? I gotta know before I commit."

"Oh, positively," Laurie said. "Positively good-looking." She paused. "For his age, of course."

"Well, that settles it then," Michaela said with feigned relief. She glanced at her watch. "One thing's for sure—punctual he's not. He was supposed to be here twenty minutes ago." She settled deeper into her chair, closed her eyes, and rocked.

She's so calm, Laurie thought. *If I came back next week, next month, she could still be here, eyes still closed.* For a moment Laurie saw Michaela as a man might, could feel her calm almost as a sensuality that offered refuge yet promised nothing—and was the more exciting for that. She realized with both envy and pride that Michaela would turn out all right in life, that whatever she chose to do, she—unlike Laurie—would have an easy time of it. She had a grace and an ease, and that ease would command not only attention—especially from men—but also willingness. *She will be served,* Laurie thought, *and she'll never need to ask.*

The buzzer rang.

"Him," Michaela said.

Laurie nodded. "Him." She rose.

At the door they embraced awkwardly, and he might have kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Ted," she said. She could smell aftershave and soap. *This is what he smelled like at the beach,* she recalled, *or in the car driving there.*

"I'M LATE, I'M LATE," HE SAID, GRINNING SHEEPISHLY. His brown hair, cut in a way that "looks Roman," as her mother put it, was still damp from the shower. He wore jeans and a blue chambray work shirt, and wasn't wearing the gold necklace that Laurie had once seen, for which she was glad. Michaela would look down on that, and somehow, even if she didn't entirely like Ted, she wanted Michaela to approve of him. He was, after all, her mother's boyfriend.

"I'm sorry," he said. He handed her a bottle of wine, much more expensive than the ones she had bought. "We were out in the boondocks scouting a mountain stream, and the art director didn't like any of my locations, so we had to keep tramping around." He put his arm around her shoulder as they walked into the room. "So—I was late to begin with, and then I got lost coming over. This town can't have more than three streets and I get lost!" He waved hello to Michaela. "I thought about calling, and then I thought, hell, by the time I find a phone, I could probably find the place, and—"

"It's okay," Laurie said. "We were just sitting here."

Ted grinned at her. "Well, you look as gorgeous as ever."

Laurie introduced him to Michaela, and they shook hands.

"Why a mountain stream?" Michaela asked.

"Because one of the shots in the storyboard calls for a violinist in a tuxedo to be fiddling in the middle of a stream," Ted said. He shook his head and laughed. "You wouldn't believe the nonsense I go through!"

Laurie brought glasses of wine. She and Michaela sat in the wicker chairs, with Ted across from them on the sofa. He stretched out his legs and sighed. "You don't know how good it is just to sit," he said.

"You know, it's actually hot in here," Michaela said. "The first time this spring." She rose and stood by the opened bay windows; the scent of grass and trillium filled the room. Ted sneezed, and sneezed again.

"Hay fever," he said. He took a tissue from a small pack in his pocket and blew his nose. "Grass. Every spring." He sneezed again.

"They just mowed the lawn," Laurie said.

"I'll close the windows," Michaela offered.

Ted waved his hand. "It's okay. It's really not that bad yet. Tramping through those damn woods probably didn't help either." He stifled yet another sneeze. "You can have the country, as far as I'm concerned."

"Saratoga isn't exactly the country," Laurie said.

"To me it is. I'll take the city any day. The best thing about concrete is that it doesn't pollinate."

Michaela closed the windows.

"So how's Mom?" Laurie asked.

"Fine, fine. She's fine." Ted carefully placed his wineglass on the arm of the sofa. "She's working really hard right now. Her company's setting up that trade show in Westchester, you know."

"Oh, she told me about that."

"Do you direct movies, too?" Michaela asked. *The way*

she holds her wineglass, Laurie thought. *So gently. Almost as if she weren't holding it at all.*

"You mean like at the theaters?" Ted shook his head. "I do some industrial films. Business films. But mostly it's TV spots."

"Propaganda," Laurie said.

"Sure." He laughed. "I guess."

"I think commercials are some of the best things on TV," Michaela said. "They're better than the shows sometimes."

"Everybody says that," Laurie said.

"Well, it's true."

"They're still propaganda."

"They pay the bills," Ted said. "You wouldn't have TV without them. You wouldn't have business without them."

"Maybe that wouldn't be so bad," Laurie said.

"Laurie, don't sound like such a *throwback*," Michaela said. "You sound like something left over from the sixties."

"I just think—" Laurie began, and then fell silent. *Why am I saying all this?* she wondered. *It was silly and it was stupid.* She looked at Ted. He sipped his wine and smiled at her.

"It must be exciting to direct a film," Michaela said. "Even a TV spot."

Ted shrugged. "Not really. It's a lot like the Army—you know, hurry up and wait. You're either waiting around for things to get set up or you're rushing to get a shot in before the light's gone. Or before the crew has to go into overtime."

"Could we watch this commercial being shot?" Michaela asked. "Could we get on the set?"

"I don't see why not," Ted said. Then he looked thoughtful. "Well, actually, it's fine by me, but this art director—I've never worked with him before, and he's a little wired. I better run it by him first."

"I thought you were the director," Laurie said.

"I am."

"Well, aren't you the boss?"

Ted smiled. "The art director is from the ad agency. He hired me. It's his show, really. And he likes to get involved. But I'll ask, if you want." He looked at each of them in turn.

"Oh, that would be great," Michaela said. "Wouldn't it, Laurie?"

"Sure," Laurie said, without enthusiasm.

They talked about other things then, and with her second glass of wine Laurie felt more at ease. Soon they all crowded into the tiny kitchen. Michaela steamed broccoli and cut vegetables for the salad, while Ted happily crushed garlic and basted the French bread. Laurie burned herself testing the pasta for doneness. The kitchen was filled with steam and pungent cooking smells. She opened a window, and Ted began sneezing again. He went to his car for hay-fever pills.

"He's nice," Michaela said.

"He's smooth." Laurie stirred the pasta. "He's slick."

"And he *is* good-looking."

Laurie looked at her through the steam. "So you like him?"

"Sure," Michaela said. "Why not?"

Laurie opened the cupboard and took out three dinner plates. "Whatever possessed you to ask about visiting the set?"

"I think it'd be interesting," Michaela said. "Don't you?" "No."

"Laurie!" Michaela laughed. "Aren't you curious at all?"

WHEN TED RETURNED, THEY TOOK THEIR PLATES into the front room and sat on the rug. Michaela lit candles. *As if this were her house*, Laurie thought, *and she were the hostess, and I were just another visitor*. Ted entertained them with stories about disasters that happened on film shoots—trained cats that refused to respond on cue, crew meals that were delivered to the wrong

town, spectacular sunsets that didn't materialize and spectacular rainstorms that did. Softened by the candlelight, he seemed much younger, Laurie thought: his hair shone, and his skin glowed. *He is good-looking*, she decided. Michaela was right. They opened another bottle of wine. Laurie felt light-headed. Looking across at Ted and Michaela, she fantasized that she was a very young child and they were her parents. Somewhere a music box was playing. In a moment they would tell her it was time for bed, and off she'd go, trailing her favorite blanket—

Michaela's laugh startled her.

"—but this art director," Ted was saying, "*insisted* that a talking seal really existed—"

"Seals don't talk," Laurie interrupted.

"Laurie! Haven't you been listening?" Michaela asked.

"This one had been around people so much that supposedly it did," Ted explained to her. He turned back to Michaela. "Anyway, so there I was, calling up every zoo

BUS TRIP

All across America children are learning to fly.
On a bus leaving New Hampshire, on a bus
leaving Colorado, I sat next to a child

who had learned how to fly
and she carried her flying clenched
inside both fists. She carried her flying

in a suitcase and in a stuffed dog
made of dirt and the places where she had stood
all night listening to the rain. A child sits

on the roof of a house, she dangles
first one leg, then the other,
as if she were thinking

of how America looks late at night
through the windows of a bus.
From a woman across the aisle, she borrows

a mirror, from a woman in the back
a lipstick. *Keep it*, a voice says.
From a man she takes a cigarette,

which she taps against her thigh.
The man closes his eyes
over her body, such a small body

he could lift it to his mouth
with one hand. In a bathroom she buys a comb
with a quarter borrowed from me

and insists I write down
my name and address so she can return it
from L.A. or from Chicago or from wherever it is

someone she hasn't met yet is waiting for her.
In the dark of the bus she combs her hair.
And what she says to me is a song

that takes only three minutes
to hear, which I accept
like a stick of gum. *Now you tell me*

the songs you like best,
she says.
And I do.

—Susan Mitchell

and aquarium in the country to see if they knew anything about a talking seal. And do you know what they all told me? Each and every one?" He lightly touched Michaela's arm. "Seals—don't—talk!"

They burst into laughter, and Laurie joined in. For some reason she couldn't stop. "The things—" she sputtered. "The things—" She waved her hand helplessly. Michaela and Ted smiled, urging her along.

"The things—you have to do— for *Art*," she gasped. And laughed even harder. Michaela looked at her quizzically. Ted twirled his wineglass by the stem, stared into it, and then refilled it.

"Sometimes I don't know why a grown man does these things," he said quietly. "Talking to seals. Arguing which way bears should run around the cereal box. Left to right, or"—he pointed with his finger—"right to left."

"It's business, Ted—American business," Laurie said.

"It must be exciting, though, too," Michaela said.

Ted looked up. "Sometimes it's just boring. And that's all. Do you know what I mean?" He sipped his wine.

"Everything gets boring," Laurie said. "Life's boring."

"Just ignore her," Michaela said to Ted. "She's going through some existentialist phase."

"No, I'm not," Laurie said. "Why did you say that?" She looked at Ted. "I don't know why she said that." Surprised by her anger, she rose and went unsteadily into the kitchen. She filled the sink with hot water and soap, too much of it. Bubbles rose in thick, foamy clusters. She thrust her hands into them and then began loudly piling pots into the sink. She tossed in some utensils and watched them disappear under the foam.

Michaela came in. "So—" Laurie said, not looking at her.

"Get nice. Lighten up."

"Look—just don't talk about my existentialist phase, okay? Or my sixties throwback phase, okay?"

"What is *wrong* with you this evening?" Michaela demanded.

"Just don't sound so—pompous," Laurie said.

Michaela sighed. "Laurie, why don't you give us all a break?"

"You and him both, huh?"

"Yes."

Laurie saluted. "Okay, Mom."

Michaela stared at her and then walked out. Laurie washed a few pots and emptied the sink. She took two deep breaths. *Get nice*, she told herself. She pursed her lips and then pulled her mouth into a tight, strained grin, the tendons along the side of her neck stretched taut. Water gurgled in the drain. She returned to the front room. Ted was sitting cross-legged on the floor beside Michaela's rocker. They were talking quietly. *Live old friends*, Laurie thought. They looked up as she came in.

"Hi," Laurie said. "I'm back." She sat in the other rocker.

"We've been talking about where we'd go if we could go

anywhere on earth," Michaela said. "Ted was saying he'd go to Pátmos."

"It's a Greek island near Turkey," Ted said. "It's where John wrote the Book of Revelations."

"Just imagine that," Michaela said. She stretched, fingers interlocked and arms extended above her head so that her breasts were outlined against her dress. She draped one leg over the arm of the rocker; the skirt fell away, revealing a bare, brown leg. She delicately unstrapped her sandals and let them fall.

"When I was on Crete two summers ago," she said, "I used to go to a nude beach and spend the whole day there. I'd only get dressed to go to the taverna. Otherwise I was naked all day."

"I was at one of those beaches too," Ted said. "Maybe I saw you."

"Were you naked too?"

Ted laughed.

"Remember those little old ladies who rent you beach umbrellas?" Michaela asked. "Did they have them on your beach?"

Ted nodded.

"They were always dressed in black," Michaela said. "Black dresses, black leather shoes. They must've been so hot."

"They must've gotten a lot of sand in their shoes," Ted said.

"Right!"

"I wonder what they thought," Laurie said.

"About what?" Michaela asked.

"About all those naked bodies on their beach."

Michaela looked puzzled.

"*Their* beach," Laurie said. "Get it?"

Michaela looked at her. In the candlelight her eyes seemed like embers brushed by the breeze.

"They were probably glad to have somebody to rent their umbrellas to," Ted said.

"Were they black too, Michaela?" Laurie pressed. "The umbrellas?" *I'm sorry*, she thought. *I'll stop*.

"Yes. They were," Michaela said slowly. "Black beach umbrellas. On white sand." She held Laurie's gaze. "With a blue sea. And blue sky. In case you're interested."

They fell silent. For the first time that spring Laurie heard crickets. Ted poured them all another glass of wine. Michaela considered hers and then put it down.

"I'LL TELL YOU ANOTHER STORY ABOUT CRETE," SHE said. "I've never told this to anyone before." She looked at Laurie. "Not even to you."

"It was one of those days when the wind blows hot early in the morning, but later everything gets real calm and quiet. I decided to bike along the coast and maybe go for a swim. After a couple of hours I stopped for lunch. I hid my bike behind some bushes and went down the hill to the beach below. It was a little cove, really, with rocks on either side. You couldn't see the road from down there, and

if you went over by the rocks, nobody above could see you. I spread out my towel, took off my shorts and shirt—I had my swimsuit on underneath—and went for a swim. Then I ate lunch. I remember exactly what I had: some figs, an orange, and a roll from breakfast.”

“I love those Greek figs,” Ted said.

“It was real hot and still. The only thing I could hear was these little waves lapping on the sand. I got sleepy. I took off my top. And then I thought, what the hell, nobody can see, so I took off the bottom too. And I went to sleep.”

“I could never do that,” Laurie said. “I’d be afraid somebody would see.”

“I had a dream,” Michaela continued. “I dreamed I was there on the beach, and it had gotten real windy. The waves were running high and white-tipped, even though the sky was still clear and blue. I looked out to sea, and, as I was looking, a white sailboat rose up out of the waves and came crashing toward me. When it was about forty yards offshore, it swung around, so that the sails were just flapping—”

“Luffing,” Ted corrected.

“—luffing. I could see that nobody was on board. And I thought, *Now how could a boat sail by itself?* But it just stayed there, bobbing in the waves. And then I realized it was there to pick me up. It was *mine*, somehow. I got frightened, and I woke up.”

She paused dramatically. “And there, not far away, I saw a boy sitting on one of the rocks, looking at me—”

“Uh-oh,” Ted said, and Laurie giggled.

“I didn’t know where he’d come from or how long he’d been there. He was about twelve years old or so. He had black hair and the most beautiful olive skin, and he was wearing blue cotton shorts. His legs were smooth, almost hairless. He didn’t seem at all bothered that I’d woken up. He just kept sitting there, staring at me.”

“And you’re naked, right?” Ted asked.

Michaela nodded.

“Michaela, weren’t you embarrassed?” Laurie asked.

“No.” She shook her head. “I don’t know why. Maybe because he didn’t seem to be. He just kept looking at me as if I were something that had washed up on the beach. He didn’t say or do anything, and neither did I.”

She sipped her wine and then pulled her knees to her chin, like a child. “I mean, he was just a boy,” she said.

“So what happened?” Ted asked.

Michaela hesitated a moment. “He stood up, finally. I thought he was going to go. But he didn’t. Instead, he—” she looked at Laurie. “I’ve never told you this, you know—he pulled down his shorts—”

“Michaela—” Laurie breathed.

“—they were just elastic-banded, no belt, a boy’s pants. He pulled them down, and I could see that he was erect—”

“Oh, no,” Laurie said.

“—and he began to masturbate—”

“No!”

“—right in front of me. Staring at me the whole time, as if I’d disappear.”

Ted laughed nervously.

“I don’t believe this,” Laurie cried.

“It’s true,” Michaela said.

“So—I mean—what did you do?” Ted asked. His voice seemed thicker, harsher.

“I just watched.” Michaela rested her cheek against her knee and looked at him. “In a funny way, it was as if he were doing it for me, too. His hand just moved faster and faster, and then he closed his eyes, and moaned a little, and then he—you know—spilled, all over the sand.”

Ted grunted. Laurie closed her eyes.

“What happened after that?” Ted asked.

“Nothing. He pulled up his shorts and walked up the hill. Believe it or not, I fell asleep again. And when I woke up, I honestly didn’t know if I’d dreamed it all. So I went over to where he’d been standing, and yes, there was his—semen—on the sand. I put my finger in it and felt it. Just to be sure.”

Laurie’s head was swimming. Far down the street a car sputtered, coughed, came to life, and then died again, leaving them in silence.

“That’s an amazing story,” Ted murmured.

Michaela stretched languorously, and yawned. Laurie felt adrift, cast aside by a wave she had failed to catch, a wave already breaking farther in, ashore.

“Let’s call Mom!” she cried. “Wouldn’t you like to talk to Mom, Ted?”

He had been looking at Michaela, but now turned to her. “It’s late, Laurie,” he said.

“No—she’ll be awake,” Laurie pleaded. “C’mon. We could *all* talk to her.”

Ted shook his head. “Not tonight.”

“Don’t you want to talk to her, Ted?” A trace of panic was in her voice. She rose and stumbled against the coffee table, knocking over the wine bottle, still a quarter full. “Oh, no—” she moaned.

“Don’t worry,” Michaela said. “I’ll take care of it.”

Where am I going? Laurie wondered. She wandered over to the bay windows and stared out. “Stars,” she announced, and they seemed to be swirling, both outside and inside her head. When she turned again, Michaela and Ted were staring at her. *They hate me*, Laurie thought.

“I’m going to my room now,” she said thickly. “It’s late.”

She fell on her bed without undressing.

WHEN SHE AWOKE, THE APARTMENT WAS QUIET. She rose, still dizzy, her mouth dry. She groped for the bedroom door. The front room was dark: Ted was gone. Michaela’s sandals were still by the rocker. Laurie could smell the wine she had tipped over. She went into the kitchen and drank two glasses of water and then returned to the front room. From the bay windows she saw that a thick, fibrous fog had transformed the trees into ghosts and the streetlights into soft, haloed moons.

Michaela should see this, she thought. For one strange moment she considered waking her. And then from behind her friend's closed door she heard Ted sneeze.

As quietly as she could, Laurie walked back to her room. She lay down. She wanted to think and she wanted to sleep. She slept.

When she woke again, the fog had disappeared and the sun was burning off the dew. The air smelled woody and musty. Her head ached terribly. She went into the front room: Michaela's door was open now, and Laurie could see her—alone—curled in sleep, fist to her mouth like a child. Laurie softly closed the door and then picked up the glasses and wine bottles. She sponged where the wine had spilled. She filled the sink with hot soapy water and took two aspirins. Then she returned to the front room and dialed the Plum Tree Inn.

"Mr. Ted Bremmer's room, please," she told the switchboard.

He picked up on the third ring. "Yes?" he said, groggily.

"Fuck you," Laurie said, and hung up.

HE FINISHED DOING THE DISHES AND THEN MADE some coffee, started to drink it, and thought she would retch. She ate an untoasted English muffin and felt better. Using the last of the milk, she made another cup of coffee. *Michaela will wait some when she gets up*, she thought, and so brewed a fresh pot. She reread the previous day's paper.

Later she heard Michaela enter the bathroom. The shower ran for a long time, and then Michaela came into the kitchen in her robe, her long hair stringy and wet. She grunted when she saw the coffee, and poured a cup, holding it with both hands as if it might fall.

"No more milk," Laurie said. "You'll have to drink it black."

Michaela nodded.

"Hangover?"

Michaela shook her head. "Just tired. I can't seem to wake up."

"Ah," Laurie said.

Michaela blew on her coffee. "Thanks for doing the dishes," she said. "I would've helped."

Laurie waved her hand.

"So—how do *you* feel?" Michaela asked. "You drank a lot last night."

"Fine, fine," Laurie said. "Thanks for asking." She folded the newspaper and carefully put it beside the table. "Want to do something today?"

Michaela looked up from her coffee cup. "Like what?"

Laurie shrugged.

"I don't feel like doing anything today except sitting," Michaela said. "And I wish there was some milk."

"We can get some later," Laurie said. She scratched her fingernail on the tablecloth, back and forth, over and over, deepening the line.

"So—" she said.

Michaela glanced up. "So?"

"So how was it? Ted and"—her voice caught—"and all?"

Michaela sighed. "He was so guilty. He kept making me promise not to tell you."

Laurie laughed harshly. "Well, now you did, didn't you? So much for that promise."

"Laurie—you knew anyway, didn't you?"

"Oh, sure." She stopped scratching the tablecloth. "I just can't believe it. You really did do it, didn't you?"

Michaela didn't reply.

"Was that true last night?" Laurie asked. "That story you told?"

Michaela smiled. "No—of course not. I made it up."

"I thought so!" Laurie cried. "I said so, didn't I?" She shook her head. "I could've told him. I could've *insisted*—"

"But you weren't sure," Michaela interrupted. "Were you?"

Laurie was silent.

"Laurie—" Michaela took her hand. "Laurie—listen. You wanted me to. We talked—remember?"

Laurie pulled her hand away. "We were joking!"

Michaela shook her head.

"We were! Don't say we weren't."

"You wanted me to," Michaela repeated.

"I didn't! How can—how can you *twist* this?" But Laurie was confused: she wasn't sure now what they'd said before Ted came.

"Listen—if—if"—she felt she was losing her breath, as if her words might choke her—"if my mother—ever finds out about this—"

"Laurie, why should she?"

"—I'll kill you."

Michaela laughed. "Okay, sure."

"No, I mean it," Laurie said. "I'll kill you. I really will."

Michaela stopped smiling. "Laurie, how would she ever find out?"

"I know you," Laurie murmured.

"Let's go sit in the front room, okay?" Michaela suggested gently. "Let's go have our coffee in there."

They sat in the facing wicker chairs. Michaela began to rock, and Laurie watched her.

"Isn't this nice?" Michaela said. "I think this is all I really want to do today, don't you? I just don't want to think about anything else." She closed her eyes. Outside, Laurie heard birds chattering, and from somewhere—although she knew she only imagined it—the sound of a receding sea.

"Well, now we know about him, don't we?" Michaela said. "What we wondered about, remember?"

"Yes," Laurie said.

"But we'll never, never tell." Eyes still closed, Michaela spoke as if to a child.

"That's right," Laurie said.

Michaela stopped rocking. "But at least *we* know, don't we?" She looked at Laurie, and her smile was dark and cold and triumphant. "That's sort of a comfort, isn't it?" □

*"You can actually feel around you in Nicaragua
something going on that you know can't be switched off, either from
Washington or from Rome: that most intractable thing, a new kind of faith."*

GOD AND MAN IN NICARAGUA

BY CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

THE RED HAT

GOD IS CENTRAL TO THE CURRENT PUBLIC DEBATE in Nicaragua, and both sides constantly invoke His name. On all the main roads, near the larger centers of population, there are huge printed posters reading simply: PARA NOSOTROS NO HAY MÁS QUE UN SOLO DIOS—I Cor. 8:6. "For us there is no more than one single God." But someone has been going round adding to each poster, after DIOS, the words . . . EL DIOS DE LOS POBRES!!

The "one single God," without further qualification, is the God of the Nicaraguan Catholic hierarchy, led by Cardinal Miguel Obando y Bravo, the Archbishop of Managua. And this is also the God of Nicaragua's middle-class opposition, all of which—including Protestant oppositionists—looks to the Cardinal as its political leader. It is assumed that the posters are funded by the Cardinal's North American friends.

"The God of the Poor" is the God of the governing Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional (FSLN), of the three (formerly four) Catholic priests who are members of the cabinet—in defiance of the hierarchy and of the Pope—and of the many Catholic (and some Protestant) clergy and lay men and women, Nicaraguan and non-Nicaraguan, who have worked among the Nicaraguan poor, and who see the Sandinista government as generally promoting the interests of the poor.

Both sides are deeply in earnest, with passions that approximate those of civil war. Indeed, these passions are very closely related to the civil war now being waged, with outside support, in many parts of Nicaragua.

The Cardinal's public position on the war is identical in its essentials to that of President Reagan. Like the President, the Cardinal calls for immediate negotiations between the Sandinista government and the American-backed contras. In adopting this

position, the Cardinal sees himself as doing his duty as a Christian leader, seeking peace, *la paz*. The Sandinistas, on the other hand, believe that they are the ones who are seeking peace, through negotiations between the two sovereign governments concerned, the United States and Nicaragua. The Sandinistas see *la paz* as withheld by the United States' refusal to negotiate directly and by its humiliating insistence that, instead, the Nicaraguan government must negotiate with the contras, the paid paramilitary agents of the United States.

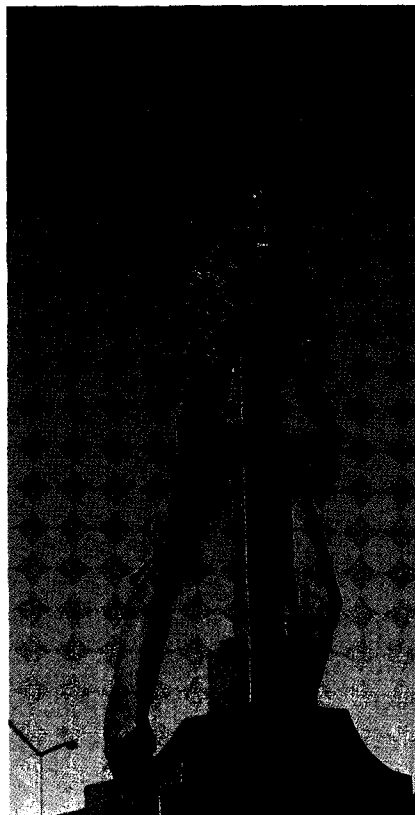
It follows that the Sandinistas regard the Cardinal as promoting war, not peace, and helping the cause of Nicaragua's enemies.

The Cardinal has read allegations about contra atrocities in the government press, he says, but since he knows that a lot of things the government press says are not true, he can't comment. This answer hardly holds water. The

Catholic clergy, anywhere in a Catholic country, are in a position to provide their bishops with a very good national news service; they don't have to depend on a government-controlled press. And the contra campaign of terror against peasants and government workers in northern Nicaragua is notorious; so much so that President Reagan at one point was driven to assert that the Sandinistas were in the habit of dressing up as contras, in order to commit atrocities, in order to discredit the contras.

The Cardinal's claim not to know has not gone down well even with some of his senior clergymen, in the exposed areas. "Tell him to come to my parish," said one of these, "and help me bury the dead."

It is not, however, just a question of not wishing to know what the contras may have done. It is a question of signaling support for the contras. After receiving his cardinal's hat from the Pope in April, 1985, and before returning to Nicaragua, the new Cardinal said mass in Miami: a mass attended by the con-



Faith and fatherland: A protester in Managua, January, 1979.

ALON REININGER/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES



COURTESY O.A.S. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART OF LATIN AMERICA / PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGEL HURTADO

We Ask for Peace by Pablo Mayorga. Sandino's grandchildren at school.

tra leadership and by the photographers. The Cardinal was duly photographed with the contra leaders Adolfo Calero and Edén Pastora (the latter gave up on the contra cause a little more than a year later). "I do not object to being identified with the people who have taken up arms," the Cardinal commented after the ceremony.

At Miami, with a confidence enhanced by the new signal mark of the Pope's approval, the new Cardinal had gone a step further than he had ever gone while he was merely an archbishop. It was a step in the direction in which he—and following him, the Nicaraguan hierarchy—had been moving for more than five years, at first hesitantly, but openly and with conviction from 1983 on. The Pope's visit to Nicaragua came on March 4 of that year. I shall return to that event, momentous in the history not merely of Nicaragua and Central America but of Latin America as a whole and of the Catholic Church. It is enough for the present to say that in its immediate impact the visit was a disaster for the Sandinistas and that it fortified the position of Archbishop Obando and his supporters.

Later in 1983 the Sandinista government, under growing pressure from the Reagan Administration's efforts to destabilize it, introduced compulsory military service: *servicio militar patriótico*. The response of the Nicaraguan Episcopal Conference, in a document titled "General

Considerations on Military Service," was to call into question the legitimacy of the Sandinista state itself in its existing form and to legitimize rejection of its authority, specifically in the form of refusal of military service. (Implicit legitimation of an opposing form of military service was left for later, at Miami.)

La Prensa, on September 1, 1983, published the bishops' explosive challenge under the appropriate headline "Nobody can be obliged to take up arms for a party." The bishops said, among other things:

The absolute dictatorship of a political party which is constituted by force as the only arbiter and owner of the state, its institutions, and every type of social activity poses the problem of its legitimacy as well as the legitimacy of its institutions, including the army. . . . It is not correct to mix, confuse, or identify the concepts of fatherland, state, revolution, and Sandinismo. . . . The attitude toward this bill, for all those who do not share the Sandinista Party ideology, has to be that of conscientious objection. And no one should be punished, persecuted, or discriminated against for adopting this position.

The document embodying the general considerations on military service of the Nicaraguan Episcopal Conference is something of a curiosity in the history of the post-Reformation Church. Medieval Popes and Counter-Reformation Popes de-legitimized princes, and then sought to

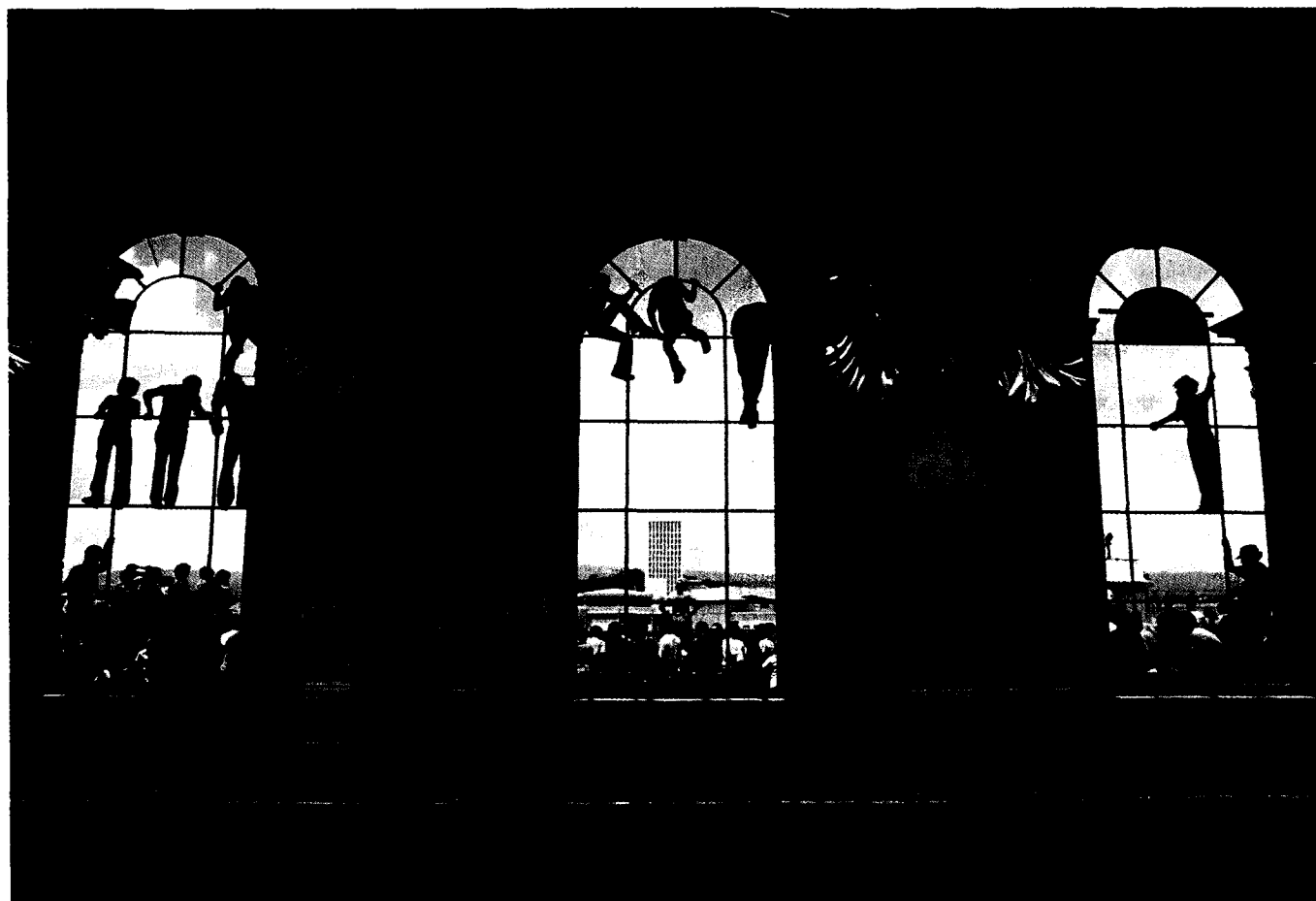
depose them, with considerable abandon. But in more recent times—and especially in the twentieth century—the instruction to “render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s” has not generally been interpreted as including an obligation to verify the credentials of each particular Caesar. In Latin America, in particular, the Church historically has not challenged absolute dictatorships of the right or insisted on that blood-fraught revolutionary (or counterrevolutionary) distinction between the regime and the State. But in little Nicaragua, as out of one of its volcanoes, the old Hildebrandine fires erupted with the assertion of the right and duty of the Church to pronounce on the legitimacy of princes and to prepare their deposition. As in other parts of the world in the closing years of the twentieth century, the notion of Holy War is showing that it has not yet lost all its power to intoxicate and to inflame.

IT IS FAIR TO NOTE AT THIS POINT THAT IN THE LAST five years of the Somoza dictatorship (1974–1979) Archbishop Obando and the rest of the Nicaraguan hierarchy were increasingly critical of the regime, and were strongly so in the dictator’s last year. After the fall of the dictator, the Frente Sandinista—in words that it was later to regret—acknowledged the significant role that the bishops, “especially Monsignor Obando y Bravo,” had

played in the Revolution, in that they had “valiantly denounced the crimes and abuses of the dictatorship.” But until 1978–1979—when Somoza was visibly collapsing and bereft of American support—the Archbishop seems never to have attacked him in the fundamental way in which he has attacked the Sandinista regime, or with the same accents of Holy War. To denounce abuses of power is not so radical as to deny the legitimacy of power.

But it’s not *really* Holy War, most of the Cardinal’s opponents claim. The General Considerations are a doctrinal document only formally: in reality they are a political document, dictated by the social conservatism of the Cardinal and some of his colleagues, and by their desire to help bring about the restoration of the old order (minus Somoza) under the benign hegemony of the United States. There is certainly some truth in that view of the matter, but it can be exaggerated, and sometimes is. Thus the Sandinista newspaper, *Barricada*, sometimes depicts the Cardinal as a puppet, manipulated by Ronald Reagan. This is not credible. You can’t watch the Cardinal, or listen to him for an hour or so, without being aware that whatever else may be said about the man, he does not belong to the order of puppets.

On the first Sunday of our stay in Nicaragua my wife and I went to the little Church of San Domingo de las Sieritas, near Managua, to hear the Cardinal say mass and



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July, 1979: On the eve of the Revolution, demonstrators gather outside the shell of Managua's cathedral.

preach. San Domingo is a pretty church, high and cool. It lies in a relatively affluent area, and the congregation was a middle-class one. There were also several television crews: the Cardinal is always news.

That morning, even when saying mass, the Cardinal seemed to be spoiling for a fight. As he put on his vestments, I thought he looked like a boxer getting ready for the ring. He is a small, powerfully built man, now running to fat, with decidedly Indian features (more so than most of his congregation's). His most marked expressive characteristic—perhaps especially marked that day—is that the corners of his lips turn sharply down. As he sat at the altar, while lessons were being read, the tips of his short fingers, joined in prayer, crossed the line of his mouth. My notes carry the hieroglyph



That the Cardinal was cross was obvious; that he was cross with the Sandinistas and their allies was also obvious. I think now that he had other, stronger reasons for being cross, though I did not guess them at the time.

The Cardinal read out, in a firm, strong, clear voice, a letter of the Nicaraguan Episcopate titled "The Eucharist, Source of Unity and Reconciliation," dated April 6, 1986. It was a well-written statement, in high Castilian style, with classical overtones: "They blame the Church for silence, while they silence it. . . ." It contained a long passage—which the Cardinal read out with especial resonance—attacking what the Cardinal and his followers call "*la iglesia popular*," "the people's Church," meaning those who regard themselves as followers of *el Dios de los Pobres* (who retort with the phrase "*iglesia institucional*," applying to people like the Cardinal and his supporters). The attack on the *iglesia popular* began with the words:

A belligerent group of priests, religious, nuns, and lay people of diverse nationalities, insisting that they belong to the Catholic Church, in reality, by their acts, work actively to undermine the unity of the same Church, collaborating in the destruction of the foundations on which rests unity in the faith and in the body of Christ.

These words—and much more to the same tune—were spoken with passionate conviction. But there was another passage, read with no special emphasis, that may be more significant as regards the evolution, in the present day, of the struggle between Church and State in Nicaragua (and the related struggles within the Latin American Church). This passage was part of a section headed "The Church, Promoter of Peace." The key sentence in the passage



Archbishop (now Cardinal) Obando y Bravo awaiting the Pope, March, 1983.

JOSE AZEL/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

read: "We judge that any form of aid, whatever its source, that may lead to destruction, to pain and death for our families, or to hatred and division among Nicaraguans is to be condemned."

At the time, I thought that passage was pretty anodyne. I thought that, because I was not then aware of how far the Cardinal—especially last year at Miami—had committed himself on the contra side. Against that background the sentence looks a lot more interesting. And it has aroused interest, especially among that "belligerent group" that the belligerent Cardinal so detests. Government censorship of the press prevented that Episcopal letter (and several others before it) from appearing in the newspapers. But it was readily available from diocesan press offices all over Nicaragua and became the subject of delighted comment in the April issue of *Envío*, a monthly review published by the Instituto Histórico Centroamericano, in Managua. *Envío* reflects the views of an influential group of Catholic intellectuals

(priests and lay people) who are, as they say in Managua, "with the process." The process in question is the Revolutionary process, especially in its social aspects; being "with the process" implies giving broad support to the Sandinistas, without necessarily being committed to all their policies and actions. At the end of an article titled "*La iglesia de los pobres en Nicaragua*," *Envío* singles out that passage from the Nicaraguan Catholic hierarchy's statement, underlining parts of it, calling it a historic step and claiming that it means "the condemnation of the military aid of Ronald Reagan's Administration to the counterrevolution."

Certainly, it comes a lot nearer to meaning just that than anything the Nicaraguan bishops have ever said before; and it may even be an implicit condemnation of the Cardinal's own position at Miami, less than a year earlier.

It doesn't seem an unreasonable inference that a section—perhaps a majority—of the Nicaraguan Catholic hierarchy is becoming refractory against the Cardinal's leadership, in relation to the civil war. As regards the *iglesia popular*, he still calls the tune—but no longer on the contras, it would seem. Some of the bishops, especially from the northern and eastern dioceses, where knowledge of the contras is mostly firsthand, are believed to have had misgivings about the Cardinal's lead on this matter for some time, on moral and humanitarian grounds. Others, more politically minded, may well feel that the Cardinal's line simply doesn't make sense today, in terms of the Church's interests. The contras have never looked as if they could overthrow the Sandinistas, and they look even

less like it now than they did in 1983–1984 (which was their peak). To call on the Sandinistas, as the Cardinal has regularly done, to negotiate with the contras is to call for what is not going to happen. Nobody who knows anything about the Sandinistas believes that they would negotiate with the contras even if Managua were about to fall, which it is not—at least not to the contras. If it ever did fall, it would have to be to the invading armed forces of the United States.

To support the weaker side in a civil war, in the hope that it may be about to be rescued by foreign invasion, is an extraordinarily high-risk policy, which prudent churchmen—whatever their personal political inclinations—would always wish to avoid. It rather looks as if prudent churchmen may currently be a rising force in the Nicaraguan Episcopate and that they may be beginning to rein in their impetuous primate, the “Cardinal of Central America.”

If all that is so, as I believe, it is not surprising if the Cardinal looked a bit grim at mass that April morning in San Domingo de las Sierritas. .

The Cardinal is still a force—a force of nature, indeed—but he and what he represents may no longer be quite the force they were in what looks in retrospect like their heyday: the period that began in March, 1983, with the Pope’s visit to Nicaragua, and ended in May, 1985, with the Cardinal’s visit to Miami, in all the hubris of the new red hat.

THE NEW GENEVA

THE POPE’S VISIT TO NICARAGUA IS PERHAPS THE most important, and certainly the most dramatic, episode in the great struggle between the institutional *un solo Dios* and *el Dios de los Pobres* in Latin America in the late twentieth century. Both sides in Nicaragua had looked to the Pope for a blessing, to legitimize their particular interpretation of the Church’s teaching. The Archbishop, of course, knew the Pope. The champions of *el Dios de los Pobres*, for their part, seem to have been counting on John Paul II’s social teaching, which seems strongly on the side of the Third World and hostile to capitalist values and the consumer society. And the Pope had presided, very early in his pontificate, over the second Conference of Latin American Bishops, at Puebla, in Mexico, which had committed the Church to “the preferential option for the poor”—an option seen by some as the furthest the institutional Church has gone, since its adoption by the Emperor Constantine, in recognizing *el Dios de los Pobres*.

In Managua last May, I asked a young Jesuit, an ardent and active liberation theologian, and thus very much “with the process” in Nicaragua, where he thought the Pope stood on liberation theology. “The Pope,” the Jesuit said, “is *himself* a liberation theologian!” His eyes flashed as he said that, and then he laughed painfully, as at some unbearable paradox.

My own guess is that the Pope sees himself as not mere-

ly *a* liberation theologian but *the* liberation theologian. It is for *him* to say how far liberation theology can legitimately go, and where it is to stop. It is for him to determine in what sense God is in very truth *el Dios de los Pobres*, and also for him to repudiate false, and potentially heretical or schismatic, interpretations of those words.

Many Catholics, in arguing about this or that formula of the Second Vatican Council, tend to ignore the First Vatican Council, which in 1870 declared “the Roman Pontiff”—subject to certain conditions—to be “endowed with that infallibility which, according to the will of the Redeemer, is vouchsafed to the Church when she desires to fix a doctrine of faith or morality.” Liberal and progressive Catholics tend to assume that the resolutions of Vatican I have somehow been superseded, implicitly rescinded, or qualified out of existence by Vatican II (1962–1965). Pope John Paul II makes no such assumptions. The central meaning of his pontificate is to restore papal authority, which the Pope sees as badly damaged by some of the effects of the Second Vatican Council. That restoration is no easy task, especially as it must perforce be conducted in terms of the very principles that did the damage.

The Pope’s concept of his own authority is simply not compatible with the versions of liberation theology, and of *el Dios de los Pobres*, that are fervently embraced by those Nicaraguan Catholics who are “with the process” of the Revolution. It was natural for a Pope bent on restoring authority within the Church to come to the support of an archbishop whose own more limited authority was being challenged and subverted in Nicaragua. For what was being challenged and subverted was not just the authority of Miguel Obando y Bravo but the very concept of hierarchy, the whole structure of which the Pope himself is the apex.

And the challenge was—and is—not a petty, parochial, or peripheral one. It is true that Nicaragua is a small and poor country. But the very fact that it is small and poor is a source of strength for it in the great debate within the Catholic Church. Tiny Nicaragua, standing up to the greatest power on earth—David against Goliath—evokes the admiration of millions of people throughout Latin America, and Latin America is where nearly half the world’s Catholics now live, and where more than half the world’s Catholics will be living by the end of the century (and the end of the millennium: not irrelevant, for the present Pope is very much conscious of the approach of the Church’s second millennial year, over which he hopes to preside personally).

As for poverty, many Latin Americans wonder why a Church committed to a “preferential option” for the poor should be severe on the government of Nicaragua simply because it contains priests who are committed to *el Dios de los Pobres*, while almost all other Latin American governments are blatantly committed to *el Dios de los Ricos*.

So, contrary to mundane appearances, this formidable Pope, in taking on Sandinista Nicaragua, was taking on an adversary no less formidable than himself: an adversary representing forces that may possibly defeat the entire

purpose of his pontificate and leave papal authority in ruins throughout Latin America—and thus weakened throughout the rest of the world—before the end of the millennium, whether Karol Wojtyla lives to see that ecclesiastical climacteric or not.

The mere existence of that tremendous latent challenge goes a long way toward explaining why the Pope found himself engaged in a confrontation when he visited Nicaragua, in March of 1983. But it is also necessary to take account of certain preceding chronology.

- October, 1978: Karol Wojtyla becomes Pope John Paul II.
- January, 1979: Third Conference of Latin American Bishops, at Puebla de los Angeles, in Mexico.
- July, 1979: Managua falls to the Nicaraguan Revolutionary forces. Inauguration of the Sandinista regime

Puebla was the first major challenge in the new pontificate. The previous Conference of Latin American Bishops, at Medellín, Colombia, had seen some notable victories for *el Dios de los Pobres*. Some of its formulations have the marks of Latin American liberation theology. Medellín endorsed “the clear perception that in man everything is mediated politically.”

It followed that for conservatives Medellín was a disaster. As Paul Johnson writes, in his admiring *Pope John Paul II and the Catholic Restoration*: “The turning point, at which the ultra-radicals captured a section of the episcopate and first acquired a major voice in policy, was . . . the conference of Latin American bishops held in Medellín in that fatal year 1968, the high tide of 1960s illusions.”

Pope Paul VI had been present at Medellín, without appearing to make much of an impact there. John Paul II went to Puebla, where he showed that mixture of firmness and ambiguity which has proved to be characteristic of his pontificate. His main aim was to reassert the *magisterium*: the teaching authority and discipline of the Universal Church, under the Successor of Peter. Medellín had seemed at times perilously close to launching a separate Latin American Church. But in reasserting papal authority the new Pope had to take account of Medellín as an accomplished fact, which the Latin American bishops were not about to reverse. So he handled Medellín, at Puebla, much as he has handled Vatican II: he took over the style, while seeking to infuse into it a different spirit, tending toward more-conservative interpretations. It is a subtle strategy, and it works well in Rome; whether it can be made to work in Latin America is another matter. The partisans of *el Dios de los Pobres* were not displeased with Puebla, which gave them that famous “preferential option for the poor”; as well, the Pope called during his Mexico visit for “bold transformations” and “daring innovations to overcome the grave injustices of the past.”

On the whole, the Pope’s Mexico visit of 1979 probably gave a lot more aid and comfort than he intended to radical

Catholics in Latin America. His biographer Mary Craig ends her chapter on that visit with the words “The Church in Latin America had received a shot in the arm and renewed hope was in the air.”

It certainly was. A little more than six months after Puebla, on July 19, 1979, Managua fell to the Sandinistas. “Bold transformations” and “daring innovations” were indeed under way. The Pope must later have wondered whether his own language in Mexico—his “shot in the arm”—had helped “the process” in Nicaragua.

Certainly, the radical currents in the Church, set in motion by Vatican II, and swelled at Medellín, contributed to the Nicaraguan process. And the result of the process was something unique in history: a revolutionary government including four Catholic priests, having widespread Catholic support, and regarded by a significant section of the Catholic Church as an earthly manifestation of the will of the God of the Poor. For these believers the process is to culminate in *el Reino de Dios*: the Kingdom of God. For them nothing less than that is what is at stake in Nicaragua.

AMONG SANDINISTAS IN NICARAGUA THOSE WORDS, “the Kingdom of God,” crop up in speech and in print with a frequency disquieting to the secular visitor and to some religious visitors as well. What is most striking is the *casual* way in which the words are used. People refer to the coming Kingdom of God as if they were waiting for a bus.

That casualness, paradoxically, first brought home to me how serious these people are. You can actually feel around you in Nicaragua something going on that you know can’t be switched off, either from Washington or from Rome: that most intractable thing, a new kind of faith. And the faith in question is not confined to those Sandinistas who are specifically identified as religious. The powerful comandante and Minister for the Interior, Tomás Borge—widely regarded as the most formidable Marxist in the Sandinista Directorate and in the government—speaks with passion of the Earthly Paradise and of Hell and the Antichrist. Daniel Ortega, now the President of Nicaragua, announcing to a large crowd in Managua his nomination of the Jesuit Fernando Cardenal as Minister for Education, gave that concept a simpler form in the slogan “¡Pueblo de Sandino! ¡Pueblo de Cristo!” And the cult of the Revolutionary dead, which is such a conspicuous part of Sandinismo, is powerfully expressive of the same linkage. These dead are invariably referred to in countless official statements and inscriptions as *héroes y mártires*: not merely national heroes but also martyrs—witnesses, through their death, to their faith in the God of the Poor.

This “synthesis of Christian vocation and Revolutionary conscience,” as the FSLN has called it, has become a subject of deep concern to the Holy See. It seems to be widely supposed that what worries the Holy See about Nicaragua is the infiltration of Marxism into the Catholic Church.

But I think that is Washington's worry rather than Rome's. Although the present Pope has on various occasions condemned Marxism, he has had ample reason to take its measure, and there can be little in his experience that would lead him to see Marxism in itself—as distinct from Soviet material power—as a particularly dangerous adversary.

In John Paul's Poland faith and fatherland have been aligned for centuries, and they still are. In Latin America they have not been, up to now, but in Sandinismo they are. That is the profound originality of Sandinismo, and the source of much of its power. (There is certainly also a Marxist component in Sandinismo, but it is in my opinion subordinate to the nationalist component, and to a great extent a vehicle for the expression of that. I shall come back to this.)

No one knows better than John Paul II the power that lies in the conjuncture of faith and fatherland. All the more reason, therefore, to view with alarm the form that the conjuncture has taken in Managua. For the Sandinistas, unlike the Poles, have not been content to take their faith on trust from Rome but have been issuing their own definitions and interpretations, through their own trusted theologians, much as happened in the Reformation lands in the sixteenth century. And as Martin Luther found his princes, so the liberation theologians of Latin America have found their princes, in the nine comandantes of the Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional—with, no doubt, other princes to come, in other parts of Latin America.

Putting the thing another way, and invoking the memory of another reformer, Managua is a potential Geneva for Latin America.

But the comparisons are valid only insofar as we remem-

ber that the original reformers were setting out not to form new Churches but to reform the Universal Church. Similarly, the liberation theologians and Christian Sandinistas are at present setting out not to found a new Church or Churches in Latin America but to make over the Universal Church in the image of the God of the Poor.

Whether the project is to lead to a breakaway Church or Churches or, alternatively, to a reform of the Universal Church according to the prescriptions of Latin American liberation theologians, it must look about equally abhorrent from the point of view of a Pope bent on restoring and consolidating papal authority. Nor can the Pope's forebodings have been in any way allayed by the flow of liberation theology that began to pour off the presses of Managua in the immediate aftermath of the Sandinista Revolution. I have one such publication before me as I write. It is called *Cristianos Revolucionarios*. It is one of a series of "popular pamphlets," *folletos populares*, published by the Instituto Histórico Centroamericano, of Managua, which is also the publisher of the monthly review *Envío*, mentioned earlier.

Cristianos Revolucionarios embodies the results of the seminar "Christian Faith and Sandinista Revolution" held at the Universidad Centroamericana de Managua in September, 1979, when the Sandinista regime was just two months old. The cover shows a young man in a beret, wearing a crucifix around his neck and carrying an automatic rifle in his left hand and a Molotov cocktail in his right. But the cover seems likely to have been less disturbing to Vatican circles than some of the contents of the pamphlet (contents that, incidentally, are much more academic and subtle than the garish cover of the *folleto popular* seems to promise). One section of the pamphlet is boldly titled "Jesus Christ Is Not Enough for Us." *No nos basta Jesucristo*. The section argues that, as well as the Gospel,

SEASON DUE

They are unforgiving and do not ask mercy, these last
of the season's flowers: chrysanthemums, brash
marigolds, fat sultan dahlias a-nod

in rain. It is
September. Pansy
freaked with jet be

damned: it takes this radiant bitterness to
stand, to take the throb of sky, now sky
is cold, falls bodily, assaults. In tangled

conclave, spiky-
leaved, they
wait. The news

is fatal. Leaf by leaf, petal
by petal they brazen out this chill
which has felled already gentler flowers and herbs

and now probes
these veins for a last
mortal volley of

cadmium orange, magenta, a last acrid flood
of perfume that will drift in the air here once more,
yet once more, when these stubborn flowers have died.

—Rosanna Warren

revolutionary practice is needed and also “a theory”—which, though not explicitly named, is clearly some form of Marxism. The pamphlet goes on to explain, with some brilliance, the double position of the revolutionary Christians within the Revolution and within the Church. They want not to divide either the Revolution or the Church but to be an integral part of both. Far from seeking to create “a parallel Church,” *una iglesia paralela*, as their enemies claim, all the revolutionary Christians demand is “a space,” *un espacio*. What do they want the space for? They want the space in order to “declare [in it] explicitly how we belong [*nuestra pertinencia*] to the only Church of Christ [*la única iglesia de Cristo*].” It is to be “a space in which the common people would be able to appropriate the religious symbols, [and] in which this historical subject that was the people will be able, as a people, to read the Bible and, reflecting on reality, to make theology.”

It is against a background of a spate of publications of this kind that the reactions of the Nicaraguan Church hierarchy, and of the Vatican, to the initial friendly overtures of the Sandinista government have to be understood. In October of 1980 the National Directorate of the FSLN issued its communiqué on religion. This was certainly intended to be a conciliatory document; as I mentioned earlier, it praised Obando personally. The Sandinistas sincerely pride themselves on their magnanimous and positive approach to religion and on having altogether abandoned the doctrinaire hostility to all religion which has hitherto been common to all revolutions claiming any degree of Marxist inspiration.

What the Sandinistas had failed to realize was that their friendly overtures would be far more frightening to many bishops—including those of Managua and of Rome—than would the normal degree of doctrinaire hostility to be expected from a purely Marxist government. With proper Marxists, churchmen knew where they stood: Marxists in one sphere, the Church in quite a different one—a tidy and tenable state of affairs. This new stuff was quite different. Not that liberation theology *in itself* was all that new; by 1979 liberation theology had been around for a little over a decade, since its beginnings, in Germany, in 1967. What was new in Nicaragua—and most alarmingly new—was that for the first time liberation theology had the backing of a state: a most undesirable precedent, for Latin America in particular.

The Vatican was, as usual, slow to react. But Archbishop Obando was prompt. His opposition to the Sandinista regime began as soon as those *folletos populares* started to promote liberation theology with state official approval. That FSLN communiqué altogether failed to mollify him. As he must have seen it, the “avenues of dialogue” that the FSLN was calling for could only lead into that ominous *espacio* demanded by the liberation theologians. To him, not only was the temporal sphere encroaching upon the spiritual but a revolutionary state was making use of a Fifth Column within the Church in order to subvert the hierarchy and promote schism and heresy.

From these sources, and not from any nostalgia for the old social order, nor from a need to do Washington’s bidding, sprang the Archbishop’s implacable hostility to “the process.” But of course that hostility made the Archbishop a natural ally both of those who *were* nostalgic for the old social order and of President Reagan, with whose inauguration the opening of the Archbishop’s attacks on the Sandinista regime approximately coincided. And the Archbishop’s complaints helped the President with the demonization of Sandinista Nicaragua: the President, in claiming that the Church was persecuted in Nicaragua, could clinch that claim by quoting the Archbishop. To the American public, “religious persecution” conjures up visions of churches being closed down by force and of systematic physical ill treatment of priests and nuns. Nothing of the kind has been going on in Nicaragua. Obando, however, genuinely believes that the Church is being persecuted there. What he has in mind when he talks about persecution is first, state encouragement to liberation theologians; second, denial of access to the media for himself and his colleagues, through government censorship; and third, a certain amount of rough barracking at times in the past by left-wing militants—the so-called *turbas divinas*—and similar incidents. Those are the realities—unpleasant enough, to be sure—on which the charge is based. But the picture that the word *persecution* brings to mind is different, and more frightening.

The battle between the Archbishop and the Sandinista government was well and truly joined when Pope John Paul II came to Nicaragua, to be welcomed by both sides.

EL BOCHORNO

IN MANAGUA LAST APRIL MY WIFE AND I WATCHED THE Pope’s visit, on video, just as it had been broadcast at the time, for many hours, live on Nicaraguan television. We were at the house of a woman whom I shall call Victoria. Victoria is a believing and practicing Catholic, and she is also “with the process.” The Pope’s visit had been a painful and distressing experience for her—and for many others like her—and she can’t have enjoyed the replay. Nevertheless, she wanted us to see how it had been.

Also, our presence there that evening was a distraction for her at a time of suffering and anxiety. Her seventeen-year-old son, who had volunteered for his *servicio militar patriótico*, had left the previous day for one of the “war zones” penetrated by the contras. She told us how his ten-year-old brother had dressed up that day in his clown outfit, in an effort to cheer them all up. As it happened, within a few days of our visit Victoria had to call on another mother, whose son, a classmate of Victoria’s son, had just been killed by the contras. That boy’s parents were *not* “with the process,” and the boy had not volunteered; he had been conscripted. In the circumstances Victoria had wondered whether her condolences would be accepted. They were.



Billboards vie to greet the Pontiff: Exhortations from the Church hierarchy (above) and the Frente Sandinista.

Victoria is a member—in reality, a kind of leader—of one of the *comunidades de base*, basic Christian communities, in one of the poor barrios of Managua. The *comunidades* were set up under the impetus of Vatican II and Medellín, in an effort to remedy the shortage of parish clergy, chronic in Latin America. Most, though not all, of the *comunidades* appear by now to have become vehicles of liberation theology, and the *comunidades* generally are regarded with suspicion by conservatives in the Church. The *comunidades* were anxious to play their full part in the great event of the Pope's visit. And Victoria's *comunidad* had spent weeks preparing a big banner, which they carried out to Sandino Airport, Managua, on the big day, March 4, 1983.

In any case, there we were, in Victoria's living room, watching the Pope's visit, a little more than three years after the event.

There is the Pope's plane on the tarmac, and a long wait. My notes read, *Plane pregnant with Pope*.

The Pope gets out and then, in accordance with established custom, kisses the ground of Nicaragua, which is hot. Rather neatly the commentator says that the Pope is kissing the ground "*de Nicaragua libre*." But that is the commentator, not the Pope.

The nine *comandantes de la Revolución*, who make up the National Directorate of the Frente Sandinista, are all there. Victoria's *comunidad's* banner is there. It is a good, big banner and it reads, BIENVENIDO JUAN PABLO EN LA TIERRA DE SANDINO.

There are other Sandinista slogans: "Welcome to free Nicaragua, thanks to God and the Revolution"; "Between Christianity and revolution, there is no contradiction." And then there are what *Envío* will later call "more generic" slogans, used by "those Christians opposed to the process": "I am happy the Pope is coming." "John Paul II, Nicaragua is waiting for you."

The first to greet the Pope are the papal nuncio and a Foreign Office official. First sign that all is not well. Normally the greeters should be the Archbishop of Managua (as head of the Nicaraguan hierarchy), and the Nicaraguan Foreign Minister, Miguel d'Escoto. Presumably the Frente Sandinista objected to Archbishop Obando because of his political role (as they see it). And the Pope must have objected to the Foreign Minister, since Miguel d'Escoto is a priest (of the Maryknoll Order) who has stayed on in the government of Nicaragua, contrary to Church discipline.

Now Daniel—Daniel Ortega, the coordinator of the

National Directorate (who was later elected President of Nicaragua)—is welcoming the Pope on behalf of the junta's three comandantes. The press—except the oppositionist and regularly censored *La Prensa*—always calls him just Daniel, and so does everyone in Nicaragua who is “with the process.” Daniel, with his spectacles and his mane of brown hair waving in the breeze, seems like a young, progressive headmaster anxious to make an impression on an extremely distinguished visitor. Too anxious, as it turns out.

I quote from my rough notes, made as I watched the Pope listen to Daniel: “*You are being received by a heroic people. . . . 50,000 dead—social and moral changes.*” Pope looks as if he had toothache; holding jaw with left hand. “*American threat . . . worthy riposte to intervención norteamericana.*” Barricada-type speech goes on. Pope’s head bowed more and more on hand. Daniel quotes from early (1912) letter of Nicaraguan bishop to Yanks. Pope folds arms on chest. Long, long old letter. Daniel very boomy. “*The soldiers killed . . .*”

The reference here is to seventeen young soldiers killed by contras four days before the Pope’s visit. The memory of these soldiers—all secondary-school boys—powerfully affected the ceremonies surrounding the Pope’s visit. And that memory, and thoughts related to it, were also strongly present in Victoria’s living room, while video made those scenes come alive again.

Daniel went on with his speech, getting a bit hoarse and wavery, as if knowing that what he was saying wasn’t going down very well. He spoke of the inalienable right to religious liberty, and then of Christians “basing themselves on faith corresponding to the Revolution.”

Pope back to holding jaw.

The Pope’s response to Daniel’s ill-judged discourse—even *Envoí* said that it “took longer than the time allotted”—seemed quite gracious, probably because most of it had been written out beforehand. My notes read: “*Thanks God in land of lakes and volcanoes. . . . Noble people, rich in Christian traditions. . . . sincere thanks to junta and for its deference in coming to greet me. . . .*”

This reference is significant, in that it seems to show that the Pope was indeed hoping—as the Vatican Secretary of State Cardinal Casaroli is known to have hoped—that relations with the Sandinista regime might improve. The Pope, in thanking the junta—meaning the three-man executive head of the civil government, led by Daniel—rather than the government, seems to have been making an important point. The government included the four priests, who were not, however, members of the Directorate (or junta). The over-

ture to the junta, ignoring the government, seemed to imply that if the Sandinistas would drop the four priests—thus symbolizing a propensity to draw back from involvement in Church affairs—relations with the Vatican could be normalized. So the Pope seems to have been trying to mend some fences. But it didn’t work out that way—not by any means.

In any case, even if he did mean to mend fences with the Sandinistas, he was not going to do so by publicly letting down the embattled Archbishop of Managua. He saluted his brother bishops, “especially our beloved Miguel Obando.” Then a light, quick slap over the knuckles for Daniel, when the Pope, after sympathizing with “those who suffer from the results of violence from whatever quarter it comes,” condemned not only “hatred” but also “sterile accusations.”

Then the Nicaraguan government had to be greeted. This was the first really tricky bit, since the government included those four priests. Still, governments are governments, whatever they may contain, and the Pope has always greeted governments on his tours. Victoria told us that a way had been found round the difficulty, or so it was thought. The Pope was to pass along the line of government members, acknowledging the government’s collective existence by some kind of comprehensive salutation, without having to greet each individual member. It seemed like a sensible idea, but this was one of those days when everything that could go wrong did. One pious member of the government, apparently not having grasped the nature of the problem, stepped forward to greet the Pope. And then the fat was in the fire.



John Paul II at the 19th of July Plaza, Managua: “¡Silencio!”

THE NEXT THING ON THAT screen is the spectacle of the Minister for Culture, Father Ernesto Cardenal—a frail person with long white hair and a white beard—taking off his black beret and kneeling before the Pope for a blessing. And the Pope, instead of blessing, wags a finger of admonition, saying sternly, “You must regularize [*arreglar*] your situation with the Vatican.”

“Ernesto cried,” Victoria said, “and everybody came over to comfort him.”

In the eyes of many Nicaraguans, Ernesto Cardenal is something more important than a minister or even a priest. He is a poet—one of the two most distinguished living Nicaraguan poets—in a land where poets are esteemed to an extent, I think, unknown in any other part of the modern world. It happens that the other leading Nicaraguan poet—Pablo Antonio Cuadra,

FRANK FOURNIER/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

the director general of *La Prensa*—is one of the bitterest enemies of the regime. He and Ernesto, who are cousins, were once also close friends; now they are separated by politics. “He was like a son to me,” Cuadra told me. Clearly, affection—though not the possibility of civil conversation—had managed to survive even the intense heat of antagonistic Nicaraguan politics.

When the Pope snubbed Ernesto, many Nicaraguans—all those who were “with the process” and probably quite a few others as well—felt themselves snubbed, in the person of this admired and beloved Nicaraguan. Ernesto himself, though hurt, did not take the snub so heavily, or lose his sense of humor. He tells of how stricken his mother had been by the Pope’s attitude. “I thought he would treat you like a father,” she said. “But he *did* treat me like a father,” Ernesto replied. “He just didn’t treat me like a *mother*.”

But Victoria, among others we met, was puzzled as well as distressed by that rebuke. It seemed disproportionate, gratuitous, petty—a needless piece of humiliation, for the enforcement of some trifling and archaic ecclesiastical regulation. That is pretty much how I saw it myself, while I was watching that painful scene on video. But later, after I had looked more closely at what is at stake in Nicaragua for the Church—as the Pope conceives of the Church—I felt rather differently about it. The Sandinista fusion of religion and politics—not only religion and Marxism but also religion and nationalism, which is much more dangerous—puts at risk, throughout the whole vast spiritual battleground of Latin America, the Pope’s own mission to restore the *magisterium*, the teaching authority of the papacy. Ernesto is a committed and enthusiastic agent of the Sandinista fusion. So when Ernesto knelt before the Pope, the Pope had to see not just an estimable if misguided human being but an insidious, incarnate threat to the Universal Church, and to the Pope’s own mission. And not just a threat but a trap, as well. If the Pope gave Ernesto the blessing Ernesto was asking—guilelessly, as it seemed, but perhaps with some guile in the background somewhere—would the Pope not be seen as blessing the Sandinista fusion itself? And if so, would he not be conniving at the sabotage of his own great mission, and of the Church entrusted to him?

Considering all that accumulated thunder in the air, I am surprised, in retrospect, at how lightly Ernesto got off. But that was certainly not the general impression at the time.

Thinking over that scene now, in terms of the forces represented by the protagonists, it is not Ernesto I am sorry for. It is the Pope. But I shall come back to that.

AFTER THAT UNPROMISING START THE POPE WENT ON to León, a former capital of Nicaragua, for a purely religious ceremony, the Celebration of the Word. There was a large crowd. “Nobody did anything that day,” Victoria said glumly, looking at the screen.

Then the Pope went back to Managua and to the disas-

trous and chaotic last phase of his eleven-hour visit to Nicaragua. This was the mass celebrated in Managua’s main square, the 19th July Plaza. The crowd, which filled the plaza to overflowing, is said to have been the largest ever assembled in the history of Nicaragua: between 600,000 and 700,000 people, or about one fifth of Nicaragua’s total population. But not all of these, by this time, were well disposed toward the Pope. The incident with Ernesto had set up a ferment.

The day had been terribly hot, even for tropical Nicaragua: 40°C (104°F). Tempers were frayed, and distinct factions—Sandinistas and Obandists—made themselves heard. “The ‘Catholic Chorus,’” according to *Envío*, “wanted only traditional religious songs to go out through the loudspeakers, while those controlling the audio, from the Sandinista System, were playing songs from the Nicaraguan campesino mass.” This was already a bit rough, from the Pope’s point of view. His very ears, during his own pontifical mass, were being assailed by the—to him—revolting strains of Sandinista fusionism and the dubious hymnal of liberation theology.

Then the Pope delivered his homily, and the whole thing came apart. According to Victoria, the text of the Pope’s homily had been cleared with the National Directorate. “They thought it was all right when they read it,” she said, “but when *he* read it aloud, it sounded quite different.” I suppose that on paper the concepts of the homily—Church unity, the *magisterium*, and so on—may have looked abstract and abstruse, unlikely to arouse passion or even much interest. But when the Pope actually delivered this part of his homily, with barbed and fiery eloquence, it became apparent that he personally was very angry indeed and that his anger was directed against the Sandinista process, in its relation to the Church.

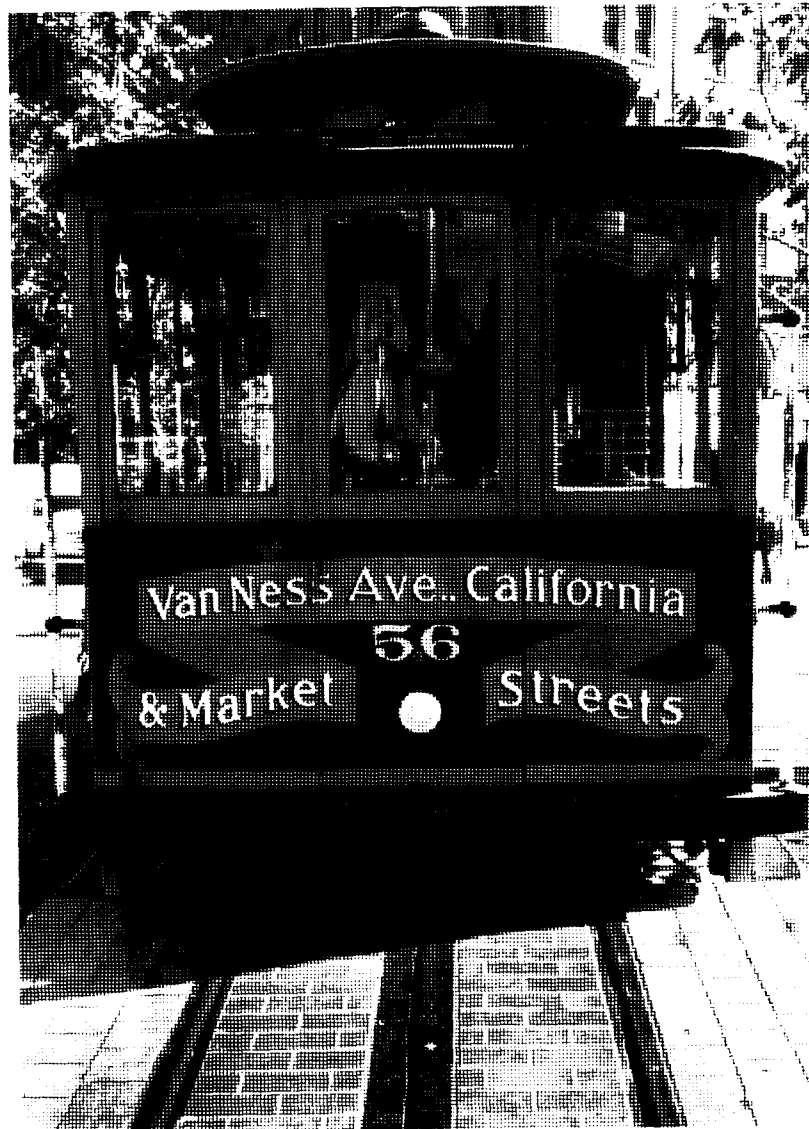
Church unity is put into question when the powerful factors that build and maintain it—the one faith, the revealed Word, the sacraments, obedience to the bishops and the Pope, the sense of vocation and joint responsibility in Christ’s work in the world—are brought up against earthly considerations, unacceptable ideological commitments, temporal options, or concepts of the Church which are contrary to the true one.

“The word *true*,” noted the *Envío* writer ruefully, “was said in a tone of surprising firmness and with a sharp intonation.” (The *Envío* writer also noted, sardonically, that the Pope in the course of this homily mentioned “bishops” fourteen times and “peace” only once.)

The Pope’s tone—probably much more than what he said—sent up the temperature of the crowd. But it rose further (“Emotions boiled over,” according to *Envío*) when the Pope called the *iglesia popular* “an absurd and dangerous project.” There were shouts of “We want peace!” “¡Queremos la paz!” “People’s power!” “¡Poder popular!” “They shall not pass!” “¡No pasarán!”

“¡Silencio!” shouted the Pope.

“He’s not a Pope of the poor!” proclaimed a voice from the crowd. “Look at his dress!”



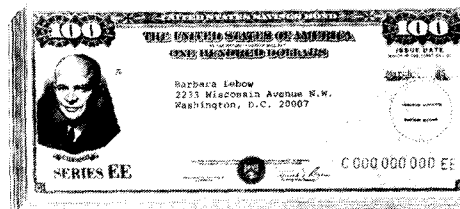
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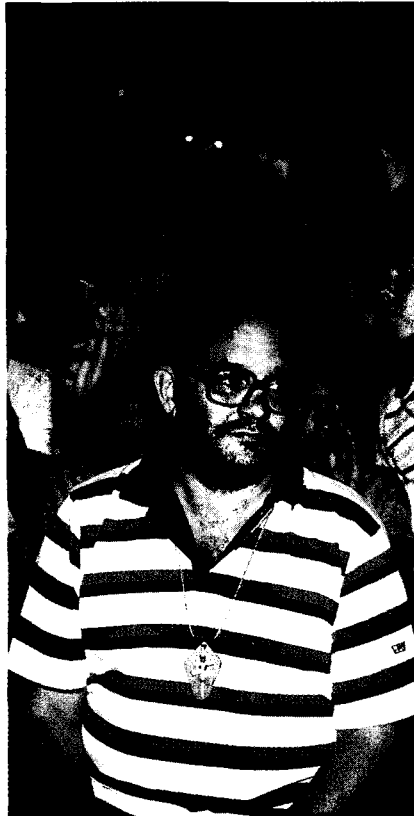
Variable rates apply to Bonds purchased on and after 11/1/82 and held at least 5 years. Bonds purchased before 11/1/82 earn variable rates when held beyond 10/31/87. Bonds held less than 5 years earn lower interest.

"*Silencio*," again.

Then the Mothers took the stage, spreading further waves of emotion, which spilled over into the living room where we were watching the scene, three years later. The Mothers are the members of Nicaragua's Association of Mothers of Heroes and Martyrs—that is, of sons who fell in the Revolution, at the hands of Somoza's National Guard, or in the current fighting, at the hands of the contras. Onstage were about fifty of these Mothers, including some of the mothers of the recently killed seventeen, and these last were there, very near the altar and the Pope. "The blood of our boys is crying out!" called one Mother. "We want a prayer for our Martyrs!" called another. The Pope, who was saying mass, was unresponsive. Later another Mother called out: "We can offer you now only the sorrow . . . the Reagan government . . ." (her voice faded away). This interruption came at the moment of the Pope's consecration of the host, and was to give rise later to complaints from the Vatican about "profanation of the Eucharist" during the Pope's visit to Nicaragua.

Victoria still, after three years, felt outraged by the Pope's refusal to have the common decency, as she saw it, to say a prayer for those dead boys, at the request of their recently bereaved mothers. I could understand and respect her feelings, but I also thought I could understand how the thing must have looked to the Pope. He must have felt, as in the incident with Ernesto, that he was being set up. That association, *Heroes and Martyrs*, represented the very thing that was anathema to him in Nicaragua. The fact that he was asked for a prayer "for our Martyrs" made it impossible for him to pray for these dead without tending to legitimize a cult that he regarded as "absurd and dangerous." So he remained deaf to the entreaties of the Mothers, and there must be many besides Victoria who will never forgive him.

In any case, it was obviously a very angry—though controlled—Pope who took off from Sandino Airport that hot March evening. Whatever thoughts he may have entertained about mending some fences with the Sandinistas were banished, and would stay banished for years to come. Obando's harsh picture of what Sandinismo was like seemed abundantly vindicated. The Pope left to Obando the vestments he had worn during his Nicaraguan trip. And two years later the Pope made Obando a cardinal. All those feverish preparations the Sandinistas had made for the Pope's visit, and the money they had invested in it, had only helped, so it seemed, in the strengthening and promotion of their most implacable enemy.



July, 1985: Miguel d'Escoto, with supporters, during his month-long fast.

"A STURDY ADVERSARY"

THAT FOURTH OF MARCH, THE day of the Pope's visit, is remembered in Nicaragua as *el bochorno de Managua*. *Bochorno* is a beautifully appropriate word. The dictionary gives the English for it as "sultry weather," "embarrassment." The effects of the sultry embarrassment took a long time to wear off: more than two years, in fact. In this period Miguel Obando was riding high, and far into the political domain: legitimizing resistance to military service, delegitimizing the regime, and then—as a new cardinal—fraternizing with its enemies (as related earlier). He seemed to be daring the government to do something about him. The problem was that it didn't seem possible to do anything about him without appearing to persecute the Church, and making the Pope into an open enemy. The minister responsible for public order—Tomás Borge, senior comandante and Minister for the Interior—publicly confessed that, though he could handle

the other enemies of the Revolution, he didn't know what to do about Obando's counterrevolutionary activities: a most unusual confession for this powerful and resourceful comandante and exemplary Sandinista.

But there was one minister who thought he *did* know what to do about Obando, and who acted on his thought. This was Miguel d'Escoto, the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Chancellor, and one of the three priests now in the government (the others being the brothers Ernesto and Fernando Cardenal). Miguel d'Escoto was born in Hollywood, California, in 1933, and educated in the United States, where he joined the Maryknoll Order. As Foreign Minister, he has traveled enormously—seeming at times to be in orbit—leaving much of the weight of Nicaragua's unique problems in foreign affairs to be carried by the Vice President, the cool and politic Sergio Ramírez (who is close to Daniel Ortega, and often consulted by him).

It would be easy, but wrong, to infer from this that Miguel d'Escoto is a bit of a lightweight. Like each of his priestly colleagues, Miguel carries considerable moral, intellectual, and even spiritual authority within Sandinista structures. Comandantes come and ask him questions about God—unlikely as I know that will sound in Washington. Like Ernesto, Miguel has the gift of inspiring affection as well as respect. When I asked a young Irishwoman in Managua, who knows Miguel well, what he was really like, she replied simply, "Miguel is a dote [a darling]!" But as well as being a dote, Miguel is something of

a prophet. Also he has a sense of theater. He was not born in Hollywood for nothing.

Through this combination of gifts Miguel was able to find a way to lift the Sandinistas' spirits out of the uneasy leaden aftermath of *el bochorno*, and also a way to wage spiritual war against Miguel Obando. The way was through a form of sacred drama, which Miguel d'Escoto called "*la insurrección evangélica*." The "evangelical insurrection" was carried out in two parts: the *ayuno*, or fast, and the *Viacrucis*, the Way of the Cross.

The *insurrección evangélica* began with the Foreign Minister's perception that—in his own words—"the government as a government cannot find an answer to a theological war." It was the task of the *Christian Sandinistas*, specifically, to man that trench: "We Christians have our own special arms that we must use—prayer, fasting, processions with hymns, vigils. . . ."

The first phase of the *insurrección* was the fast for peace, *el ayuno por la paz*, which took place in the summer of 1985. The *ayuno* began in the first week of July, and d'Escoto kept it up for thirty days; others joined in for part of that time. D'Escoto was fasting, and keeping open house, and talking away, in a parish house in one of Managua's barrios.

As Teófilo Cabestrero, who has written a history of d'Escoto's fast, describes it:

Here come, on visits of solidarity to Father Miguel, young students, disabled people, villagers from Niguinohomo [Sandino's birthplace], peasants from Rio San Juan, Nicaraguan poets who give a nighttime recital, combatants from nine battalions of guerrilla warfare, who embrace Father d'Escoto, play the campesino mass, and are applauded by the assembly.

And so on. It was an ongoing show as well as a fast. And there were sideshows in addition: a nocturnal panel on "prophetism" in Managua, a singing rosary at dawn in Esteli, processions and vigils all over Nicaragua—all part of the *insurrección evangélica*.

And d'Escoto himself continued to prophesy; the frontispiece to Cabestrero's book shows the fasting priest-Minister clutching a microphone in his right hand. This was early in the fast—and d'Escoto had been quite fat before he started—but his bearded face already has a set, hollow look, and his sunken eyes are gleaming behind his horn-rimmed spectacles. He seems to be holding on to that mike as if it were some kind of lifeline: if he can't eat, at least he can talk. He talks well, spontaneously, urgently, pungently, and—during the fast—a little feverishly. He talked to Cabestrero about the spiritual significance of Ronald Reagan's mendacity.

He had been listening to a speech of Reagan's as he fasted, and it had hit him hard. The President has lied, he

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YO SOY EL CAMINO

INSURRECCION EVANGELICA

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Posters for the *insurrección evangélica*, created by Leoncio Saenz: Christ, not Obando, is the Way.

said, "with such mastery, with such a great capacity for lying, for saying what is not so, and for saying it with such serenity and such conviction, that I, without becoming angry, felt an enormous sadness. And there came about a change in my vision of the problem that confronts us. . . . I thought, There is more in this than just a pathological obsession. . . . And one day, alone in my room, I thought that this incredible capacity for lying reveals something like [*como una*] a case of diabolical possession."

But the primary target of the *insurrección* was not Reagan, it was Obando. Obando was generally not named in this first phase of the *insurrección*—the *ayuno*—but the Church hierarchy was frequently either named or otherwise evoked. Right at the beginning, at a concelebrated mass of twenty priests, which was the solemn opening of the *ayuno por la paz*, on July 7, 1985, one of the concelebrants, Monsignor Arias Caldera, said, "May they depart from our sky, the crows who fly with the eagle of the North." No one had to be told who the crows were, or the eagle. Later d'Escoto, thinking aloud, was more specific:

Then I saw the Church all bloody, guilty by omission and even more guilty than Reagan, because of the responsibility of its mission. . . . These are terribly sad things, like the conspiracy of the synagogue with the Empire and the forces of evil in order to condemn Jesus, things on which I have meditated much on retreat.

Obando must have thought it was a funny kind of retreat.

THE *AYUNO* ENDED AT THE BEGINNING OF AUGUST, 1985, after thirty days. D'Escoto had said he would keep it up until he was convinced that his spark—*chispa*—had got a fire going. By August he thought—and with reason—that there was a fire. The *ayuno* had caught the imagination of many Christians in many parts of the world, and especially in Latin America. Messages of "prophetic solidarity" poured in from almost every country in Latin America and from many other countries. Thirty-five bishops (not all of them Catholic bishops) signified their support for the *ayuno*.

In Lent of this year Miguel d'Escoto, having recovered his strength after the fast, started out on the second phase of the evangelical insurrection: *el Viacrucis por la paz*, the Way of the Cross for peace. The *Viacrucis*, with its Stations of the Cross, is a traditional expression of Nicaraguan popular piety. D'Escoto intended his *Viacrucis* to be that, and also to be an expression of support for the Sandinista position on peace, and so of insurrection against the position of the Nicaraguan hierarchy.

The traditional Nicaraguan *Viacrucis* is a local affair. D'Escoto's was larger and longer—"un gran Viacrucis"—setting out from Jalapa, on the Honduran border, on the first Friday in Lent, this past February 14, and reaching Managua, 300 kilometers away, on February 28: two weeks of hot, dusty walking. Few of the pilgrims went all

the way—perhaps no more than forty, including d'Escoto. Many more—from 500 to 2,000, as reported—went along for a single stage of around twenty kilometers. Pilgrims stayed in peasant houses; peasants came out with plants and flowers as well as holy images—not all that many peasants, but some for every stage. The pilgrims were accompanied by a car with a public-address system that transmitted hymns and political speeches, alternately. Mothers, young men, and children appeared, carrying crosses.

The parish clergy is sparse in rural Nicaragua, and it was divided on the *Viacrucis*. In several centers the church doors were shut against the pilgrims, and in one the church door carried a placard reading, "Don't make politics out of the *Viacrucis*!" But in other places the parish priest welcomed the pilgrims, blessed them, and walked with them.

The high point of the journey was in Estelí, where, on February 22, the bishop, Monsignor Rubén López Ardón, personally ordered that the cathedral—which had previously been kept closed—be opened to the pilgrims, embraced and blessed d'Escoto before about 20,000 people, himself knelt and asked for d'Escoto's blessing, and said a prayer for peace. He recognized (according to the *Viacrucis Boletín*, No. 15) "that the motives of this pilgrimage are of authentic Christian faith in the pursuit of peace and life." The Bishop's statement was highly significant, because it showed that the Nicaraguan hierarchy is no longer united behind the Cardinal, whose detestation of everything d'Escoto stands for is notorious. In fact, the advent of d'Escoto's *Viacrucis* had obliged the Bishop of Estelí—whose northern diocese has suffered more than most from the depredations of the *contras*—to stand up and be counted. And he had—apparently after initial hesitation—chosen to be counted on the side of the pilgrims and not that of the Cardinal. It was the most notable victory to date for the *insurrección evangélica*.

Monsignor López Ardón also expressed the hope, at Estelí, that "the procession toward Managua" should be "oriented with maturity," meaning that he was asking d'Escoto to lay off the Cardinal. But there was no chance that the leader of the *Viacrucis* would do that. The whole enterprise was directed against the Cardinal's betrayal—as d'Escoto saw it—of both faith and fatherland. D'Escoto was now naming Obando by name. "It is intolerable," d'Escoto said at Condega, "that the medals of honor which the government of the United States has offered to Cardinal Obando in order to make a political tool out of him [*para instrumentalizarlo políticamente*] should be accepted. If the attitudes of certain bishops don't change, we Christians will one day find ourselves in the painful position of asking ourselves: Can we celebrate the Eucharist in communion with those who use their religious influence against our people?"

These words—with their strong hint of impending schism—were stuff to make even liberation theologians hold their breath. D'Escoto is their prophet, and they love him, but he frightens them. But then, they also feel that that's what a prophet is for.

At Managua, in the Cardinal's own archdiocese, on the last day of the *Viacrucis*, d'Escoto changed his tone, though not really his tune. Addressing a large crowd in front of the gaunt shell of Managua's cathedral (ruined in the 1972 earthquake), Father d'Escoto held out his arms and entreated "*Hermano Miguel*" to come and join the *Viacrucis*. To no one's surprise, Brother Miguel did not respond.

It is hard to gauge the impact of such a strange event as the *insurrección evangélica*. D'Escoto himself refuses to do so; he leaves all that to God, he says. Within Nicaragua the *insurrección* never amounted to a mass movement. The largest turnout was that 20,000 at Estelí—a drop in the ocean compared with the 700,000 or so who came out to see the Pope in Managua. Yet the size of the turnout—the "gate"—is not necessarily what counts most. The intensity of the commitment behind the presence may count more. And d'Escoto's movement was enough to crack, at Estelí, the hitherto monolithic façade of the Nicaraguan hierarchy. And note had to be taken of that by all, both in Latin America and in Rome, who were concerned about the balance between the forces represented by the slogan "*un solo Dios*" and those represented by the slogan "*el Dios de los Pobres*." *El bohorno* had been the round of *un solo Dios*. The *insurrección* round went to *el Dios de los Pobres*.

Whether by coincidence or not, the succeeding months have witnessed a certain relaxation of the ecclesiastical pressures against the Sandinistas, both from the Nicaraguan hierarchy and from Rome. The Sandinistas look a tougher nut to crack now than they did a few years back. And one of the things that makes them hard to destroy is the spiritual firepower concentrated against the theological enemies of Sandinismo by Miguel d'Escoto and his compañeros, out of "the new trench for peace."

THIS YEAR ROME, TOO, GREATLY RELAXED ITS PRESSURE on liberation theology—the culture from which Sandinismo derives so much of its vital force. The "Instruction on Christian Freedom and Liberation" issued by the Vatican in April was welcomed by perhaps the most eminent liberation theologian, Gustavo Gutiérrez, of Peru, as "the end of an era." It does indeed signal the end of the open season on liberation theology which the Vatican had been conducting, especially since the Pope's visit to Nicaragua: the attempt to stamp out "deviations and risks of deviation," conducted on the Pope's behalf by Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, the prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. Through Ratzinger, John Paul II had been addressing a magisterial *Silencio!* to the worshippers of *el Dios de los Pobres* in Latin America.

But it simply didn't work. Those concerned just carried on as before—or worse than before, from the Pope's point of view, as in the case of Nicaragua's *insurrección*. What the April Instruction does—without, of course, acknowledging the fact—is to register the failure of an effort to exercise papal authority. Although John Paul II is generally re-

garded as a particularly strong Pope, that Instruction is one of the weakest documents ever to reach the world under the authority of a Roman Pontiff. Decoded, the message that went out *urbi et orbi* in April was: Since you won't listen to what I've been trying to tell you, now I'm going to tell you something different, which I hope you'll like a bit better.

What both the Pope and the Nicaraguan hierarchy have been finding out and acknowledging in their way is that *el Dios de los Pobres* is what Edmund Burke found "the nature of things" to be: "a sturdy adversary."

I mean *el Dios de los Pobres* not as He might be defined, contained, and sanitized in Rome but as He exists in the minds and hearts of those who call upon His name, throughout Latin America. His power was felt in Estelí in February, and in Managua and in Rome in April.

I said earlier that when I look back on that scene in which the Pope admonished Ernesto, the one I feel sorry for is the Pope. The reason for this is that Ernesto and his friends are engaged by living realities—the cause of the poor, the defense of Nicaragua—whereas the Pope has dedicated his life to the resuscitation of an obsolete abstraction: the *magisterium*, the teaching authority of the Church, of which the supreme exponent is the Pope. Some people think that the Pope is succeeding in bringing back this authority; that is the meaning of the phrase "the Catholic restoration," used by Paul Johnson and others. It is true that this Pope is far more popular than any Pope has been before. But popularity is not to be confused with authority. Catholics love this Pope, but when he solemnly tells them that they must behave in some way they don't find convenient, they just don't take a blind bit of notice of him.

In our time the critical test by which the *magisterium* has been seen to fail is that of contraception. If there is one matter in which the Church's teaching in the second half of the twentieth century has been clear and firm, it is contraception.

Pope Paul VI laid down the law on that, for Catholics, in the encyclical *Humanae Vitae*; Pope John Paul II, in *Familiaris Consortio*, has corroborated and extended the law laid down in *Humanae Vitae*. The message of the *magisterium* is crystal clear: Catholics are *not* to use contraceptives. And Catholics have gone right on using contraceptives: not only in North America but in Catholic countries like Ireland and Poland, where Catholic education is strong and Church attendance is high. If the very poor, in the poorest regions, still don't use contraceptives, this is not because they are mindful of the teaching of *Humanae Vitae* and *Familiaris Consortio* but because they *are* very poor, and therefore ignorant, and therefore don't yet understand about contraception.

John Paul II next brought the weight of the *magisterium* to bear against the liberation theologians, but again the thing didn't work. The spring seems to be broken.

John Paul II is getting to look more and more like an international Canute, magisterially perambulating all the

strands of the world, before huge and admiring audiences, without the slightest effect on the tides.

The contemporary failure of the *magisterium* seems to have far-reaching implications for Latin America. The revolutionary Christians fought for their *espacio*; the traditionalist counterattack has failed, and the revolutionaries now seem to be securely in control of that *espacio*, where they have “appropriated” the symbols of the Catholic Church—such as the *Viacrucis*—and the emotional loyalties that go with these. Along with the revolutionary process, a new Reformation is in progress. But the revolutionary reformers of *our* time don’t need to break with Rome. They can keep the Roman symbols—and the Roman sacraments, which is more important—without Rome’s retaining any vestige of real authority over them. Rome may discipline theologians for what they publish—though Rome seems by now to have realized that this, too, can be counterproductive. But what Rome can’t possibly do is to supervise how Christianity is taught by thousands of ordinary priests, nuns, other religious, Delegates of the Word, and other lay people among the poor of Latin America. Many, probably most, of those have been radicalized by their experiences among the poor. Specifically, they have been radicalized by their experiences of what the rich, in most parts of Latin America, have been prepared to do to the poor and to those who try to help the poor. The Church of *el Dios de los Pobres* has its twentieth-century martyrs in Latin America, of whom the most venerated is the murdered Archbishop Oscar Romero, of San Salvador. The teachers of the poor are teaching Christianity as a revolutionary doctrine, and there is nothing “the Church” can any longer do about it. More than that, the Vatican, in calling off its crusade against “deviations and risks of deviation,” has itself “deviated” into giving a kind of blessing to *los cristianos revolucionarios*. The most remarkable words in last April’s Instruction are those that proclaim it “perfectly legitimate that those who suffer oppression on the part of the wealthy or politically powerful should take action.” A later passage makes clear that “armed struggle” may be included under “action.”

Cardinal Obando may well wish to try to turn the words “or politically powerful” into a kind of charter for the *contras*, but that is not how these words are likely to be read by most people in Latin America who know about them. Most people—whether of the left or of the right—will read these words, in the context of the Instruction that embodies them, as meaning that the Vatican can no longer be relied on as an ally for conservative forces in Latin Amer-

ica. If that interpretation is right, as I believe it to be, Miguel Obando y Bravo’s lifeline to Rome is endangered, within less than a year of his receiving that red hat for services to conservatism. Put not your trust in Pontiffs.

Now, all this has an important bearing on the prospects for Sandinismo, and also on the prospects for efforts to contain or extirpate Sandinismo. But before I try to explain the bearing and the prospects, as I see them, I had better try to explain what Sandinismo actually is—also, of course, as I see it.

THE PROTOMARTYR

SANDINISMO IS APPARENTLY REGARDED IN WASHINGTON as an ideology essentially alien to Nicaragua but cunningly decked out in some kind of Latin American fancy dress. I don’t know whether they really believe these things in Washington, or whether they only pretend to believe them, but if they do believe this one they are in fundamental error, and are headed for more unnecessary trouble. Sandinismo is a thoroughly Latin American ideology, with deep roots in Latin American history, and specifically in the history of Nicaragua. Far from being an alien phenomenon in Nicaragua, Sandinismo is a native response to alien domination: the alien domination in question being that of the United States. Perhaps that is the basic reason why Sandinismo, viewed from Washington, looks so alien.

Augusto C. Sandino (1895–1934), the eponymous hero of this ideology, became a national hero to the Nicaraguans for the same basic reasons as those for which Joan of Arc became a national heroine to the French: he fought the foreigners who had invaded his country, and he was murdered by the servants of those same foreigners. (English historians, in the case of Joan, and American ones, in the case of Sandino, may define the issues differently; but I am talking about how the issues appear to *nationalists* of France and Nicaragua, which is what matters in considering Sandinismo.)

The particular foreigners whom Sandino fought, at the head of a small but resolute band of guerrillas, were the U.S. Marines, who were in Nicaragua from 1912 to 1933, at the invitation of Nicaragua’s Conservative faction. Sandino fought the Marines, with varying fortunes, from 1927 to 1932. He was successful to the extent that the Americans were unable either to subdue him or to buy him off—the latter being unusual at the time in Central American politics, civil or military.



Augusto Sandino, the Nicaraguan guerrilla leader, at Vera Cruz, around 1930.



The Maids of Puerto Cabezas by Armando Morales. A legendary moment, 1926: At low tide, prostitutes retrieve the rebel-bound rifles captured and thrown overboard by the U.S. Navy.

The last of the Marines left Nicaragua on January 2, 1933. They left not because they had been defeated by Sandino—as the simpler sorts of Sandinista rhetoric suggest—but because U.S. policy had changed, in favor of something subtler. But Sandino probably had quite a lot to do with the change in policy. The indomitable guerrilla leader had been news throughout the world and had caught the imagination of nationalists not only in Latin America but as far away as China. The publicity was judged to be bad for the United States and it was possible to protect U.S. interests by other means. The means consisted of the Nicaraguan National Guard, selected and trained—and originally commanded—by U.S. Marines. The new commander of the National Guard, selected by the U.S. minister in Managua, was Anastasio Somoza García, the founder of the dynasty that was to rule Nicaragua until the revolution of 1979.

On February 21, 1934, Sandino and two of his generals, after dining in Managua with Juan Bautista Sacasa, then the President of Nicaragua, were abducted by members of the National Guard, driven out to Managua airfield, and shot by firing squad. Two years later Somoza—who had been at a poetry reading when Sandino and his comrades

were shot—ousted Sandino's host, Sacasa, and made himself President.

A marked feature of Sandinismo, as mentioned, is its cult of heroes and martyrs. Sandino himself is the supreme hero and the protomartyr. *¡Bienvenido a la Patria de Sandino!* says a large sign at Sandino Airport, Managua, recalling the scene of the original martyrdom. There are portraits of him everywhere: a skinny, morose little man, invariably wearing a ten-gallon hat and looking like a figure out of a 1920s cowboy movie. You see sketches of him in chalk on rocks along the Nicaraguan country roads: just lines, like a matchstick man, identifiable only by the hat. And in at least one place an economical artist paid homage to Sandino by the simple hieroglyph



Sandino's status as a martyr may appear a bit anomalous, since Sandino was not a Christian, although he did believe in God. Like many mavericks in the twenties, he was a theosophist and a spiritualist. But Christian Sandinistas of today insist that whatever Sandino *thought* he was, he was indeed a true Christian martyr: one who fought and died for the God of the Poor. He refused to call himself a Chris-

tian because the most eminent Nicaraguan "Christians" of his day—like the Bishop of Granada, who blessed the U.S. Marines—were in the service of the enemy. These, however, were not really Christians at all but worshippers of Mammon. Had Sandino lived to see the advent of liberation theology, he would have proclaimed himself a Christian revolutionary. And on that last point, at least, I think the Christian Sandinistas are probably right.

To the U.S. media of his day, of course, Sandino was no kind of hero or martyr, Christian or other, but a bandit and a Red. A bandit he certainly was not. The question of whether he was a Red is more complex. In several ways he *was* a Red. In his Mexican years—1923 to 1926—he associated with Communists and other revolutionary ideologues and picked up some of their outlook and vocabulary. He was not a Marxist—no one who was into theosophy and spiritualism could reasonably be described as a Marxist—and although he did often use the language of class war, I think it clear that for him the class struggle was secondary to the national struggle. This appears in the fact that Sandino stopped fighting once the Marines had been withdrawn. The *social* structure in Nicaragua was not changed by the departure of the Marines. The fact that Sandino spent his last evening on earth with the very "moderate" President Sacasa seems to indicate that social conditions did not arouse in Sandino the same elemental

passions that drove him on, over five years, to fight the foreign foe on Nicaraguan soil.

The primacy of nationalism also appears in the incident that—according to Sandino's own account—led to his departure from Mexico and return to Nicaragua. A Mexican revolutionary acquaintance of his, dismissing the possibility of revolution in Nicaragua ever, said that every Nicaraguan was a "*vendepatria*." The mere thought of being taken for a *vendepatria*—a man prepared to sell his country—was so unbearable to Sandino that he determined to return to Nicaragua and raise an army to fight the U.S. Marines. And the expression "*vendepatria*" is even now the most deadly insult in the lexicon of the Sandinistas. It is the word with which they brand people like Archbishop Obando.

In general, all Sandino's most passionate utterances, all those that are treasured by contemporary Sandinistas, are expressions of exalted nationalism. I could cite a number of examples, but there is one that sums them all up. This consists of the four words of Sandino's that are the national motto of Sandinista Nicaragua: *¡Patria Libre o Morir!* Give me liberty or give me death.

The second hero and martyr in the Sandinista pantheon is the poet Rigoberto López Pérez, who in 1956 killed Anastasio Somoza García, at a party in León, and was then shot down by Somoza's bodyguards. President Eisenhower called López "the murderer of a friend of the United



"With the process": Sunday mass at Managua's Church of the Poor, a haven of the *iglesia popular*.

States"; of course to Sandinistas he is not a murderer but the executioner of Sandino's murderer. López's deed and fate were an inspiration to Sandinismo's third hero and martyr, who was also its leader and principal ideologue, Carlos Fonseca Amador, a founder, with Silvio Mayorga and Tomás Borge, of the Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional in 1961. (Both Fonseca and Mayorga were later killed by the National Guard.)

In long "Notes" that he wrote on López, Fonseca quoted Machiavelli's epithet for tyrannicides: *rarisimos*. Fonseca also quoted some of López's own poetry, including the lines

Nicaragua is getting back to being
(or may be for the first time)
a free country
without affronts and without stains
[*una patria libre
sin afrentas y sin manchas*]

According to Fonseca, the words "or may be for the first time" have "an extraordinary revolutionary transcendence" in their context. It is, I believe, this sense of national humiliation (Fonseca himself wrote of *la patria humillada*) that supplies the basic drive of Sandinismo. Up to July, 1979, the Sandinistas fought to wipe out what they regarded as the humiliation of their country. And since July, 1979, and especially since Ronald Reagan became President, they have been fighting to avert the reimposition of national humiliation on their country. And to Sandinistas, national humiliation is precisely what Reagan insists on when he refuses to negotiate with them, and tells them to negotiate with the contras. It is not in the nature of Sandinistas to negotiate with contras. *Not* negotiating with *vendepatrias* is what their tradition and their whole intellectual, moral, and emotional formation are all about. *Patria Libre o Morir*.

AS WELL AS BEING INSPIRED BY SANDINO, LÓPEZ, AND the Nicaraguan experience, Fonseca and his compañeros were immediately inspired by the Cuban Revolution, which had triumphed in Havana just before they established the Frente (in Honduras). Unlike Sandino, Fonseca and his compañeros were intellectuals and committed Marxist-Leninists; through them Marxism-Leninism became an element in Sandinismo. According to the thinking of President Reagan and his fellow believers, this automatically makes Sandinistas accomplices in the international communist design, masterminded by Moscow. This kind of thinking is apparently impervious to the extensive historical evidence that refutes it. In the 1950s



On the outskirts of Managua: Amid the politics, un espacio for the cross.

GIANFRANCO GORGONI/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

people like Reagan, by exactly this same reasoning, believed that the Chinese Communists, being Marxists, were *ipso facto* tools of Moscow. Those who, knowing China, argued that this was not the case, and that Chinese nationalism was still a major force in Chinese communism, were dismissed as naive—and in many cases also dismissed from their jobs. But the equation "Marxist equals tool of Moscow," far from being called into question after it broke down in China, is still being applied, with the same overbearing confidence, in Central America.

In fact those Sandinistas who were and are Marxist-Leninists are no more likely to toe the Kremlin line than the Catholic Sandinistas are to toe the Vatican line. Carlos Fonseca despised the Moscow-line Marxist Nicaraguan Socialist Party, for being more faithful to the Moscow line than to Nicaragua. He called these Moscow-liners "false Marxists." Fonseca and his friends were "the true Marxists." That is a pretty solid refutation of the Reagan equation.

A good clue to the real nature of Sandinismo is contained in the Sandinista oath, as quoted by Fonseca (who probably drafted it). This runs as follows:

Before the image of Augusto César Sandino and Ernesto Ché Guevara, before the memory of the heroes and martyrs of Latin America and all Humanity, before history, I put my hand on the black and red banner that signifies "*Patria Libre o Morir*," and I swear to defend with arms in hand *el decoro nacional* [national decorum/decency/respect] and to fight for the redemption of the oppressed and exploited of Nicaragua and of the world. If I fulfill this oath, the liberation of Nicaragua and of all peoples will be a reward; if I betray this oath, a shameful death and ignominy will be my punishment.

You could take that oath, in good conscience, without being a Marxist. But you could not sincerely take it, or repeat the Sandinista slogans, without being a nationalist. Within the Sandinista complex, nationalism and commitment to the cause of the exploited are, as it were, "required" subjects. Marxism and revolutionary Christianity are optional, at least as far as the rank and file are concerned. And even if all the nine comandantes are Marxists, as has been widely believed, their Marxism is still their own homemade version, not one made in Moscow.

I believe that Marxism—even of the homemade variety—is now recessive within Sandinismo, and that the Christian revolutionary element is becoming dominant. Education has been entrusted to Sandinista Jesuits. Fer-

nando Cardenal is the Minister of Education, and César Jérez—Miguel d'Escoto's friend—is the head of the university. Perhaps even more significant is what looks quite like a "conversion" on the part of Tomás Borge. Borge—as the only survivor out of the three founders of the Frente Sandinista—is virtually the custodian of the Sandinista faith. And Borge has been increasingly using the language of *Christian* Messianism—"the Kingdom of God"—rather than the Marxist variety. And he has spoken of "the integration of liberation Christianity with revolution." Granted Borge's immense authority, this can only make the Christian element less "optional" and more central within Sandinismo.

I think that in the early days of the Revolution revolutionaries like Borge were a bit wary about their Christian partners. Might not these *compañeros* defect, or at least wobble, when the theological heat was on? But that matter was put to the test, and the *compañeros* in question (with few exceptions) came out of it unscorched. Paradoxically, it was the Pope's visit, *el bochorno de Managua*, that did most to increase the influence of the very people whose influence the Pope wanted to diminish: the Christian Sandinistas.

For there was the Successor of Peter in person, wagging a finger of reproach at these *compañeros*, and they neither defected nor wobbled. On the contrary, they launched their counteroffensive, the *insurrección evangélica*. And finally, in the Vatican Instruction of April, 1986, it was the Pope, not the Christian Sandinistas and liberation theologians, who was seen to give ground. The prestige of the revolutionary Christians has never been higher than it is this year.

I think it would now be more accurate to speak of Sandinismo as a *faith* rather than an ideology. It is the most formidable kind of faith—the kind that is emotionally fused with national pride. And this kind of faith is now alight in every corner of Latin America. It is true that it is not the *only* kind of faith around. Latin America is now a melting pot where faith is concerned. The traditional Catholic Church is collapsing, not just on one side but on two. On one side are the Christian revolutionaries, enlarging that *espacio* of theirs, appropriating the symbols, and so on. On the other, lots of Catholics have been defecting to the Protestant fundamentalist sects. This spring, a study commission of the Conference of Brazilian Bishops, in a report to the Vatican, speculated that the inroads that the fundamentalists have made were linked to the activities of the Central Intelligence Agency. I think the bishops overestimate the CIA. It looks as if there are a lot of people who are attracted to neither the old kind of Catholicism nor the new one, and who are looking for a different kind of faith—more individual, more quietist. But it is the new Catholicism that has the *political* dynamic, the capacity for revolutionary social transformation, and the capacity to fuse with national pride—as in earlier times millennialist Puritanism did, first in England and then in North America.

EL YANQUI

IS IT NECESSARY FOR THE UNITED STATES TO TAKE ON the new faith by storming the new Geneva—Managua?

In what remains of this essay, I shall briefly consider three arguments by which it is alleged to be necessary to proceed in this way.

The first is that the new faith is not really a faith at all but a disguise under which Soviet power advances. The second is that even if the new faith *is* native to Latin America, it is basically hostile to the United States. And the third is that the new faith is intrinsically oppressive and totalitarian.

As regards the first part, I have already discussed the native roots of Sandinismo and shown—I hope—that one of its essential characteristics is the restoration of national pride. People who are as fiercely and proudly nationalist as are the Sandinistas are not about to hand their country over to a new master, once they have got rid of the old one. Or, rather, they are not about to do that *voluntarily*. They could be pushed into it. They could be pushed into it if they felt it was the only alternative to surrendering to the power of the United States. The Cuban precedent is there. The more "successful" Reagan's pressure on them is, the more Nicaragua is likely to be forced in that direction. If Soviet power does indeed come to extend into Central America, it will be courtesy of Ronald Reagan.

There is more substance in the second point. Latin American nationalism, including Sandinismo, is anti-American, or anti-*North* American, as they say, being Americans themselves. Sandino himself was fiercely and loudly anti-United States—as well he might be, seeing that the people he was fighting were the U.S. Marines, in his own country.  Latin American nationalism has always had to define itself *against* U.S. power.

At Sandinista rallies the participants have a custom of breaking into ritual chants at certain prescribed moments. Among these chants is one little number that runs, "*Aquí, allá, el Yanqui morirá!*" "Here, there, the Yankee will die!"

Being against *el Yanqui* is central to the Sandinista culture. But it is also important to see just what *el Yanqui* means in this context. *El Yanqui* is not just any old Yankee. Hundreds of real, live Yankees come to Nicaragua every month, without needing a visa, and are welcomed warmly—as several of them told us—by Nicaraguans of all descriptions, both Sandinistas and others. *El Yanqui*, as in that ditty, is the North American who seeks to impose his will on Latin America. *That* is what must die.

Culturally, Nicaraguans (including Sandinistas) are closer to the United States, in some ways, than almost any other Latin American people. One morning at breakfast in the Hotel Intercontinental, Managua, I was reading *Barricada*—the official organ of the Frente Sandinista—when my eye was caught by a headline: "YANQUIS VENCIDOS," "Yankees beaten."

Who, I wondered, had managed to inflict a defeat on the

Colossus of the North—and if they had, why was *Barricada* running the story on page 14? Then I read the story and found that the people who had beaten the Yankees were the Cleveland Indians.

El béisbol is the national game in Nicaragua, and a national passion, for Sandinistas as well as others. You can see people playing it in every village, and kids practicing on small patches of wasteland in any poor barrio. The only riots that took place during our stay in Nicaragua were between two lots of baseball fans. And all the papers—even *Barricada*—give lots of space not only to Nicaraguan baseball but also to U.S. baseball.

It is curious that the Spanish-speaking countries where baseball is the national game—Cuba and Nicaragua—are also the two that have managed to shake off U.S. political hegemony. Baseball must be character-building.

THE UNITED STATES, IT SEEMS TO ME, POSSESSES A tremendous *natural* attractive power over Latin America—a natural gravitational field—whose effect would be apparent if successive U.S. Administrations were not forever counteracting that pull by pushing around the countries concerned, in misguided and counterproductive efforts to make them more “pro-American.” These are precisely the efforts that have in fact made them *anti-American*, to the extent that they are.

There is, I think, very little personal hatred in Nicaraguan anti-Americanism, even personal hatred for Ronald Reagan. Miguel d'Escoto did indeed fancy that the President might be a victim of diabolical possession, but even that was more in sorrow than in anger. Sandinistas, indeed, understand Ronald Reagan rather better than most foreigners do. They understand, and up to a point respect, his talk about “standing tall,” because “standing tall” is what Sandinismo, too, is all about. They recognize in Reagan, *to that extent*, a partly kindred spirit. “Ronald Reagan,” one Sandinista told me, “is the Ché Guevara of imperialism.”

What Sandinistas cannot accept—and will resist, literally to their last breath—is the insistence that for Americans to be seen to stand tall, Nicaraguans must cringe.

Neither the “Communist” point nor the “anti-American” point, as justifying intervention in Nicaragua, has any validity, in my view. There remains the third point: that the new faith is intrinsically oppressive and totalitarian.

I am concerned in this essay primarily with *faiths*: with the element of faith in Sandinismo, and with Sandinismo *as* faith. But it is necessary at this point to consider, more succinctly, the nature of the Sandinista polity.

The dominant characteristic of the Sandinista polity is government by a revolutionary elite: the Frente Sandinista itself, headed by the nine *comandantes de la revolución*, the National Directorate. This governing principle was established in the formation of the Frente itself, twenty-five years ago, and maintained throughout the Revolution. The Revolution is held not to have been completed by the

fall of Somoza but to be still continuing, the present phase being the defense of the Revolution against the counter-revolutionary forces in the pay of the United States.

In this phase, as in the earlier ones, the Frente sees itself as the Vanguard of the People, *la Vanguardia del Pueblo*. Those who make up the Vanguard are, in Fonseca's words, “joined to the people and guiding it.” This concept may be Fonseca's—and so Sandinismo's—principal debt to Lenin, but it is a lot older than Lenin and is probably inherent in every revolutionary “process”; the Cromwellian Saints and Robespierre's Jacobins saw matters in essentially the same light, subject to wide rhetorical variations.

The principle of rule by a revolutionary elite was overlaid, not superseded, by the general elections held in November, 1984. Not that the elections seem to have been rigged. There were many international observers around, including Western parliamentary delegations, and most of these agreed that on the whole the elections were conducted fairly—and a lot more fairly than most in Latin America. But of course the mere fact of being the incumbents gave the Sandinistas an enormous advantage, in conditions where voters had no previous experience of free elections. More fundamental, it is extremely doubtful whether the opposition, even if it had won an electoral majority, would thereby have attained real power. Throughout the whole thing, the army remained the Ejército Sandinista, the police the Policía Sandinista. Elsewhere in Latin America even the fairest elections generally lead to no change in the real structure of power, because the elected civilians never attain more than nominal control over the armed forces. And I don't believe the Frente would have allowed even a victorious opposition to de-Sandinize the armed forces.

Indeed, it seems clear that the Frente could not, *consistent with the Sandinista faith to which it is committed*, have accepted anything of the kind. At least as long as the Revolution is threatened by the counterrevolution—and God knows how long that may be—no proper Sandinista can possibly consent to letting the *vendepatrias* take over again, either by elections or by force.

The idea of democratic process has no special sanctity in Sandinista eyes—or in many other Latin American eyes either. Elections may be tactically useful in certain conditions, but no Sandinista could permit them to prevail against the truly sacred things: *la Revolución*, *la Patria*, *el Reino de Dios*. It is a question of faith, and articles of faith are not changed by counting heads. The same sacred things are also felt to be more important than freedom of expression. If censorship is useful for the defense of the Revolution, then let there be censorship, is the Sandinista position. The suspension, or suppression, of *La Prensa* in June, following the U.S. House of Representatives vote of monies for the contras, was hardly an unexpected Sandinista decision.

The Sandinista elite is unquestionably “joined to the people,” in that—unlike other Latin American juntas—it has worked to improve the conditions of the poor. I would

define the nature of this state as elitist and authoritarian but not totalitarian and not physically oppressive, although it can be held—and is held by the opposition—that rule by an elite and press censorship in themselves constitute oppression. That may be so, but if so, it is a milder form of oppression than the word generally conjures up or than prevails in most of Latin America. The security forces are more restrained, and less likely to throw their weight around, than in other Latin American countries. This is no gulag state; for example, the present conditions of imprisonment of members of Somoza's National Guard, convicted of war crimes, are remarkably mild. Tomás Borge's saying, "Our vengeance is forgiveness," was more than just a Latin flourish. As Minister for the Interior, Borge has lived up to it, to an extent that I believe to be unique in the history of revolutionary justice. (Borge himself, during the Revolution, was tortured by the National Guard, and his wife was tortured, raped, and murdered by members of the same force.) And people—although not free to publish attacks on the regime in the media—feel absolutely free to attack it in private conversation, or from the pulpit. All that may, of course, change, under the pressures of the war, and other pressures. I am speaking of how things are now. The picture projected by the Reagan Administration, of present-day Nicaragua as a sort of totalitarian inferno, is very far from the truth—as even American embassy officials occasionally admit. In its early years the regime made remarkable progress in the eradication of illiteracy and disease and in the replacement of substandard housing. But these achievements are now at risk—and there have been setbacks in all these fields—because of the economic pressures on Nicaragua and because of the disruption of production in the countryside, and the flight of population, caused by contra attacks on villages and cooperatives. There are now shortages of virtually everything, including water. Even the privileged guests of the Hotel Intercontinental in Managua have to do without a water supply on Tuesdays and Fridays every week. In some of the barrios people count themselves lucky if they *get* water two days a week. People are experiencing great hardship. One young mother—not an enemy of the regime—said to me with passion, "Day after day, things are getting worse and worse."

So in terms of making life miserable for most Nicaraguans the Reagan pressures have been quite successful. But the success would make some kind of sense—even of a nasty kind—only if the misery were putting the skids under the Sandinistas. It is true that if elections were held now it is *possible*—though not, in my opinion, likely—that the public hardship might result in a majority against the Frente. But, as argued above, and as Washington must know, the Sandinistas have no intention of letting themselves be put out of power in this way. Nor are unarmed masses of people about to rise up and expel the Sandinistas. The pressures could have their intended effect only if they tended to split the Sandinistas themselves, including

the Ejército Sandinista. But they don't work that way; quite the contrary. All this pressure, coming from Washington, tends to unite Sandinistas, because it threatens the most cherished deity in their pantheon: *el decoro nacional*. Nicaraguans feeling a sense of national pride—almost always defined with negative reference to the United States—tend to rally behind the Frente in answer to so blatant a challenge from the North. Some Nicaraguan nationalists did initially rally to the contra cause, around the theme of "the Revolution betrayed," but several of these have now given up, the most prominent being Eden Pastora. After these defections, the contra cause has been looking more and more like what the Sandinistas always said it was: a *vendepatria* enterprise.

It is true that there are sizable numbers of Nicaraguans who care very little about *la patria* or *el decoro nacional*. For those in the Atlantic provinces for whom Spanish is not the first language, and whose religion is not Catholic—English-speakers of Jamaican origin and some Indians—neither the notion of *la patria* nor, consequently, Sandinismo can have much appeal. I was reliably informed in Bluefields that about four fifths of local young males subject to call-up have left the country rather than undergo their *servicio militar patriótico*. And it is also because of a lack of "Nicaraguan" feeling in these provinces, and a consequent presence of resentment of Sandinista efforts to mobilize support, that the contras were initially able to make headway in this region, though they subsequently lost much support, because of the indiscriminately brutal behavior of many of their number. Today the prevailing attitude in these provinces seems to be one of "wait and see," with little enthusiasm for either the Sandinistas or the contras.

But it is on the Spanish and Catholic Pacific side, where most of the population is, that *la patria* is, and has its devotees, the Sandinistas. The Sandinistas cannot, in my opinion, be driven from Managua except by the direct use of U.S. force. And if they are driven out of Managua they will still go on fighting, as guerrillas, and others will join them, and U.S. forces will have to stay there, in order to prevent a Sandinista comeback. And in that way, bogged down in Nicaragua, the United States will be taking on the forces of nationalism, not only in Nicaragua but throughout Latin America. That did not work out well in Indochina, and I don't think it would work well in Latin America, either.

It is true that in the past the United States has been able to intervene in Latin America repeatedly and with impunity. But things are a bit different now; there is a new spirit around. In particular, the new alignment of *el Dios de los Pobres* and *la patria*—faith and fatherland—is shifting the balance. Pope John Paul II took on that formidable alliance without quite knowing what he was taking on, and then found that he had to back away. In June, President Reagan, in personally swinging that House vote, and in defying the findings of the World Court, seemed still to be moving toward direct U.S. intervention. But I hope that Ronald Reagan, like the Pope, may yet back away, before it is too late. □

SPILLWAY

BY GUY BILLOUT



MUSIC

THE LAST ROMANTICS

BY ANNALYN SWAN

FOR THE PAST twenty years nothing has created more excitement in the piano world than Vladimir Horowitz's periodic returns to the stage—most recently in a Carnegie Hall concert last December and on his celebrated trip to Russia last spring. The playing itself may be erratic now, the tempest of sound and surface fire diminished, the flawless technique eroded by time. Yet none of it seems to matter. Audiences want to believe that all the old magic exists, because of a sobering truth—Horowitz is irreplaceable. With the death of Artur Schnabel, in 1982, Horowitz, now eighty-one, became the last great representative of a tradition reaching back unbroken to Liszt and running through the legendary pianists Anton Rubinstein, Sergei Rachmaninoff, and Josef Hofmann. Despite the insistent demand by audiences for virtuosity, the spiritual connection with that era of big, passionate playing has been broken. Horowitz is truly, as he calls himself, the "last Romantic."

Many serious musicians, of course, do not mourn the passing of the age—least of all the advocates of contemporary music and the lean, angular modern sound. They equate Romanticism with the big bangers. Among the less-talented followers of Liszt—the greatest virtuoso of them all—Romanticism declined into eccentric and inaccurate playing, with extra notes thrown in for effect; excessive rubato (a relaxing of strict time), which destroyed any sense of musical line; and, worst of all, speed for the sake of speed. In the past few decades high Romanticism has begun to fall out of favor. Besides Rubinstein and Horowitz there have been only a few renegade Romantics—most notably Jorge Bolet, Earl Wild, and André Watts. Many of the most serious pianists have turned toward more analytic playing, with a renewed focus on the architecture and ideas of music.

This modernist tradition has produced some great masters and classics of its own. And yet, if a decade of live performances by every sort of contemporary

pianist, from brilliant to elegant to intellectual, is any indication, something seems to be missing. Call it romantic brio, call it electricity: it is the mysterious quality that made Horowitz and Rubinstein incandescent onstage, and caused their fellow pianists to marvel. There was a way of playing best suited to nineteenth-century composers—Chopin, Liszt, Rachmaninoff—although Horowitz is justly famed for his Scarlatti, and Rubinstein for his Mozart concertos. This style stressed grandeur and power, a big, singing line, and gorgeous sound. It was not especially intellectual playing, but it was based on great instinct: the feverish contrasts in Horowitz's Scriabin, for example, or Rubinstein's whirling, exuberant interpretation of Schumann's *Carnaval*.

Horowitz has been called, by his de-



tractors, a master of musical distortion. What emerges from the records of both Horowitz and Rubinstein, however, is less willful distortion than an unmistakably personal style. The genius of both musicians lay in their ability to straddle two worlds—one foot back in the Romantic camp, with its poetry and flamboyance, one foot forward in the modern era, with its emphasis on accuracy. Rubinstein was the most natural of pianists. Blessed with technical wizardry and an unmatched love of playing, he seemed at one with the composer and the piano. Hearing his Chopin, one couldn't imagine Chopin played any other way. If Rubinstein knew the secrets of the Romantic soul, Horowitz in his prime burned with passion and nervous energy. He all but hypnotized audiences with the sense of leashed-in power waiting to break free. He turned the piano into a thundering cataclysm in fortissimo passages and spun gossamer threads of sound in pianissimo passages. Above all, Horowitz and Rubinstein took chances; better to fail nobly than to play it safe. Horowitz once said to a magazine interviewer, "I must tell you I take terrible risks. Because my playing is very clear, when I make a mistake you hear it. If you want me to play only the notes without any specific color dynamics, I will never make one mistake. Never be afraid to dare. And never imitate."

"NEVER BE AFRAID to dare": that is what most pianists do *not* do today. This is the era of playing it safe, of high technical standards and little imagination. What explains this paralyzing correctness? For one thing, the past two decades have seen the emergence of "authentic" music-making—scholarly studies of how music was performed in earlier periods and the precise re-creation of the period style on authentic or early instruments. Such exactitude has colored all musical thinking, imposing an unwelcome rigidity on nineteenth-century works. Not for today's pianists the Romantic belief that the composer's intentions were where you started, not where you stopped.

Perfection is raised to a first principle by piano competitions, which in the past few decades have launched more and more careers. In order to win, a young contestant must usually stick so closely to the score that he will not offend any of the academicians on the jury. The result is so note-perfect that the playing often

seems more a photocopy of the score than a performance—exact but lifeless. It leads to what the noted concert pianist Rudolf Firkusny, who is on the piano faculty at the Juilliard School, has labeled “splendid uniformity.”

Even worse is what happens in the recording studio. To begin with, most of the piano repertory has already been recorded by the great pianists of the past. Thus from the outset it is hard for today's younger performers to find their way to a fresh interpretation. The record industry's insistence on note-by-note precision has also meant performances cut and spliced so that all sense of spontaneity vanishes. (Passages are ironed together from any number of individual “takes,” rather than reflecting the momentum of a performance in progress.) Just listen to an earlier record, such as Horowitz's 1951 rendition of the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 3 in D Minor, with Fritz Reiner and the RCA Symphony (digitally remastered on RCA's Great Performances series). The fire and immediacy are enthralling.

MORE THAN ANYTHING else, the influence of modernist ideas has led to the decline of the virtuosic tradition. Performers, like artists and composers, reflect their times. For the past few decades the prevailing intellectual climate, if not the popular one, has favored astringent, determinedly unromantic music-making. This is the century, after all, of Bartók, Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and John Cage, who treated the piano as a percussive instrument. It is also the century that deified Arturo Toscanini, who demanded absolute precision from his orchestras. American pianists in particular seem attuned to the contemporary spirit, and many talented Americans—Leo Smit, Ursula Oppens, and Paul Jacobs, among others—are well-known interpreters of twentieth-century works. Conversely, many pianists coming to Romantic music seem to have no direct way in. Joel Sachs, one of the directors of Continuum, a twentieth-century-music group based in New York, and the chairman of the music-history department at the Juilliard School, has spoken of the students' unease with rubato. When they try to loosen up in Romantic music, he explains, their playing may sound labored. “The Romantic style is now very remote from us,” he says. “We must cut through many accumulated traditions to get back to the music itself.”

The lack of a true Romantic successor is most immediately noticeable in the generation behind Rubinstein and Horowitz—the pianists now in their fifties. The gifted young American virtuosos who blazed their way to the top of the music world after the Second World War consumed themselves tragically early. The most famous example, of course, is Van Cliburn, the hero of the 1958 Tchaikovsky International Piano Competition in Moscow, the gangling young Texan who was adored by Russians and Americans alike. Cliburn had the bigness of style and the raw talent to become a great Romantic; his interpretation of the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 remains thrilling. But Cliburn has not played in public since 1978; few people believe that this is still an “intermission” in his career, as he maintains.

Another great loss is Leon Fleisher, one of the foremost pianists in the talented generation of Van Cliburn, Glenn Gould, Malcolm Frager, and Gary Graffman, to name but five. A brilliant technician with power and virtuosity to spare, Fleisher was immobilized in the early 1960s by a mysterious ailment of the right hand; he is limited to the tiny left-hand repertory. Graffman suffers

from a similar disability. Maybe the generation that produced Glenn Gould, the great Canadian iconoclast, could have produced the next Rubinstein, but it did not. Among the Europeans of that generation, Alfred Brendel stands out. But he belongs to a different tradition, that of Artur Schnabel and Rudolf Serkin, with its rigorously intellectual (and deeply felt) approach to the Austro-German repertory.

Of the pianists now in their forties, Vladimir Ashkenazy comes closest to the traditional Russian Romantic model. Trained at the Moscow Conservatory, he has a staggering technique and nervous, febrile energy. But Ashkenazy's playing has always seemed oddly removed, as if the churned-up passion disguised a fundamental detachment. He never plays for an audience, one feels, so much as against himself. In recent years Ashkenazy has turned more and more to conducting. So has the multi-talented Daniel Barenboim, an equally enigmatic pianist. Barenboim has claimed to be a Romantic, but his playing, while large in scale, has sometimes seemed unnatural and exaggerated. Maurizio Pollini, perhaps the greatest talent of our time, is if anything anti-Romantic. A brilliant perfectionist in the tradition of Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, he is the ice to Romanticism's fire. That leaves, at least on the highest level of interpretation, the Argentine pianist Martha Argerich, a volcanic talent with a temperament to match. But Argerich is oddly erratic. Some of her performances galvanize; others seem constrained. It is as if her temperament were at war with her training.

Among the twenty-five- to thirty-five-year-olds there is no lack of out-and-out virtuosity, of steely-fingered technicians who can toss off the Romantic blockbusters with stupendous speed and ease. But theirs is at best a hollow form of flattery, in which great technique attempts to substitute for great temperament. Far more interesting is the rapprochement with the Romantic past effected by the gifted young pianists Andrés Schiff and Krystian Zimerman. Like Rubinstein and Horowitz, they love lyrical melodies and can coax a rainbow of colors from the piano. But both reject the Lisztian side of Romanticism—the razzle-dazzle concertos, the clattering chords. Schiff is perhaps best known for bringing new lyricism to Bach. Zimerman is more conventionally Romantic, at least in repertory. The poet of his generation, he has



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a molten tone and effortless grace. His Chopin, in particular, sings.

And then there is the "Ivo Pogorelich phenomenon." The Yugoslav-born Pogorelich, twenty-seven, caused a stir by *not* winning the Warsaw International Chopin Competition in 1980. Unlike Schiff and Zimmerman, he is reviving the most flamboyant side of the Romantic past. He affects the disdainful petulance of a rock star. What's more, his playing drips with exaggerated rubato and unorthodox tempi. He can lavish so much detail on each note of a gentle melody that the line of the piece sags. At other times, however, he transcends distortion and brings freshness to a work.

Love him or hate him, one can at least understand Pogorelich's excesses. The scholarly correctness of our age can be stifling. What better way to break through its strictures—and at the same time come up with different-sounding records—than to be eccentric? The problem with Pogorelich, in the end, is that he seems less an original than a poseur. For every arresting idea there is an irritating mannerism; he doesn't seem to feel his interpretations so much as impose them. Perhaps the cool, calculated effect is more that of the personality than of the actual playing. But it is intrusive.

At least for now, those who admire the real Romanticism of Rubinstein and Horowitz will have to look to the past. A new documentary from CAMI VIDEO—*Vladimir Horowitz: The Last Romantic*—is a vivid testament to that past. Shot last year and given its premiere last November at Carnegie Hall, the ninety-minute film shows Horowitz at home in his Manhattan townhouse, chatting with his wife, Wanda. At first he toys coquettishly with the idea of playing. He executes fragments of several melodies, of one piece and then of another. He launches into the Bach-Busoni Chorale in G Minor. And then there's no stopping him. Mozart, Schubert, Chopin: the playing, at first stiff, relaxes. The music begins to sparkle. This is the Horowitz of old. At the end of the last Moszkowski étude, played with breathtaking lightness, he caresses the final note and beams mischievously at the camera. Like Rubinstein, he is reveling in the moment, the music, his easy mastery. It's as if to say, "Oh, this? This is nothing!" And suddenly we realize what is missing elsewhere—that supremely simple thing, the sheer joy of creating beautiful music. □

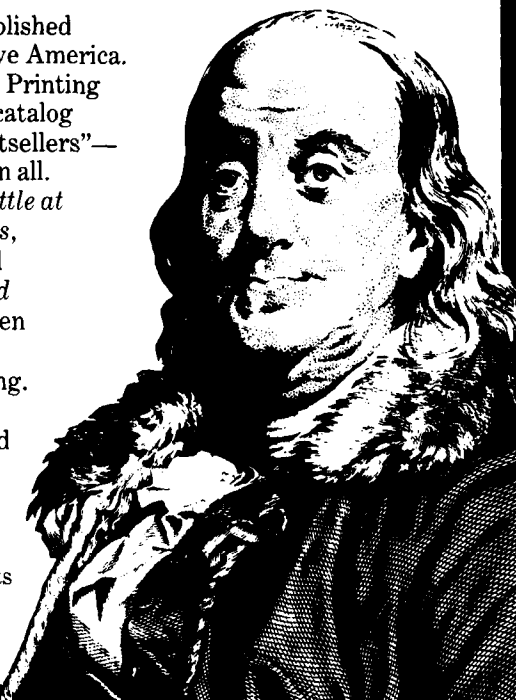
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POP CULTURE

COMIC BOOKS FOR GROWN-UPS

BY LLOYD ROSE

HOWARD CHAYKIN has seen the future, and it's full of garter belts. In his comic-book series *American Flagg!*, which is set in the mid-twenty-first century, Chaykin's women have the requisite amount of pop-cultural post-feminist toughness: they fly jets and perform emergency operations on lunch counters and tote the occasional automatic weapon. But what one can only refer to as their gams—the kind of legs found nowhere on earth except Las Vegas and in comic books—are upholstered and decorated with an assortment of hose and garter straps that would make Frederick (of the Hollywood Fredericks) look twice. This silky-seeming legwear must be made out of some futuristic miracle material, for Chaykin's ladies come through the worst kinds of gunfire and disaster with their stockings serenely unladdered.

It may seem a long way from the countercultural underground "comix" of the sixties and early seventies, with their explicit criticism of American society, to the violence and hedonism of Chaykin's work—a retreat from "relevance" to mere entertainment. But the comic books of the eighties are probably more diverse and more geared to an adult audience than those of any previous era. The growth of comic-book "specialty stores" in the past eight years or so has made it possible for companies like First, Pacific, and Fantagraphics to compete with the majors (DC and Marvel) in distribution, and these small publishers have provided a place for individual artists to work without being shaped to a company mold. Françoise Mouly and Art Spiegelman's beautifully produced *Raw* magazine features work by American, European, and Japanese artists of post-punk, jagged ugliness: grim, surreal political critiques, and depictions of various states of numbness and paranoia. *Raw* also contains Spiegelman's extraordinary picture novel *Maus*, in which he tells the story of his parents' experiences in Nazi-occupied Europe using animals, mostly mice, as characters. Harvey Pekar's *American Splendor*

(drawn by various artists, among them that grand old man of the comix Robert Crumb) is a shaggy, sweet-rueful account of down-and-out life in Cleveland. In *Love and Rockets*, the Hernandez brothers play every modernist game they can think of, from text-and-pictures deconstruction to Heisenbergian perceptual jokes on the reader.

Even what most people think of as the American comic book—the colorful, energetic adventures of ultra-powered beings like Superman and Spiderman, who fight their way across the roofs of skyscrapers to the accompaniment of boldly lettered *Zaps* and *Pows*—even these superhero comics have been reclaimed for adults and made sophisticated. Generally—and accurately—denounced for its stupidity, male-adolescent outlook, sameness, and sheer junkiness, the superhero genre has nonetheless produced a trio of uneven but fascinating talents: Frank Miller (*Daredevil*, *Ronin*, and *Dark Knight*), Dave Sim (*Cerebus*), and Howard Chaykin (*American Flagg!*, *The Shadow*). And the satirical worlds these artists have created—often amusing, sometimes horrifying—say as much about the eighties as comix ever did about the sixties.



Panel from *Raw* 8

All three men owe something to Will Eisner, whose *The Spirit* in the early forties pioneered what might be called the cinematic comic style and was written for a pulp-loving adult audience. But Eisner's inspiration came from hard-boiled detective stories. Miller, Sim, and Chaykin are working out of their affection for and skepticism toward those overmuscled overachievers whom Sim refers to generically as "Mucusman." Sim has always been an independent, publishing with his own company, Aardvark-Vanaheim. But Miller and Chaykin have worked in "the industry" (that is, for DC or Marvel).

MILLER FIRST MADE a name for himself with Marvel's *Daredevil*, which he wrote and drew from 1979 to 1981. Violent, kinetic, and set in a moodily lit New York City, *Daredevil* was the first *film noir* comic book, and it remains the most successful marriage of beauty and blood in mainstream comics.

There is a lot of sadism, almost exclusively directed toward women, in comic books. But Miller's violence isn't sadistic—it seems part of the fierce, erupting movement of his graphic style, sensual yet abstract. His draftsmanship is weak, but that hardly matters. Looking at his fight scenes, you can practically feel the amoral, physical joy of his characters, as if you were watching dancers. He reminds you of how sexy superhero comics are—not because all the women have gravity-defying D-cup breasts and all the men thighs like Baryshnikov but because the characters, in their skintight outfits, are always extended in motion: leaping across roofs, falling through space, springing at their enemies. The flesh is celebrated, expressionistically and passionately.

After he left *Daredevil*, Miller contracted with DC Comics to write and draw his own comic, *Ronin*, a six-book series. *Ronin* isn't fully successful, but it has its own peculiar power, and there's nothing else quite like it. The eponymous hero is a samurai reincarnated into the body of an armless, legless mental deficient who is used for testing new prosthetic devices. This bizarrely sado-masochistic setup evolves into a bloodily heroic action tale set in a dreadful urban society of the future. Miller's mixture of plot elements from all areas of pulp (demons, outré technology) never quite gels. But visually *Ronin* is striking and disturbing—it bubbles with disease. Everything seems blistered, and the col-



Page from Batman: The Dark Knight

or (by the talented Lynn Varley, who also did the first issues of *American Flagg!*) is mostly a bilious green, or the blues and yellows of a bruise. Miller's work here has been compared to that of the French comics artist Moebius, but it's much less clear-lined and cartoon-like. The world of *Ronin* is full of organic machinery, and it all seems to be rotting. Miller experiments with depicting movement abstractly, and the earlier clean power of his bodies charging through space has been lost. Here even motion decays, and the bodies are now scarred

and mutilated. *Ronin* is about vulnerability and the corruption of the flesh, how it can be damaged and made to hurt.

It was hard to see, after *Ronin*, how Miller could go much further. But his reworking of that old comics chestnut Batman in *Dark Knight*, his four-book series for DC, is, in the most literal sense, nightmarish: the story is like a fever dream that a disturbed and imaginative city-dweller might have after binging on comics. As in *Ronin*, all the usual components—monstrous villains, justified vigilantism, the tormented hero—are in

place; and as in *Ronin*, they have almost nothing to do with what the comic is about. What it's about is our ordinary urban fears brought to a pitch of ferocious hysteria. Reading *Dark Knight* is like seeing your squirmiest, grossest street fears brought into the light and given, if not exactly reality, at least shape.

Dark Knight is inked by Klaus Janson, who worked with Miller on *Daredevil*, and it's not as decayed-looking as *Ronin* (which Miller inked himself). Janson has a hard-edged, rather geometric linear style, and under his pen Miller's figures seem more traditionally comic-book. This makes the ugliness of their adventures even harder to take, and Lynn Varley is still around to soak the pages with her nighttime colors.

MILLER HAS ATTEMPTED to extend the superhero comic and make it carry images and ideas it may not be capable of carrying; he always seems to be straining the edges of the form. But Sim and Chaykin have embraced it. *Cerebus*, *American Flagg!*, and *The Shadow* aren't so much attempts to transform pulp as they are lively springboard somersaults into the air above it. Where Miller gets down and dirty, Chaykin and Sim get high.

Cerebus began as a straightforward funny-animal parody (*Cerebus* is an aardvark) of Marvel's *Conan the Barbarian*. But Sim's uninspired aardvark-as-barbarian joke has developed into a sophisticated and acidly amusing political satire. The country *Cerebus* inhabits is full of competitive city-states, each with its own economy (unlike most pop satirists, Sim has some idea of how political reality actually works) and quarreling political parties and religious movements. *Cerebus* is the only anthropomorphic animal in an otherwise human world (a fact none of the other characters remarks on) and for this reason alone is an outsider and the perfect ironic observer. He's a greedy, vile-tempered, selfish little critter, but Sim likes him. A while back he made him Pope. One of *Cerebus*'s first acts as Pope was to send a baby he was asked to bless whizzing off over the heads of the crowd like a well-thrown football. Sim's effervescent cruelty has a tonic shock to it, and though one may hesitate to say so, his extremes of misanthropy can be very, very funny.

As a stylist, Sim is in many ways an illustrator in the old-fashioned sense. He poses his characters to be looked at: your eye wants to linger over them rather

than move on. And he does things like experiment with large areas of black and white, and surround his pages with decorative borders. Yet his work isn't static. Part of the surprise of his style is the way he achieves a sense of movement, not through shifts in his composition (that is, flinging his characters across the page—though he can do wonderful parodies of superhero building-leaping) but by manipulating perspective. Miller's work is influenced by an imitative of film storytelling, but Sim really does have a cinematographer's eye. He swoops in for close-ups, gazes

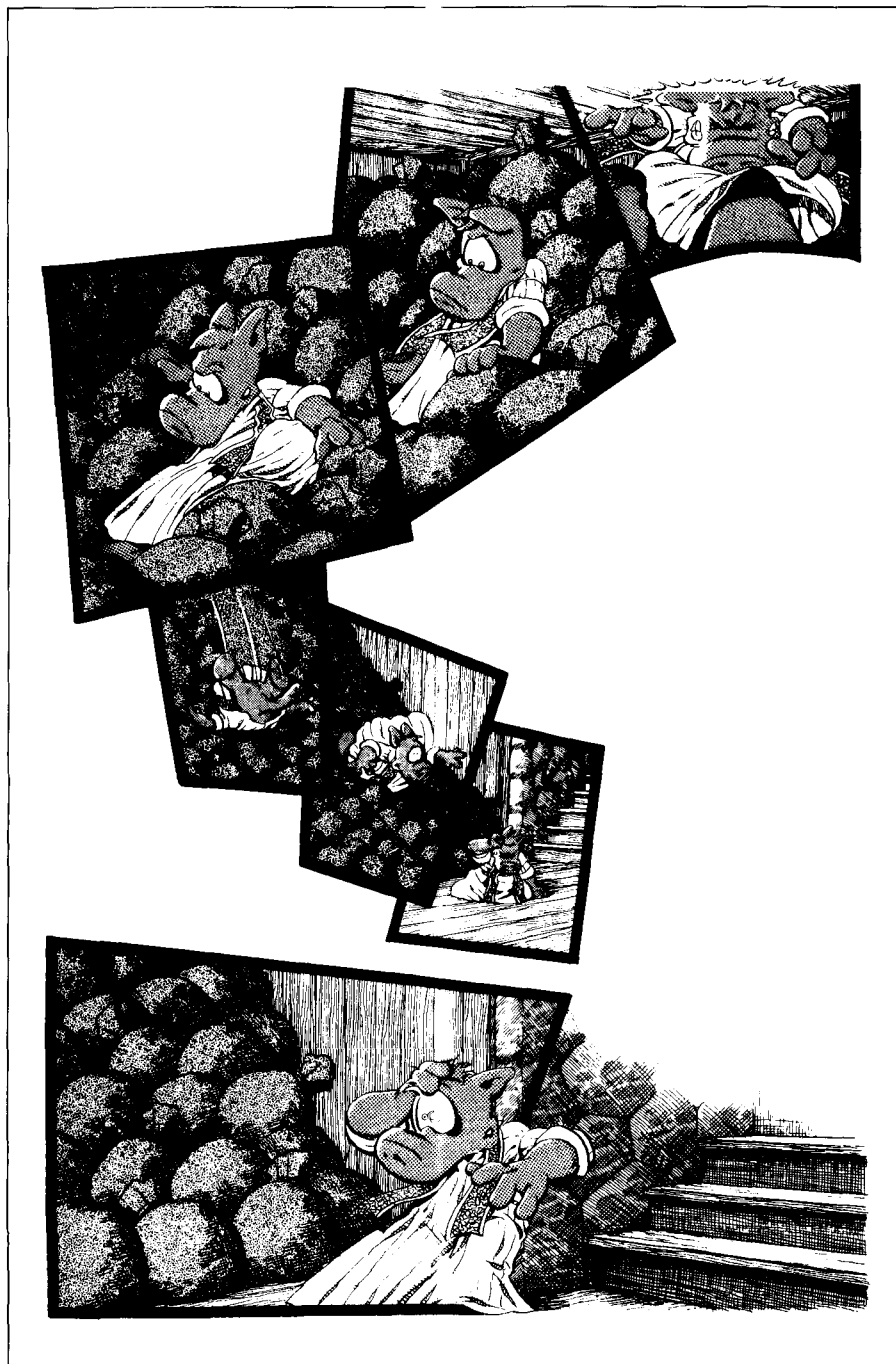
down from a ceiling corner, focuses on a detail of movement and depicts each of its stages. Sometimes he draws a character standing beside himself in consecutive states of motion—it's like looking at a strip of Muybridge photographs. The drawings carry a sense of impending movement within them—they're poised on the edge of transition from one image to another. At times Sim seems like an animation director who happens to be drawing comic books. (He has done a portfolio of what might almost be a director's primary drawings for three short films, called, appropriately enough, *The*

Animated Cerebus.) Two years ago Sim took on a collaborator, Gerhard, to provide him with detailed and atmospheric backgrounds (never his strong point) against which to place his aardvark's adventures, and the drawings now have a new depth and texture.

Yet in some ways Sim is more like a writer illustrating his own stories than a comics artist who thinks mostly in visual terms. *Cerebus* really has to be read in order to be enjoyed. Sim has sometimes devoted whole pages to text, and the writing doesn't need pictures—it stands on its satirical own. As a dialogue writer, Sim has a certain *nostalgie de la vaudeville*, and I can give him no higher praise than to say that when he presumes to write lines for a character based on Groucho Marx, he's up to the task.

This character, Lord Julius, is an example of the way pop-cultural figures wander into *Cerebus* and take on a life of their own. (The latest examples are Mick Jagger and Keith Richards.) At some point after a viewing of *Duck Soup*, Sim must have asked himself the question, What would a country run by Groucho Marx *really* be like? and then created a madhouse bureaucracy that would make Kafka quail. Lord Julius fits quite comfortably into this world, as, indeed, do Sim's parodies of superheroes and fantasy heroes and his talking aardvark. The world of *Cerebus* is so detailed and—with its politicians, warring interests, hypocrisy, opportunism, and folly—so familiar that we accept its odd citizens as mere eccentrics. There's a streak of Lewis Carroll in Sim—the politicians and flunkies have all the fantastic reality of the court of the Queen of Hearts. None of the characters has yet said "We're all mad here," but they all are. For Sim this madness is ordinary, matter-of-fact: Was the world ever any other way?

THE BRUTAL, PORNY, stylish worlds of *American Flagg!* and *The Shadow* are mad too, but Chaykin, unlike Sim, doesn't take the madness for granted. He revels in it. In contrast to the lurid goings-on, the pictures have a crisp, pop elegance; Chaykin seems to have taken his inspiration from between-the-wars American illustrators like James Montgomery Flagg and J. C. Leyendecker. This nostalgic style gives the books their visual charm, but they're far from quaint. The style is matched to a hectic, razzle-dazzle sense of movement—the images rush and tumble past you, the sound effects screech across the page.



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Page from *Cerebus*



Page from American Flagg!

In *The Shadow*, Chaykin is reworking the old hero of radio fame, and although he makes the story zing nastily along, he's not as unfettered as he was in *American Flagg!* He no longer writes or draws *Flagg!* (though back issues are available, and the first few stories have been issued in a large-format paperback under the title *Hard Times*), but in its day he made it the *Miami Vice* of comic books. It's set in a somewhat confusing future dystopia in which, as far as I can figure out, the United States government has relocated to Mars, the East Coast has been destroyed by a gigantic nuclear

meltdown, and Brazil wants to buy Illinois. A lot of Chaykin's future is built on exaggerations of present social conditions. (He has said in an interview that the future "is a lot like the present only later and more so.") The gap between rich and poor is enormous. The cities are jungles inhabited by street gangs, and the centers of civilization more or less as we know it are huge shopping malls. Racial hatred is commonplace (though so is racial tolerance) and fuels politics to a vicious degree. (The neo-Nazi party is called, in a piece of typical Chaykinian wit, the Gotterdammercrats.)

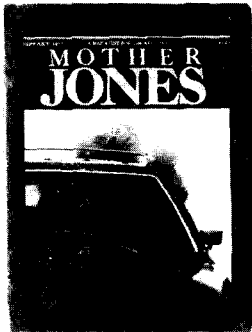
This is a shallow parody of America, exactly what people mean when they use *comic-book* as a disparaging adjective. But Chaykin isn't stupid, and he's on to something. The shallowness is part of the point. It plays to our worst fears about our plastic, violent culture, with its philistine tastes and hunger for novelty. Chaykin has taken the silliest extremes of our cultural despair—"No one will be able to read in the future!"—and brought them to life.

It's kind of a fun life, too. Chaykin has said that *American Flagg!* is a leftist response to the expropriation of the idea of patriotism by the right. And it's true that Reuben Flagg, his hero, is a sort of superpatriot, the lone decent man in a society gone foul, a descendant of the western lawman. But though Chaykin may care about American decency, what he loves is American junk. His consumer-mall society is a circus of cheap elements from action movies, porn films, comic books, sci-fi, TV, all going off as gloriously as fireworks.

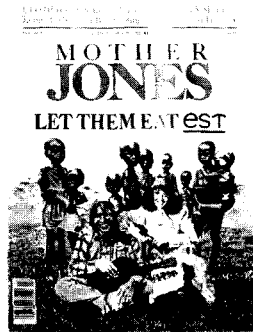
Chaykin has charged right through the superhero genre and come out on the other side. Miller has burrowed down into pulp hell. Sim appears to have taken a left turn at Albuquerque and ended up in his own no-aardvark's-land. But the impetus behind their books is the same. Instead of outgrowing the comics they read in their teens and early twenties, Chaykin, Miller, and Sim have found what they loved in them all along and turned that into a personal artistic reality.

What they have created may not exactly be art, but in America the self-conscious and self-defined avant-garde has always had as an unruly twin the low-culture entertainment that turns out to be a junk parable. From Raymond Chandler's neon-dream Los Angeles through the homegrown surrealism of Buster Keaton's movies to the sci-fi political allegory of the original *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, the lowbrow art form that usurps the effects (and sometimes the power) of high art is a commonplace. Grace and poetry have their place here, but so do vulgarity, sloppiness, and sentimentality, the accidental and the overdone. We're in a subaesthetic area, with no redeeming intellectual or social qualities, only instinct and rude energy. In this despised and largely unexplored terrain Miller, Sim, and Chaykin have staked their claims. Their success is an apotheosis of the uncritical fannish attitude, the triumph and redemption of shameless love of trash. □

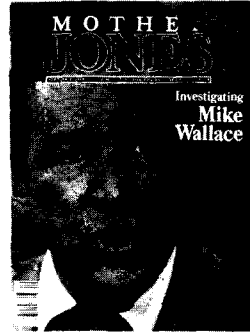
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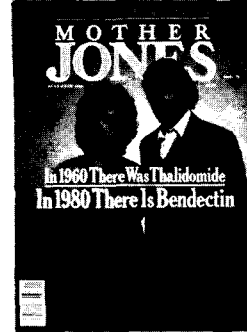
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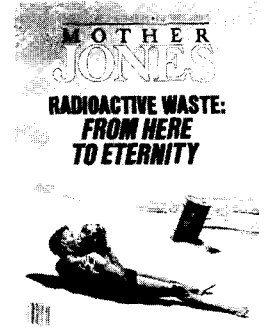
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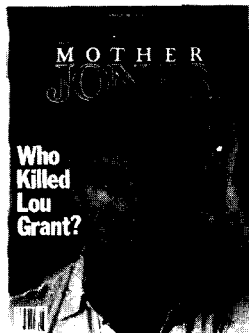
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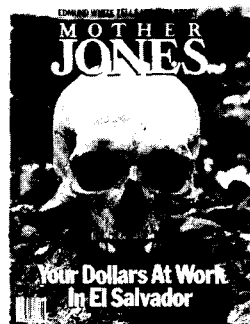
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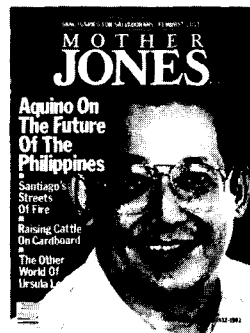
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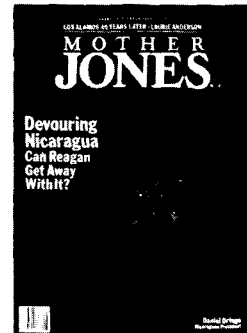
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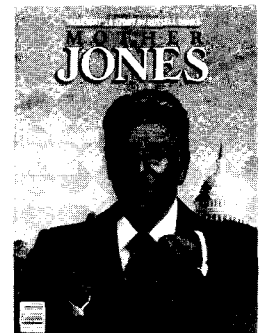
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1985



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FASHION

THE LOUVRE'S NEW GALLERY

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

THE NEW MUSÉE des Arts de la Mode, France's long-awaited museum of fashion, located in the Pavillon de Marsan of the Louvre, finally opened its doors at the start of this year amid fanfare and turmoil. The inaugural exhibition, "Moments de Mode," was curated by Edmonde Charles-Roux, a writer and former editor-in-chief of the French edition of *Vogue*, and "staged" by Alfredo Arias, an Argentinian theater director who has been living and working in Paris for the past fifteen years. Intended to show off a good number of the collection's finest holdings, it was originally scheduled to open last October. But construction of the galleries fell behind schedule, and preparations for the show fell victim to internal political squabbles. The three-month delay pushed the date of the opening that much closer to France's midterm elections, on March 16. The Musée des Arts de la Mode was a project of the Socialists, realized under President François Mitterrand and fostered by his Minister of Culture, Jack Lang, but its unveiling came too late to help their cause.

When the Socialists came to power, in 1982, many people were quick to wonder what effect the new regime would have on the business of fashion, particularly the elitist haute couture, which was already languishing. Since then, paradoxically, Paris fashion has been thriving, with couture sales steadily on the climb and a sense of vigor brought on by increased activity. Early in his tenure Mitterrand received fashion designers and members of the fashion press at the Elysée Palace, thereby conferring on fashion a status that other governments had withheld from it. In March the French ready-to-wear collections were shown for the first time all in one place, in the Cour Carrée of the Louvre, a site that had been talked about for years. The third annual fashion Oscars, a lavish award show, will take place at the Opéra this fall. The first graduating class of the Institut de la Mode, a graduate school of business for aspiring fashion magnates,

will finish its one-year program in September. And, finally, there is this new museum at the Louvre. Whatever else the French may say about the Socialists' reign, they cannot deny that the left has had a salutary effect on fashion.

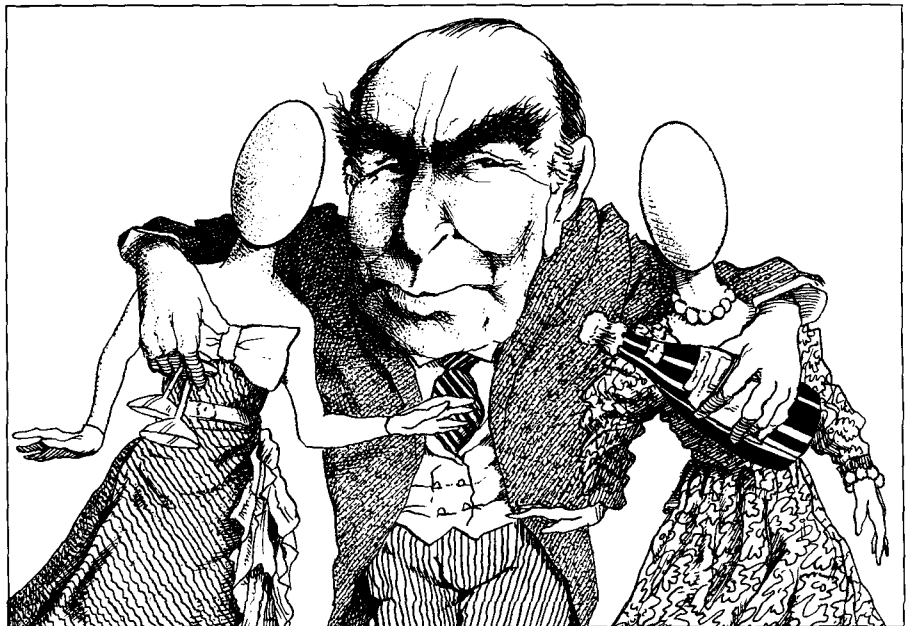
The Musée des Arts de la Mode came about largely through the efforts of Pierre Bergé, Yves Saint Laurent's business manager for the past twenty-seven years. People in fashion circles talk about Bergé with a mixture of admiration and suspicion. With a finger in every important pie (he heads the *Chambre Syndicale du Prêt-à-Porter*, the organization that sponsors the fashion Oscars; the new Institut de la Mode has been his project), Bergé now wields more influence than any other person in all French fashion, a consequence of what some people term his "Napoleon complex" (Bergé being rather short). In fairness, one does wonder what he is up to. In fairness to Bergé, whatever his motives, the fact is that he gets things done and so has earned for himself a reputation not only as a man of grand vision but also as one capable of acting on that vision, an ability that in any field is in short supply.

Toward the end of Valéry Giscard

d'Estaing's Administration, Bergé went to the government and suggested the founding of a fashion museum. There was one in Paris already, the Musée de la Mode et du Costume, in the Palais Galliera, but it belonged to the city and was run on a modest scale. Bergé had in mind something larger and national in character—something world-class. The government at that time agreed, but it was under Jack Lang that the new museum came about and came to be situated in the Louvre.

The cost of renovating the Pavillon de Marsan, which had been fallow—occupied primarily by pigeons and bats since its restoration, completed in 1905 (after having been burned by the Communards in 1871)—was borne by the state, a total of about 50 million francs, or more than \$7 million. The funds for mounting the first exhibition were furnished for the most part by the foundation that continues to pay—approximately eight million francs a year—for the running of the museum, the Comité de Développement et de Promotion du Textile et de l'Habillement (known, for mysterious reasons, as DEFI). This group consists of some twenty representatives from various branches of the French fashion industry, including textiles, knitwear, ready-to-wear, and haute couture, this last represented by Bergé. In a complicated arrangement DEFI is supervised by the government but free to do as its members see fit. "We have a lot of money," Bergé says, "and we give it to promote French textiles."

The Musée des Arts de la Mode houses two collections, which remain



separate, even while under the same roof. The Union des Arts Décoratifs, founded in 1882, has roughly 1,500 articles of clothing, 7,000 accessories, and 15,000 samples of textiles (2,500 of lace alone), and its curator is Nadine Gasc, a shy-seeming woman in her forties, who when asked recently if the collection included anything American (it does not) revealed herself to be a Charles James devotee. The Union Française des Arts du Costume, founded in 1948, has 9,000 complete ensembles, 1,200 hats, 800 fans, 700 pairs of shoes, and other pieces, and it was for the better part of its history led by Yvonne Deslandres, a stubborn dynamo, a *grande mademoiselle* now in her seventies. She reportedly dogged the couture houses and their clients for donations, there being no budget for acquisitions (and no tax incentives for gifts of clothing, as there are in the United States). The UFAC collection was previously housed on the top floor of the Nissim de Camondo museum, a mansion filled with eighteenth-century paintings and decorative arts where it was granted space for storage but no galleries for display, and before that in cramped quarters on the Avenue de la République, in what one former visitor recalls as "a walk-in closet, with the clothes hanging in plastic bags, rigid with age." Among the UFAC's most important holdings are sizable gifts from several couturiers: Madeleine Vionnet donated 120 of her dresses, Paul Poiret's wife, Denise, fifty dresses of his design, and Elsa Schiaparelli ninety pieces. Among its curiosities are the suit that was the star of Christian Dior's first collection, in 1947: a hat trimmed with pin-cushion flowers, used to counter skin maladies, made by Caroline Reboux for the Empress Eugénie's "charity visits"; and Brigitte Bardot's wedding dress, in pink toile de vichy, by Jacques Esterel. Mlle. Deslandres has at last seen the collection she slaved to build installed in France's pantheon of art, but, now gravely ill, she has been forced to turn it over to her successor, Florence Müller, a soft-voiced, pixieish young woman. As is customary, she and Gasc will oversee the collections—and Pierre Provoyeur, the curator-in-chief, will presumably oversee her and Gasc—but, contrary to most museums' policies, the curators at the Louvre will not conceive and mount the shows. That will be done by people brought in from the outside, hired for their expertise in a particular exhibition's subject.

"MOMENTS DE MODE" was a retrospective of styles that epitomized their eras and signified turns in the course for fashion history. As the premise for a show, this idea seems, admittedly, inauspicious. There are, after all, museums all over the world with permanent installations documenting fashion's changes through the ages. But as it turned out, to introduce its collection and state the seriousness of its intent the Louvre could not have done better than this show. Unfortunately, the dates for the next exhibition, a retrospective of Yves Saint Laurent's work, on view now, were immovable, so "Moments de Mode," though it drew crowds of more than 2,000 people a day, ran for only three of its scheduled six months. What set it apart was not so much the clothes themselves, although they were for the most part outstanding, but their presentation, which was unfailingly intelligent and thoughtful. This show proved that where fashion is concerned, a good eye is no substitute for a good mind. Charles-Roux, Arias, and their team evidently have both.

Two years ago Alfredo Arias was appointed by Jack Lang to direct the Centre Dramatique National; its theater company, the Groupe TSE, was granted a home in the Théâtre de la Commune, in Aubervilliers, a working-class community on the outskirts of Paris, where Arias mounted five original productions last season. In the fall of 1984 Arias was asked to stage the new fashion museum's first exhibition, probably, he thinks, because many of the plays he had staged were performed in meticulously executed period costume. Arias is a man who looks to be in his early forties, with a manner that is serious, though not without humor, and wary; his interest is in character, and his interest in clothes is in what they have to tell about people. So when the directors of the new fashion museum invited him to mount its first exhibition, he agreed, on one unprecedented condition: that a mannequin be custom-made for each outfit in the show, a project that promised to be hugely expensive. But Arias was firm, and the museum directors, astoundingly, agreed. (In the end there were 112 pieces, some two thirds of which required mannequins.) The "bodies" in the exhibition changed markedly, along with the fashions and the times.

Having secured bodies for the clothes, Arias then set about creating a context for them, importing a superb

team of designers from the theater—Rostislav Doboujinsky and Sabine Dutilh, who created the decors for the eighteenth century, Claudie Gastine those for the nineteenth, and Fabio Palamidese those for the twentieth. The clothes were set in "rooms" furnished in the style of the period, in little vignettes, some of which were delightfully wry. Accounting for a lone figure stationed at the window of an early-twentieth-century salon peopled with mannequins grouped in twos and threes, in conversation, the caption read, "One solitary woman, a widow, gazes at the horizon."

Arias says that he set out to create "an aesthetic emotion" for each costume. Each outfit, each item, was given its proper weight, presented respectfully, in its own right. These were among the most successful:

—The five predominant dress styles of the eighteenth century, all in lavish patterned satins with fanciful trim, worn by white porcelain mannequins modeled after statues by Canova and posed like music-box figurines on revolving pedestals (an ingenious device, enabling the viewer to see all sides of an elaborate dress) in a topiary garden. Each allegorically represented one of the five senses: Taste held a bunch of grapes, Smell a rose, and Sight a hand mirror in which she gazed at herself admiringly; Sound listened to the songbird perched on her finger; Touch pressed the fingers of one hand to the palm of the other.

—Three sumptuous gowns by Worth, "picture dresses" from the turn of the century, worn in a scene titled "*La Photographie*" by three mannequins posed on a white marble staircase, their heads turned at a slight angle to the camera.

—Two pairs of legs, in bloomers, pedaling a tandem bicycle. Opposite, in a glass case, magnificent hats bedecked with feathers, ribbons, fruits, flowers, and swathes of tulle were perched on stands alongside exotic stuffed birds, on loan from a taxidermist on the Rue du Bac.

—A pale, naked mannequin with the lush body of a nude by Gustav Klimt, sprawled on a velvet-canopied bed in her Belle Époque boudoir, the curtains drawn against the morning light, her clothes strewn about the room.

—The chemises of the twenties, by Doucet, Poiret, and Molyneux, worn by highly stylized wooden mannequins reminiscent of African sculpture, with elongated necks and hands, their heads cocked, their faces carved in arcs and

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angles, like Modigliani portraits, with highly polished terra-cotta-colored "skin." These bizarre gazelles had convened in a dining car on the Train Bleu, which transported Parisian high society to the beaches in the south of France.

The three floors of gallery space, stacked one on top of the other, open onto a center atrium; at its base was a red-plush-covered circus ring with a sawdust floor, walled in by gilt bars and presided over by a ringmaster in a green velvet jacket by Schiaparelli. Around the ring were other Schiaparelli jackets. One, upside down, looked to be worn by an invisible acrobat standing on her head. Another, embroidered with leaves, was suspended from a trapeze and seemed to reach for a silver- and pearl-beaded white satin gown flying through the air. Schiaparelli was by all accounts ferocious, with "a sharp mind, like a knife," Charles-Roux recalls, and this "tiger cage," as she refers to it, perfectly contained the clothes.

But just before arriving at this "final circus" before the war set in, one came to a small corner room with no decor whatsoever save for its two oval-shaped windows—one facing north, with a view that extended to Sacré-Coeur and beyond; the other west, with the Tuileries in the foreground, and the Arc de Triomphe and the Eiffel Tower in the distance. The room housed five white silk dresses by Madeleine Vionnet and five black evening dresses by Chanel, not displayed on mannequins but, according to Arias, worn "by phantoms"—mounted on nearly invisible stands in glass cases lined up to face one another. The Vionnests, with the dazzling purity of their cut, seemed to be in a state of suspended animation; the dresses were caught here and there with wires, to suggest movement. The most striking of them was a dress (from the winter of 1935–1936) with the fabric twisted at one shoulder and draped diagonally across the breasts, and the skirt pulled to one side and stitched in gathers at the hip. The Chanels were highly varied and inventive—one, from 1938, was made entirely of pieces of wide black satin ribbon, a few inches long, sewn in horizontal rows and overlapping, like shingles. The house of Chanel, which in its recent revival under Karl Lagerfeld's leadership has excelled in suits and other of the more predictable Chanel formulas but has been at something of a loss to provide credible evening clothes,

apparently took a lesson: photographs of the coming fall/winter collection show a black strapless evening gown with a "shingled" black-satin-ribbon skirt.

The crowds moved religiously around this little room, from the cases to the windows and back to the cases again, as if the view were part of the display. And in a way it was. These dresses are no less chic today than they were when they were introduced in the 1930s, and for all their formalist concerns, they seem to belong to the city outside—to Paris at its most urbane and convivial.

In America, unfortunately, there has developed a clear distinction between "fashion," meaning this season's collections, the urgent pursuit of clothes currently in the stores, or the grave reproach of a jacket purchased two years ago that one has since grown tired of, and "costume," meaning the clothes of the past. The former is a frivolous pastime, motivated by vanity and profit, promulgated by retailers and women's magazines; the latter is a calm and serious study, pursued within the sanctuary of a museum, yielding valuable clues to the way people lived. These two camps were remarkably separate until Diana Vreeland, formerly the editor-in-chief of *Vogue* and now the special consultant to the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, thought to blend them, by presenting costume exhibitions as fashion. She was the first to take the sort of glamour associated with designers' presentations of their new collections and apply it to clothes on display in a museum, by juxtaposing them with odd background colors, accessorizing them at whim, and providing a musical soundtrack for atmosphere. The effect, at its best, is a certain thrill of immediacy, reminding us that the styles we are looking at, no matter how foreign or antique or inconceivable they appear to us now, were in their own time fashion's height. Vreeland's exhibits have often been criticized for being too "show-biz," but their impact on museums all over the world has been unmistakable, to the extent that anyone mounting an exhibition now must choose between the scholarly and the sensational (or make some rickety compromise between the two). The Louvre exhibition, interestingly, chose neither. Its approach was poetic, hinting at something larger than the clothes themselves, and its subject was not the mere procession of changing styles but the aspirations, dignity, and folly that inspired them. □

BOOKS



FDR'S SECRET SHARER

BY RUSSELL F. WEIGLEY

EISENHOWER: AT WAR 1943–1945
by David Eisenhower.
Random House, \$29.95.

AT BIRTH DAVID Eisenhower was named Dwight David Eisenhower II, in direct tribute to his famous grandfather. This book is the first installment of his own tribute—not precisely a biography but a study of General of the Army and President Eisenhower during his years of world leadership. Though more than a respectful grandson's paean of praise, it breathes both admiration for its hero and regret for the passing of an age of heroic figures.

David Eisenhower says that he conceived the project in 1974, at the time of Watergate, when turning back to his grandfather seemed to offer a refuge. He first intended to study his grandfather's second term as President. But he found that explaining the Eisenhower presidency required a return at least to the beginning of Dwight Eisenhower's major public career—to December, 1943, when he was appointed the Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force—to explore the sources of his attitudes and values. That this work was conceived as focusing on the latter part of Eisenhower's presidency is nevertheless evident in its perspective, which is one of the main features that sets this book apart from other books about Eisenhower's generalship. David Eisenhower is concerned with the generalship

primarily as a source of the later presidential policies and achievements (though, not surprisingly, he cares a great deal about defending the General's reputation against critics). Despite its title, *Eisenhower: At War* is less a military than a political account. This is a pity, because it means that even his grandson now fosters the myth that General Eisenhower was always the diplomat in uniform, rather than a first-rate military commander—when in fact he was very much the latter.

David Eisenhower shows particular interest in the diplomat in uniform concerned with preparing the way for peaceful postwar relations with the Soviet Union. Here the initial intent to write about Eisenhower's presidency most strongly shapes the book. President Eisenhower's attempts to build a détente using a combination of firmness in defending American interests and fair-mindedness toward the Soviets, David Eisenhower suggests, developed consistently out of General Eisenhower's commitment to President Franklin D. Roosevelt's struggle to transform the wartime Soviet-American marriage of convenience into something much more lasting. From this point of view David Eisenhower defends with special vigor his grandfather's decision not to send American troops racing to enter Berlin ahead of the Red Army. The grandson perceives this decision both as courageous in the circumstances—just after President Roosevelt's death, when strong pressures sought to push General Eisenhower in the opposite direction—and as a signal demonstration of the constancy of Eisenhower's efforts to build a peaceful world based upon accommodation between the superpowers.

Because in wartime these attempts at accommodation with the Soviets were closely bound up with President Roosevelt's policies, David Eisenhower's intention to vindicate his grandfather obliges him to defend Roosevelt, as well. Yet David is also an admirer of the wartime leadership of British Prime Minister Winston Churchill—perhaps too much so, for the sake of his own larger line of argument. He readily accepts the interpretation of Second World War grand strategy that casts Churchill in the role of Saint George defending the West against the Soviet dragon, and that has American leaders often failing to assist him adequately because they mistook the dragon for some more amiable beast. This view of Churchill and his British strategic advisers neglects strong evidence that British strategy was guided less by long-range policy considerations than by expediency. As by far the weakest of the Big Three Allied powers, the British preferred to fight where geography created the least demand or scope for large armies, and the Mediterranean and southeastern Europe filled the bill. In contrast, going into northwestern Europe would require military deployments on a scale at which the British could not match the Americans. The wartime evidence, which shows Churchill saying surprisingly little in Anglo-American councils about the Soviet threat until late in the war, suggests that these considerations of the limits of British capabilities had more to do with shaping British strategy than did foresight regarding the Russians. By minimizing these considerations, however, David Eisenhower portrays Churchill as excelling the Americans in astuteness about the coming Cold War to a greater

extent than the evidence warrants, and thus he weakens his own argument about his grandfather's wisdom.

Most especially, he portrays the November, 1943, Tehran decision to proceed with Overlord, the cross-Channel invasion, in spite of Churchill's reluctance as considerably more of a concession to the Soviets than it really was. He interprets Overlord as a major risk run by Britain and the United States largely to keep Russia afloat at a time—that is, after Stalingrad—when the outcome of the war on the Eastern Front was a foregone conclusion. By his own account, however, the Germans retained sufficient capacity to recover, so that they might have forced a deadlock upon the Eastern Front, and in fact this German capacity was probably a good deal greater than he concedes. More important, Overlord was immensely more valuable to the Western Allies than David Eisenhower suggests. It was crucial in terms of postwar political leverage that the Western Allies be in on the kill in Germany. And for long-run political advantage, furthermore, northwestern Europe, into which Overlord would carry the Americans and the British, was so much more valuable than the Balkans that it is difficult to perceive the decision to mount Overlord as the sacrifice, including a sacrifice of territorial advantages, that David Eisenhower depicts.

Again, the book's argument on such matters strangely undermines its larger theme of vindicating General Eisenhower's wartime decisions. David Eisenhower rightly emphasizes that his grandfather stoutly advocated a cross-Channel invasion from early 1942 onward, long before the General could have expected to command the endeavor. He portrays his grandfather's motives as having been a determination to win the war as directly and swiftly as possible and a desire to reach out to the Soviets—to assure them that the Allies would continue fighting the Germans, as well as for the sake of long-term relations with them. Both these motives might have been made to seem more to the General's credit than they do in this account. One of the great virtues of an earlier cross-Channel invasion would have been that it was sure to have benefited the Western powers, regardless of the subsequent conduct of the Soviet Union. No Anglo-American wartime effort could have contributed more toward enhancing the prospects for postwar Soviet-Western harmony and for averting the Cold War; thus the wis-

dom of General Eisenhower's desire to reach out to the Russians. But if the Cold War was unavoidable anyway, then an earlier second front could have carried the Western Allies still farther across industrial, urban northern Europe before the Soviets should have got there.

A BOOK ABOUT General Eisenhower emphasizing political and diplomatic more than military leadership must also say much about Eisenhower and the British. On this subject David Eisenhower is more surely on target than he is regarding Russian relations. He knew his grandfather well enough in Dwight Eisenhower's later years to sense how strongly the General believed in the importance of the special relationship between the principal English-speaking powers, even long after the Second World War had ended and long after Winston Churchill had necessarily abandoned his wartime quest to maintain for Britain a semblance of parity with the two superpowers. President Eisenhower consistently took the British government into his confidence as he did no other foreign government, the Suez crisis of 1956 notwithstanding, and he regarded the British-American alliance within the larger Western alliance not as potentially divisive of the larger alliance but as a linchpin for it. If his wartime hopes for relative harmony with the Soviets have not worked out, at least his wartime contribution to enduring understanding among the English-speaking peoples helped create an indispensable bulwark for holding Soviet power at bay. And a salient point of David's account of his grandfather at war is that the foundation of British-American understanding was not so easy to lay, and that those who denigrate General Eisenhower as a diplomat in uniform do not realize how difficult his diplomatic mission was.

As David Eisenhower reminds us, the problem went beyond the continual strains that the strategic debates between Britain and the United States imposed upon understanding at the highest level. Among those of Churchill's electorate who did not know about the secret strategic debates, there were strong emotional sources of a growing revulsion against the partnership. By the time General Eisenhower arrived in England to take over as Allied Supreme Commander, in January of 1944, the British memory of standing almost alone against Adolf Hitler and desperately de-

siring American help had been fading away for more than two years. Instead there was an almost too visible and audible American presence in nearly every corner of the United Kingdom, with big American trucks jamming the roads and loud American conversations filling the pubs.

Moreover, the Americans seemed intent on grinding underfoot the last vestiges of British military prestige. An American Supreme Commander took over the preparations for the return to France that Britons had been looking forward to, however ambivalently, since Dunkirk. The Americans appeared to be doing all they could to minimize the importance of the theater of war that ever since the first Western Desert campaigns had been distinctively Britain's—the Mediterranean. If they had had their way, they might have closed down Mediterranean operations almost entirely. The strategic-bomber offensive, yet another campaign that had long been especially Britain's, was increasingly dominated even in radio and newspaper reports by the American Eighth and Fifteenth Air Forces.

The circumstances did not make it easy for General Eisenhower to hold the alliance together, and it grew less easy as Churchill, disappointed with the outcome of Tehran and the plunge toward Overlord, grew petulant. And Eisenhower's closest British coadjutor was the touchy and egocentric General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery. Yet, as David Eisenhower rightly insists, the General maintained the partnership not through any habit of concessions, as his critics then and since have alleged, but through conciliatory skills combined with a stout defense of American national and military interests.

For example, there was the acrimonious debate in February and March of 1944 over who should control the strategic bombers during the weeks immediately preceding and following the invasion. General Eisenhower believed that the success of Overlord demanded that he as Supreme Commander should be able to dispose of the heavy bombers as the requirements of the invasion might dictate; to leave the bombers to the airmen was to leave them to chieftains who sometimes professed to think that the invasion was not necessary because strategic bombing alone could win the war. However, Bomber Command of the Royal Air Force was at least as emotionally bound up with British prestige as

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the Mediterranean theater; for the British to have put command under the control of an American general would have been another almost intolerable confession of the eclipse of Britain as a great power. Yet afterward Eisenhower stoutly insisted that the eventual compromise solution essentially gave him the authority over the bombers that he thought he needed, even though it did not yield him outright command.

At the same time, Eisenhower was embroiled in debate with Churchill, and more directly with Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, the chief of the Imperial General Staff, over Anvil, the invasion of southern France to which the Americans thought the Tehran decisions had committed the Western powers but of which the British had carefully reserved final approval. The British would have preferred to invest Anvil resources in the Italian campaign, which Churchill increasingly viewed as the third, British front, alongside the Soviet Eastern Front and the coming, mainly American, Second Front. Eisenhower conceded that a shortage of landing craft would prevent Anvil from occurring simultaneously with Overlord, as contemplated at Tehran. But Eisenhower clung to Anvil in discussions with Brooke. These triggered some of his rare if private outbursts of irritation with the British for their failure to understand not only American strategic conceptions but also American political realities (including a decided Pacific First movement fueled by the prestige of General Douglas MacArthur, which led the American Navy to insist that landing craft dispatched against Germany rather than Japan must be used to invade France). In the end the invasion of southern France took place, under the new code name Dragon.

David Eisenhower acknowledges that in such debates his grandfather was inclined to make short-term concessions to the British which annoyed other Americans and sometimes caused additional difficulties; but this is essentially a way of saying that the General recognized the inherent give-and-take of diplomacy. And he stood his ground on the fundamentals.

DETERMINED TO nourish the British alliance in spite of all obstacles, General Eisenhower was equally determined not to be conciliatory toward his own ancestral nation, Germany. He was one of the most consistent opponents of

negotiating with the anti-Hitler German Resistance in the hope that encouraging the Resistance might lead to Hitler's overthrow and thus shorten the war. In defending his grandfather's judgment on this point, David Eisenhower presents a most persuasive historical defense of the entire unconditional-surrender policy. He reminds us of crucial truths that critics of the policy usually forget.

In the months before D-Day, when a deal with the German Resistance might have been possible, a major purpose of the Resistance was to avert an Allied invasion of Germany. But General Eisenhower insisted that an Allied occupation and therefore an invasion had to occur. After Germany had inflicted the horrors of Nazism upon the world, the Allies must demand the leverage in refashioning German politics and values that only a military occupation could afford. To have bargained with the Resistance on any other terms would have been either misleading and confusing to all concerned or a sacrifice of the Allies' very purposes in fighting the war. All of this is persuasive enough apart from the additional circumstance, equally well perceived by General Eisenhower, that much of the German Resistance imagined that the United States and Great Britain were ultimately bound to Germany in common opposition to the Soviet Union. That proposition, which seems so inevitable to us, collided with General—and President—Eisenhower's consistent efforts to nourish a Soviet-Western rapprochement as the only sure foundation for world peace.

Understandably wary of a critical approach to General Eisenhower, David Eisenhower shows even less willingness to move toward criticism in dealing with military decisions than he does in assessing politics and diplomacy. Wherever General Eisenhower's military decisions have aroused debate, the book has a tendency to refuse to concede even small errors, in contrast to a considerably greater frankness about the debatability of political decisions.

So, for example, we have a disproportionately brief notice of the controversy over whether the Argentan-Falaise gap might have been more effectively closed in August of 1944, concluding all too blandly that nothing more than was accomplished could have been. Responsibility for the vulnerable condition of the American forces in the Ardennes in December of 1944 is assigned emphatically to Lieutenant General Omar N. Brad-

ley, the commanding general of the Twelfth Army Group. Bradley indeed expressed willingness to take a calculated risk in the Ardennes, as David Eisenhower shows, when General Eisenhower questioned him about the weakness of his dispositions. But simply emphasizing Bradley's assumption of responsibility takes the ultimately responsible senior commander off the hook a bit too easily, especially when an intelligence failure reaching into General Eisenhower's headquarters was also involved.

Later, in the first half of April, 1945 the Americans were able to send only relatively weak spearheads advancing across Germany toward the Elbe River junction with the Russians, and the climax of the war, because Eisenhower and Bradley chose to employ as large a force as eighteen divisions to clear out the Ruhr. A lesser force surely could have contained the Germans there, and stronger forces moving eastward could have been highly useful—if not to assai Berlin, which General Eisenhower was reluctant to do, then to squelch the Germans' alleged National Redoubt, about which he still felt some concern. David Eisenhower scarcely touches on the questions raised by the Ruhr battles. In defending his grandfather by citing the General's belief that the Ruhr was the heart of Germany, he ignores the evidence that because of Allied bombing and the collapse of German transportation, the Ruhr had already lost its economic as well as its military importance.

The diversion of large American forces from a prompt eastward advance in order to overrun the Ruhr pocket is entwined with the much more frequently debated question of General Eisenhower's decision not to try to take Berlin. Naturally, David Eisenhower defends his grandfather on this issue as well. To the extent that the Berlin question remained at all a military one in the spring of 1945, there arises again the grandson's marked reluctance to accept any misgivings whatever about the General's military decisions. However, if General Eisenhower's priority remained ending the war as quickly as possible, as David Eisenhower indicates, then Churchill's view that the way to end resistance quickly was to destroy Hitler and his last headquarters in Berlin deserves more consideration than this book gives it.

But, of course, David Eisenhower is correct in insisting that Berlin had become less a military than a political issue, and that because his grandfather's

objective was not only to end the war quickly but to do it in a way that would enlarge the possibilities for accommodation with the Soviets, it would have violated the General's conception of his duty to race them for Berlin.

In its bulk this book could have benefited from editorial pruning. As a grandson's memoir of his grandfather, it is disappointing in its scarcity of personal touches; allowing for the obvious fact that it deals with a time before the grandson was born, it still offers less of a sense of family ties and of personality than it might have done. As a study of generalship, the book is uncritical to a fault. Yet these shortcomings are in large part redeemed, and reading the 1,000-page volume is finally well worth the effort, because of David Eisenhower's correct and consistent development of the theme that runs from Tehran to Berlin and paves the way for the intended later volumes. General Eisenhower was an extraordinary soldier above all because of his vision even in battle of how to ensure the coming peace. As President, he was to strive more mightily than any other occupant of the White House has since 1945 to end the Cold War. As a wartime general, he never deviated from a policy determination to guide military strategy in a way that might prevent such a cold war from beginning. □

THE IRISH MAUPASSANT

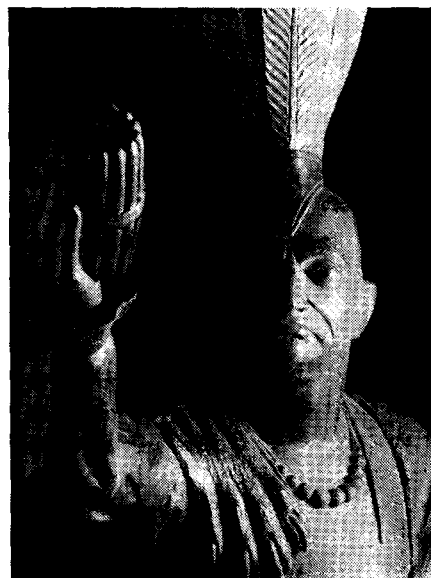
BY JOHN FOWLES

THE NEWS FROM IRELAND

by William Trevor.

Viking, \$16.95.

IT SEEMS CLEAR TO me that William Trevor is one of the finest writers in English today and that his new collection of short stories equals the best of his past ones, but I seem out of step with many British reviewers. Everyone concedes that he is a very accomplished writer and then argues that such accomplishment is not enough. One reviewer recently complained that he was a master of naturalism and at the same time a distorting pessimist whose perverse theme, in terms of both event and character, is failure (that rarest of human experiences?). The reviewer coolly suggested that Trevor's current achieve-



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ment may lie in demonstrating that his kind of story, with its roots so firmly inside the classic tradition, is no longer viable.

Such a reaction dismisses the value of sheer skill and the importance of the writer's personal viewpoint, and implicitly assigns to his work a duty (derived from what?) not to be depressing, not to fix circumstance against character (are we to judge art by its degree of fair play?), not to set narrative in a frame that patently (very patently in Trevor's case) matches the writer's view of life. His critics, it seems to me, would have Trevor turn into a modern equivalent of the earnest, uplifting Victorian clergyman. In short, Trevor is not to be himself, a person who finds most of life sad and its "sad" characters or lonely victims more rewarding material than its successes.

In a sense his worst enemy is his quite exceptional technical skill. His concision, his neatness, his eye for the telling detail, his admirably quiet voice are not of course qualities—in any of the arts—that rate highly in a world that is obsessed by instant, spectacular success and that automatically gives far too much credit to innovation and experimentalism and far too little to plain old command of the medium. There is the allied mania, perhaps typical of all capitalist cultures, for unthinking respect for sheer size—the belief, for example, that only full-length novelists can be really serious. This very naive view that greater quantity must equal greater value may make sense in supermarket terms; in art it is ridiculous. (When artists try to say everything, they usually say nothing.) Mr. Trevor suffers here. He says not everything but simply his own thing, in his own way. The British literary world seems to be stating, behind the grudging admiration, that being a supremely good maker is not enough these days. It demands formal and stylistic fireworks or nothing.

I SAY ALL THIS in the hope of persuading American readers who do not know Trevor's work to read it. I will make my case not on the grounds that Trevor is now an important British writer (as he is) but mainly on those that he is so pleasurable to read, despite the wry pessimism of his view of life. Pleading cultural duty is strictly for academics, and I would in any case still rather class him as an important Irish writer. His living in exile (in England) is, after all, nothing new in Irish literature, and the cream of his

work remains that set in Ireland, as the present collection demonstrates.

The News From Ireland contains twelve stories, of which six are set in Ireland and the others variously in England and Italy, though even one of those is effectively about Ireland. I enjoyed the title story, yet I suspect it suffers a little from an error Mr. Trevor very rarely makes: trying to smuggle the would-be short novel into the short story. It takes place during the 1840 famines in Ireland, with the obtuseness of the Anglo-Irish, behind their token do-gooding to the starving peasantry, as a main target. Neither of the native sides, Catholic or Protestant, comes off much better, for this is essentially a fable of the intolerable strains eternal in the Irish situation, seen through the eyes of an English governess. It ends with a characteristic sentence, half observation, half irony: "Stranger and visitor, she has learnt to live with things." The predominant spirit is very un-American; a kind of malevolent, drifting determinism pervades human beings who cannot, or do not want to, cope. In a sense even the title is ironic: this is not *news* from Ireland but something that one has always felt and that history has long proved—the dire consequence of age-old historical conditioning on both sides and a conspicuous absence of any real dialogue between them. It is a story that needs to be read more than once to be fully savored.

The collection ends with three Irish stories. The last of these, "The Wedding in the Garden," pleased me most of all of the stories in the book and may, I suspect, irritate Mr. Trevor's critics most. It

is the story of a brief adolescent romance between a maid in a provincial Irish hotel and the son of the genteel proprietors. The son eventually marries a conventional bride of his own class, but Dervla, the maid, remains at the hotel. The shared secret of the unfulfilled love still hangs darkly between maid and master at the wedding reception, and the tale ends on a note of quietly tragic foreboding. She will use their past silently to reproach him all the rest of their lives. The story is told with the utmost simplicity and delicacy, and reflects obliquely on the Irish soul far beyond its overt nature.

Two other of the Irish stories, "Music" and "The Property of Colette Nervi," also show a masterly economy yet depth of import—I think the only name one can reasonably invoke is Joyce. "Music" again shows that underlying fatalistic pessimism of which Trevor is so often accused, and so does "Running Away" (published in the April, 1984, *Atlantic*), in which an English academic's wife gives up her weak husband to a selfish and mindless student. She establishes a happy separate life for herself in Italy, but at the end finds herself, the affair being over, obliged to return home and nurse the now sick husband. The story ends with his weeping in bed. "Sorry. . . . Oh God, I'm sorry."

VERY WELL, ALL these stories might have ended differently; so might those by any other great storyteller—say, the Maupassant of whose mastery Mr. Trevor so often reminds us. The point is rather more that one very seldom feels—such is his skill—that a story could not have ended in real life as he makes it end. To complain that he loads the dice against many of his main characters is to complain about the human condition, at least as a majority experience it, outside the Panglosses. This is *not* the best of all possible worlds. William Golding was widely misunderstood early in his career, because of his Greek view of the dark side of human nature and the malignity of its fate, usually self-imposed; and I think something of the same kind (they are of course very different writers) has happened to Trevor.

To expect him to change his views is surely absurd; as well ask a leading player to become leading referee. Writers must be left free to choose, inasmuch as any of us can choose, what we feel about life and what attitude we will take toward it. Very often the choice will be



made not according to lofty philosophical principle but according to what suits us as writers, what allows us to write best. Both in his themes and in his treatments Trevor may impose on us a view of life that is repellent in cultures condemned always to strive, usually against both reason and past experience, for the supposed ideal: total control of nature and an unrestrained personal liberty (anyone can become anything). But at least he has done it always with exceptional skill, a marvelous accuracy of description and dialogue, and always on the page with compassion and humanity. There is also a very frequent sense of irony, not to forget—as in the present

collection's literally Joycean "Two More Gallants"—a subtle wit and dry sense of humor.

I remember years ago watching the commercial folktale-tellers in a Cairo bazaar. All writers ought to have observed this ancient practice of oral narrative—all critics likewise. Getting the audience, I remarked, depended not at all on preaching and philosophizing but very much on baser tricks of the trade: in short, on pleasing, wooing, luring the listeners into the palm of one's hand. William Trevor would be a triumph in Cairo. I pray my American readers will join the circle round his sad and fastidious but ever seductive Irish voice. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH by Michael Talbot. Knopf, \$18.95. Mr. Talbot's novel is the first in a promised series on the founding of Australia. It begins in 1785 and describes the first removal of convicts from England to Botany Bay by a flotilla under the command of Governor and Captain General Arthur Phillip, whose description of his assignment sums up the whole enterprise. "I have a warship that may be pumping herself to stay afloat when called upon to defend this convoy against a French squadron! I have six transports that couldn't outsail flotsam in a hurricane! I have diseased streetwalkers, failed burglars and incompetent cut-throats to convert to industry, sobriety and thrift!" He also has a gaudy murderess, a semi-demented Major of Marines, and a blabbermouthed parson, who add their bits to the confusions and cross-purposes that keep the action boiling on every page of this mesmerizing tale. Mr. Talbot has the true storyteller's gift—he can make one accept as real his characters (however eccentric) and their doings (however outrageous).

GOING TO THE TERRITORY by Ralph Ellison. Random House, \$19.95. The speeches and essays collected in this volume are as eloquent, as elegant, and as slyly humorous as one would expect from this author. Insofar as they have any common theme, it is the immense diversity of background, education, and point of view existing in the American public, and the

problem this situation presents to any author proposing to make an appeal to an audience in which one reader's idol is another's *bête noire*.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT: His Portrait by Stanley Olson. St. Martin's, \$16.95. If Sargent ever seriously did anything but paint and read, his biographer has not discovered it. Mr. Olson is therefore obliged to devote much attention to the artist's family background, which was odd, and to his colleagues and clients, who were engagingly diverse. The result is less the promised portrait than a period piece with a blur where the central figure should be.

THE FOURTH WIDOW by Harold Adams. The Mysterious Press, \$15.95. Dialogue so amusingly sharp and convincing that one can fairly hear the voices carries this murder mystery until the disappointing moment when the overconfident killer Tells All—a type of denouement that should be prohibited by law.

THE PRODIGY by Amy Wallace. Dutton, \$18.95. William Sidis, the subject of Ms. Wallace's biography, was the fantastically brilliant child of brilliant parents. When he was permitted to enter Harvard at the age of eleven, he was already equipped with far more expertise in mathematics and language than the university required a freshman to be. He was unequipped with social skill or even ordinary good manners. He attracted the attention, of-



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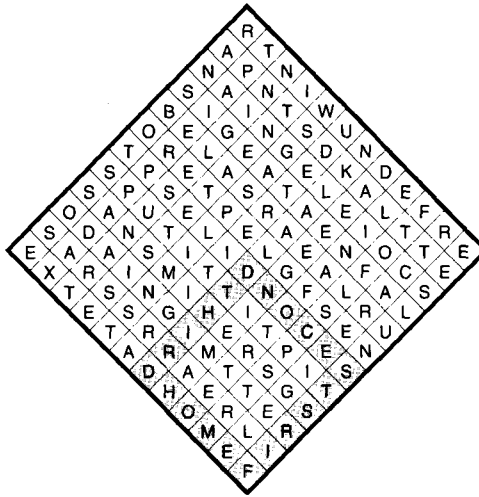
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1. PART (rev.) 2. INTRANSIGENT (anag.) 3. B-ELGIANS (B + anag.) 4. W-INNINGS 5. UNDELINEATED (anag.) 6. ROB-E 7. GAT-E (tag rev.) 8. DUN-K 9. STORES UP (anag.) 10. P-RELATES 11. ATEL(I)ERS (anag. + I) 12. SOD-A 13. P-A-S-S 14. LEA-K 15. AL KALINE (double def.) 16. LEFT (double def.) 17. EXTRADOS (anag.) 18. A-XES (sex rev.) 19. STUN (rev.) 20. IDLE (homophone) 21. EARSPLITTING (anag.) 22. T(R)EE 23. (p)I(NG)RATES 24. FAL(L)-SET-TO 25. TRANSMIGRATE (anag.) 26. S(IN)S 27. FAN-FARES 28. SCOT-FREE (anag.) 29. RUN-E 30. TI(g)ER 31. CO-NGEALS (Angels anag.) 32. P-I(G)S 33. STREAME-R (anag. + r) 34. SE(V)EN 35. HAR-D (rah rev.) 36. TIPSTERS (anag.) 37. OMELETTE (hidden) 38. FI(L)E



ACROSTIC NO. 12

"A barn, in day, is a small night. The splinters of light between the dry shingles pierce the high roof like stars, and the rafters and crossbeams and built-in ladders seem, until your eyes adjust, as mysterious as the branches of a haunted forest."

—John Updike, "Pigeon Feathers"

ten malicious, of the press and aroused, at best, bewilderment among his fellow undergraduates. The situation was more than young Sidis could endure. He soon fled the academic world, and his subsequent career sank into reclusiveness and ineffectuality, although at least one of his enterprises—the collection of streetcar transfers—had the merit of wild originality. Ms. Wallace's book is a sad account of wasted ability, but the blame she lays on Sidis's parents may be excessive, for it appears that the boy had a genuinely uncontrollable intelligence.

AMERICAN CLASSIC edited by Mary Swope and Walter H. Kerr. SCOP Publications, \$8.95. Who would foresee an anthology of poems about cars? How can there possibly be enough interesting poems for the purpose on a subject as commonplace and as pervasive as the automobile? The editors have found them, though, perhaps for the same reason that poems about love abound like leaves in Vallombrosa—universal, unavoidable experience.

BIOGRAPHY OF BROKEN FORTUNES by Jane Maher. Archon, \$22.50. Garth Wilkinson James and Robertson James, brothers of William the noted philosopher, Henry the famous novelist, and Alice the ambiguous invalid, were unsuccessful blunderers at almost everything they tried. They were expected to blunder, because their interests were not of a sort that their father could understand. Neither could James senior appreciate the effect on two teenage youths of Civil War service in the Massachusetts black regiments—service which required moral as well as physical courage. James biographers generally draw a veil over crippled Wilkie and alcoholic Bob, but Ms. Maher has devoted her book to them, and the effort proves to be worth reading, not only as an example of parental myopia but as a vivid, if restricted, piece of social history.

STILLNESS AND SHADOWS by John Gardner, edited and with an introduction by Nicholas Delbanco. Knopf, \$18.95. *Stillness* remained unpublished during the author's lifetime, and *Shadows* remained a collection of fragments. Gardner was evidently not satisfied with the first and certainly had not finished the second. Their publication will no doubt provide thesis writers with literary bones to gnaw, but should they be offered to readers as Gardner's work?

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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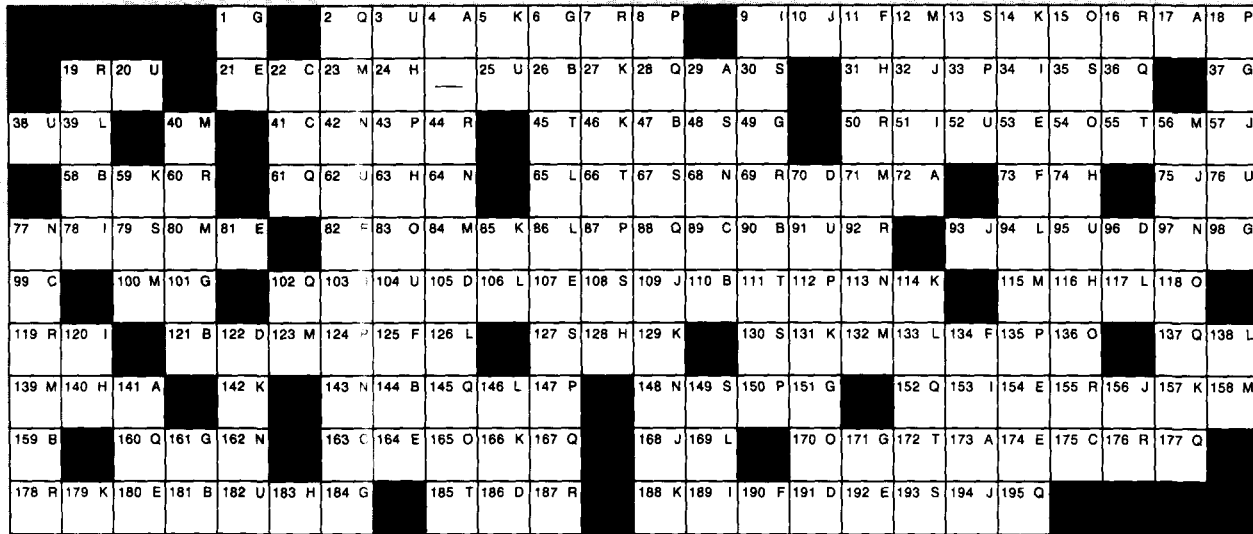
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ACROSTIC No. 13

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 12 appears on page 92.

- A. Fruit for making preserves 173 29 141 17 1 72
- B. Inability to be happy 58 110 144 159 111 26 90 47 181
- C. "There's small choice in _____ apples" (Shakespeare) 99 22 175 163 19 41
- D. Tintoretto's home 96 122 186 70 11 105
- E. Equipment for Katarina Witt (2 wds.) 174 180 53 154 112 164 107 81 21
- F. Diplomat representing the Holy See 11 134 125 82 105 73
- G. XVIII dynasty pharaoh; daughter of Thutmose I 161 1 6 101 3 171 49 184 98 151
- H. Divine inspiration 183 74 63 140 11 24 128 31
- I. *Sanford and Son's* star (2 wds.) 189 153 34 9 78 120 51 103
- J. Not susceptible to oxidation 57 10 75 194 32 156 168 109 93
- K. Psychosocial mix-ups (2 wds.) 179 27 14 59 125 142 166 114 188

- L. *Porgy and Bess* dope peddler (2 wds.) 39 106 138 117 133 86 146 94 65 169 126
- M. Water separating Sweden from Finland (3 wds.) 12 139 80 23 71 123 158 56 132 115 84 100 40
- N. Dungeon opening at the top 97 77 148 113 42 162 64 143 68
- O. Unit of magnetic field strength 83 15 54 165 170 136 118
- P. Grassland finch 8 33 135 147 43 124 150 87 18 112
- Q. Heavy-metal quintet (2 wds.) 2 137 28 195 88 167 152 61 145 177 160 102 36
- R. Mistress of Proust's Swann (3 wds.) 19 187 44 16 119 7 60 50 155 69 176 178 92
- S. Home park of the Brooklyn Dodgers (2 wds.) 35 13 127 149 67 48 79 108 193 130 30
- T. Yellow perennial of the Northern Hemisphere 111 172 66 55 45 185
- U. Erskine Caldwell novel (2 wds.) 52 3 25 95 91 104 76 20 62 46 157 5 131 85 38 182

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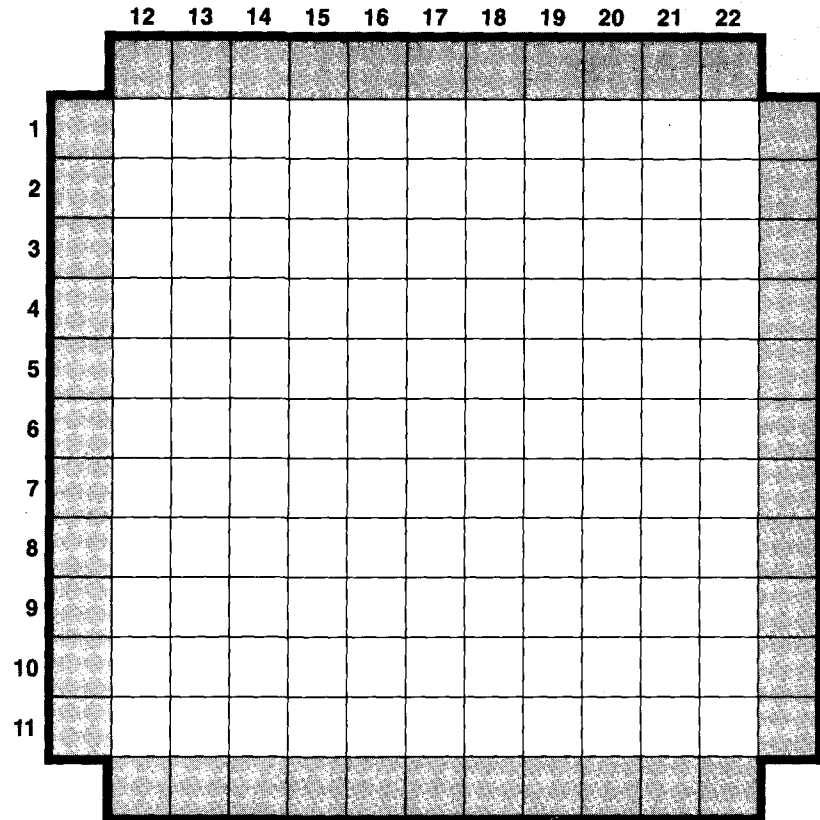
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

SLIDE SHOW

The clues for each row or column yield answers totaling 11 letters. In some cases this sequence of letters may be placed entirely in the unshaded portion of the diagram; in other cases the sequence must be shifted intact so that it starts or ends in a shaded square, leaving one unshaded square to be filled by the intersecting row or column. The "projectors" (letters that slide into the shaded frame), when viewed clockwise from a spot to be determined, will display some surprising (we hope) camerawork. Answers to clues include nine proper nouns. The words clued second in row 4 and column 15 are not common.

*The answers to last month's
Puzzler appear on page 92.*



- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 1. Staff maintaining Love Boat (5)
Shortstop collecting little fellow's hits (6) | 9. Tempt with profit, extracting \$100 (4)
North blanketed in chilly misery (7) | 15. God then raised flower (6)
Roast fresh poi ingredients (5) |
| 2. Brass article kept in vats (5)
Wood gets soft in icy cold (6) | 10. People trapping extremely tiny particle (5)
Sampling of shoofly pies is entered (6) | 16. Establish a French dramatist in a royal house of England (11) |
| 3. Seconds judge poorly (6)
Make fast drive to interior (5) | 11. Discs inside are turned up (5)
Tough is back with original club (6) | 17. I must leave GI to make a joint (6)
Vapor's surrounding red pot (5) |
| 4. Mostly heard vibes (4)
I evoked flapping bird (7) | 12. Poison antidote includes a drop of rum (6)
Mum developed in South America is Latin's best (5) | 18. Unwary six eaten by demon rat (11) |
| 5. Head off career in punk (6)
Tennis champion upset (5) | 13. Composer covering empty ground (5)
Role is changing for football players (6) | 19. Endure story about victory (4)
Herb Lear's daughter wears two rings (7) |
| 6. Effect of a ham gone bad: trichinosis (11) | 14. Mess up horseshoe enthusiasts (5)
Many Indians back this country (6) | 20. Tennessee obtains state bar (6)
Chic, certainly, going topless in season (5) |
| 7. Essayist active in excluding women (6)
Train a baboon (5) | | 21. Fellow's name is pronounced "Crane" (5)
Cheese is cut up on it (6) |
| 8. Writer tinkered with audio (5)
With contemptuous look, girl sent back salad (6) | | 22. Substituted lustrous fabric (5)
Elegant adobe accommodates bodyguards (6) |

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.



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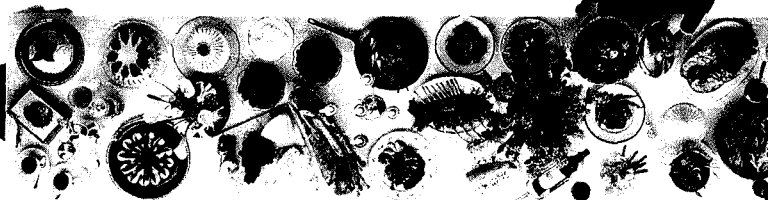
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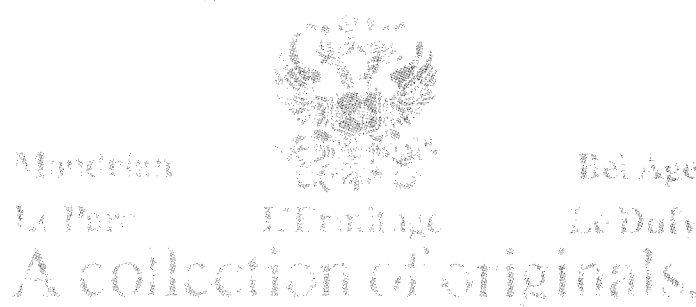


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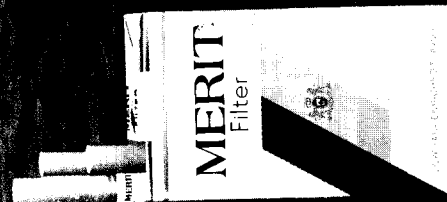
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